

RADIO *AND TELEVISION* **MIRROR**

FEBRUARY • 25¢



I LIKE OLD-FASHIONED WIVES

by Bob Poole

2 full-color pages
**MILTON BERLE
AT HOME**

Hopalong Cassidy
Dennis Day
Aunt Jenny, Road of Life

Marie Wilson of
My Friend Irma

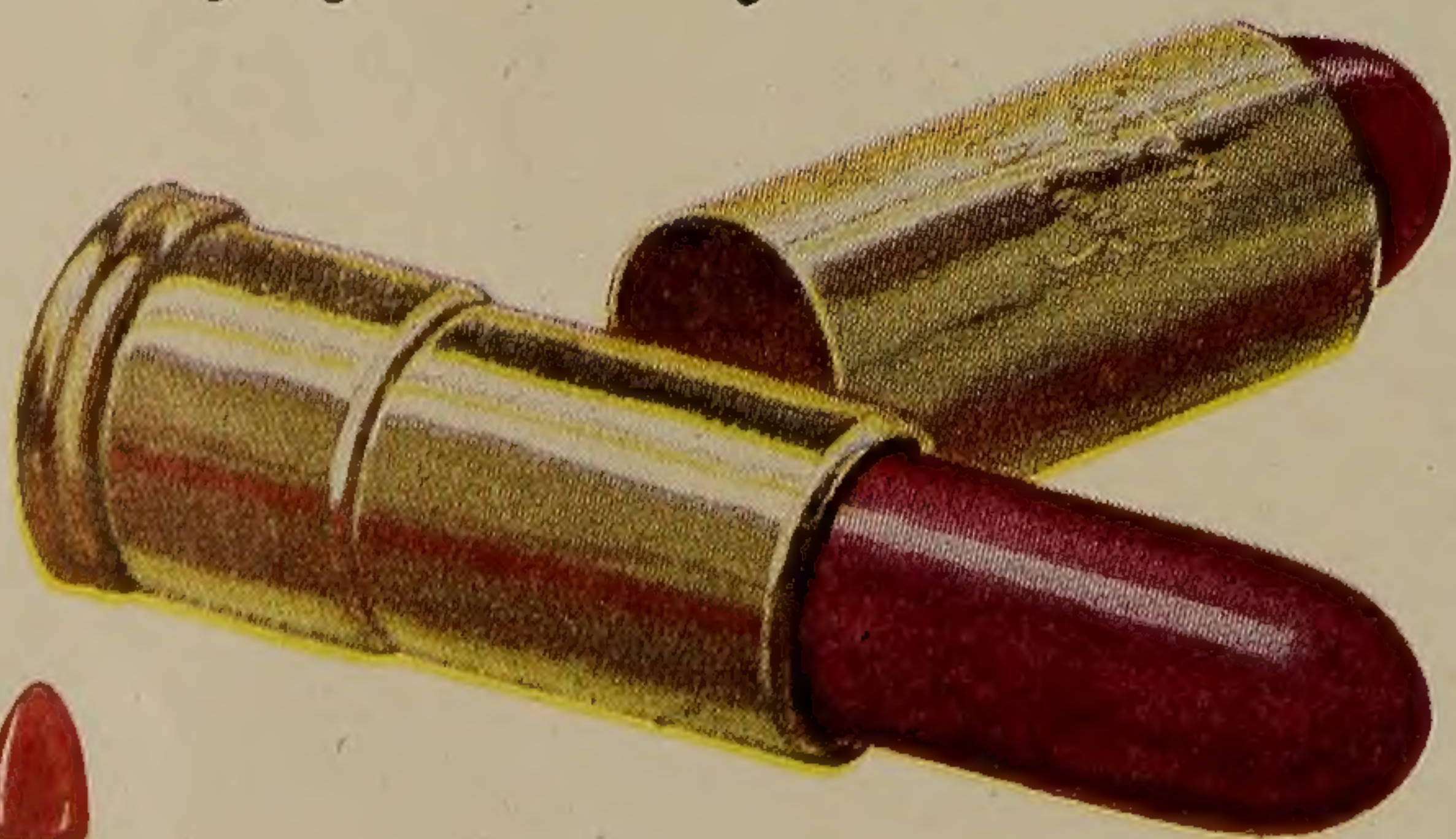




*I invite you
to try
my lipstick*

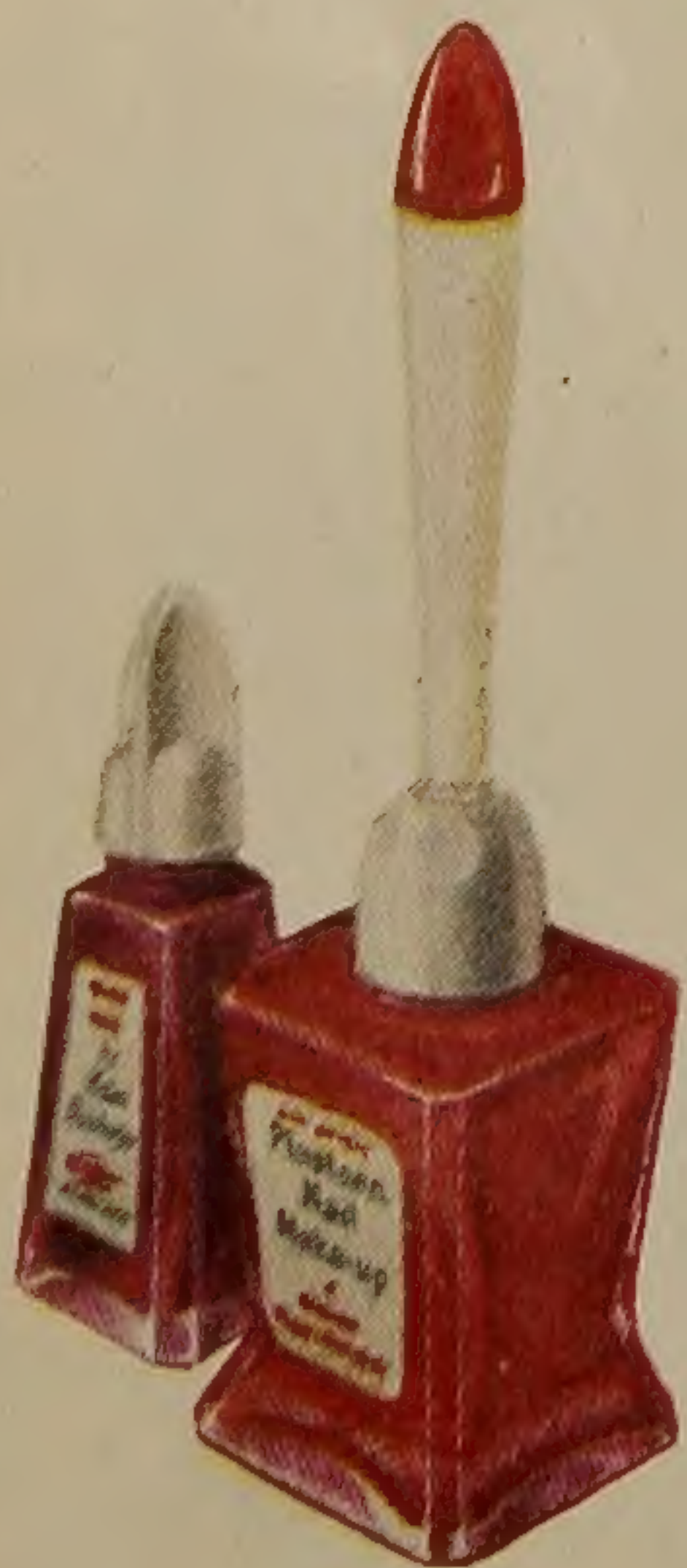
*discover
lip loveliness
you've never
known before*

dollar quality for only 39c



6 enchanting lipstick shades which
I have created to make your lips beautiful.

These colors have drama... exciting companions
to my nail polish... flattering luxury tones
that make you more appealing than ever.



HELEN NEUSHAEFER
nail polish in twelve
fashion-bright colors.
All with miracle chip-
proof *Plasteen*® that
spreads without bub-
bles, smooth as satin.

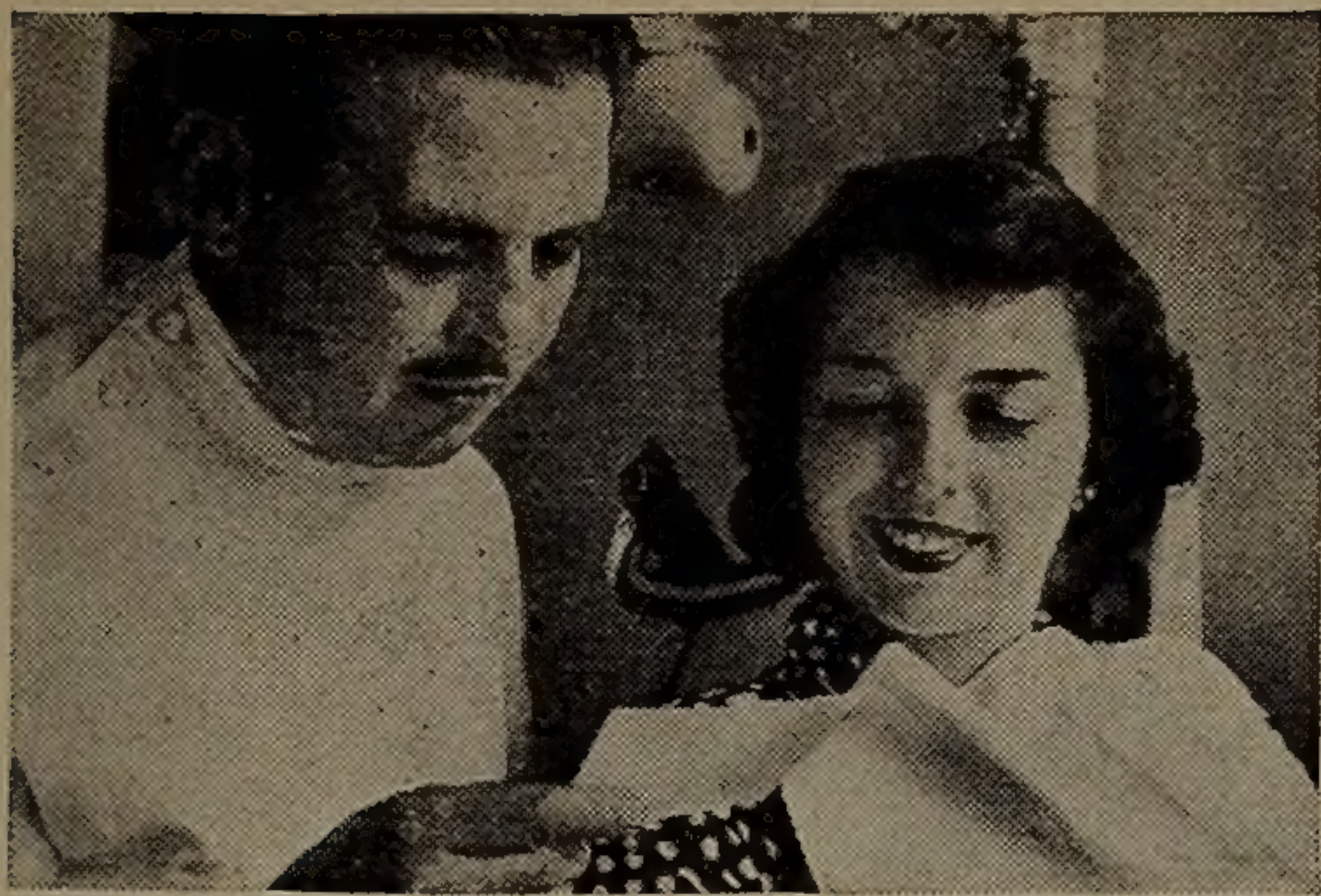
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Helen Neushaeter

NAIL POLISH • LIPSTICK

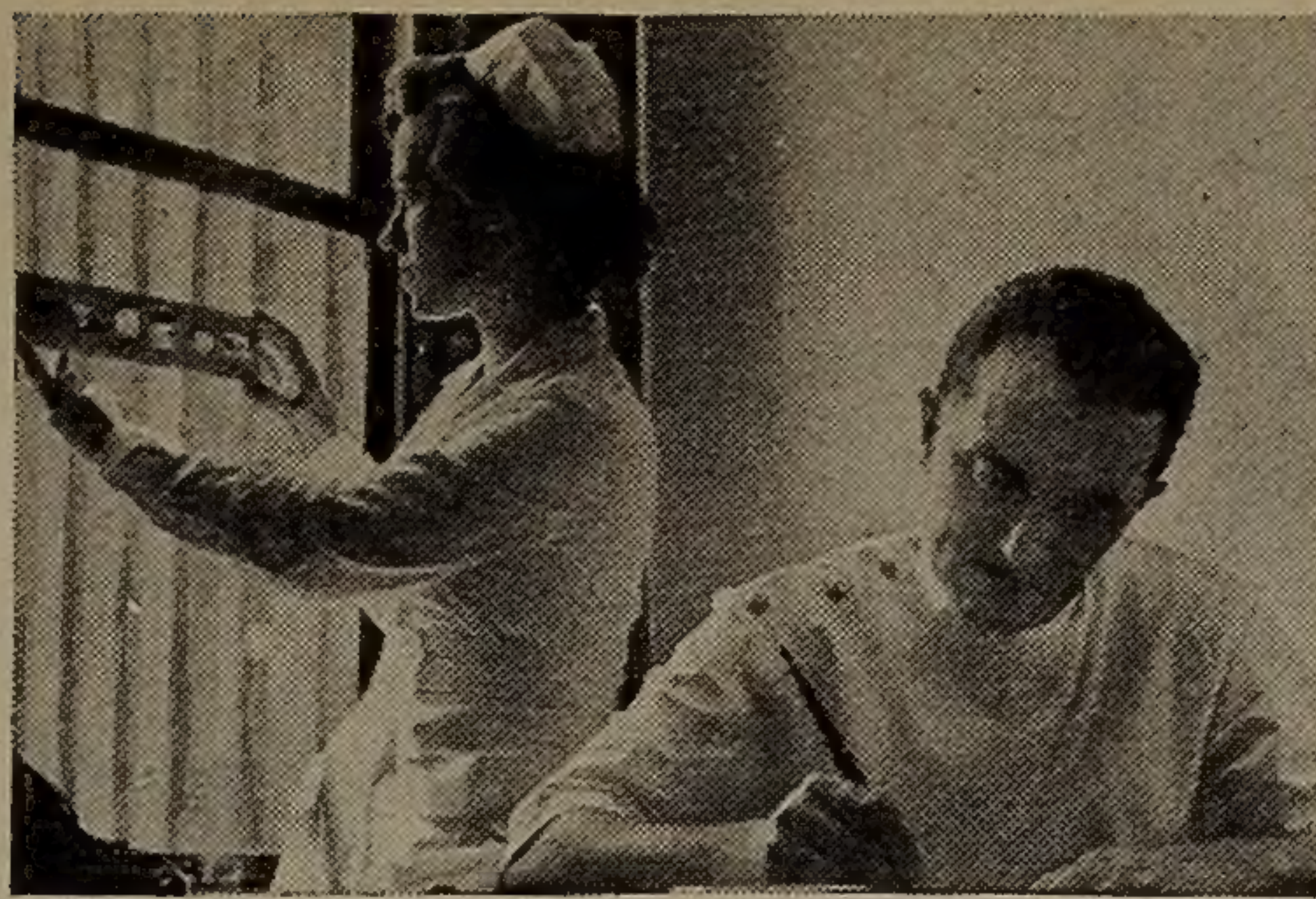
at your favorite chain or drug store

DENTAL SCIENCE EXPLAINS HOW
IPANA FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!



No other dentifrice—paste or powder—has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For dental science says that tooth decay starts with acid-forming bacteria trapped in a sticky coating on your teeth. Every time, *any* time you use Ipana, it fights tooth decay by helping remove this bacteria-trapping coating.

DENTISTS SAY THAT IPANA CARE
PROMOTES HEALTHIER GUMS!



In thousands of recent reports from all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way promotes healthier gums. *That's just as important as fighting decay*, for dentists warn that you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums! Try this dentist-approved Ipana care—for healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*.

HERE'S THE DENTIST-APPROVED
IPANA WAY—EASY AS 1, 2:



*The Ipana way is doubly effective. 1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. (Ipana's own formula helps prevent tooth decay—leaves teeth cleaner.) 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula also stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums.)

GUARD AGAINST TOOTH DECAY AND GUM TROUBLES BOTH!

Dentists warn you must do both to save your teeth.

You can help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums—with doubly-effective Ipana care!*

You realize, of course, that fighting tooth decay is vitally important.

But you may not realize that *fighting gum troubles is just as important!* It's true—for leading dental authorities warn that most tooth losses are caused by *gum troubles*.

You can help prevent tooth decay and gum troubles **BOTH**—with doubly-effective Ipana care.*

No other dentifrice—paste or powder—has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. *And no other leading tooth paste* is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

So get Ipana for double protection—for fighting tooth decay and gum troubles *both*.

HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS
IPANA for Both!

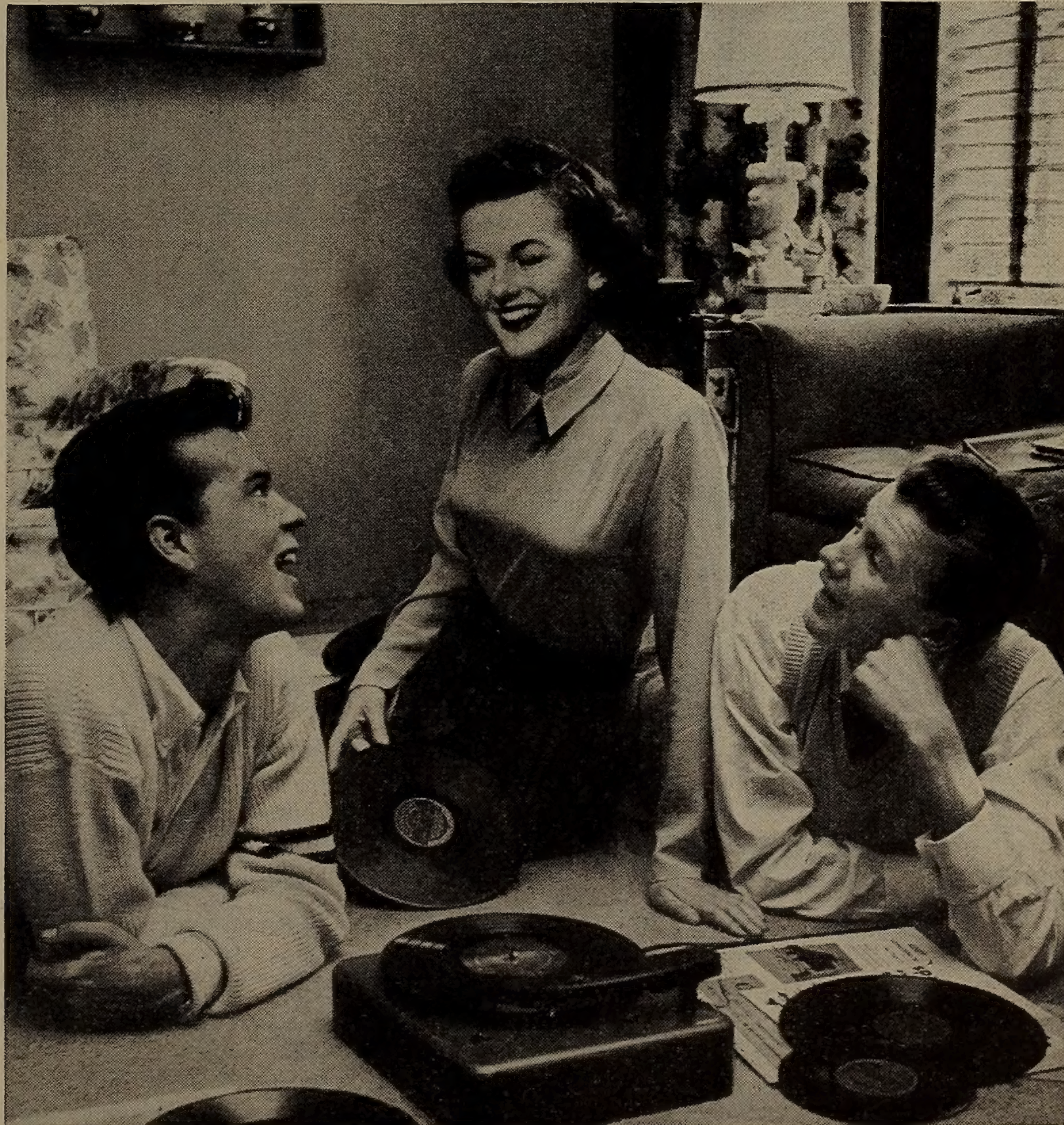


Products of Bristol-Myers



Refreshing Ipana
leaves your breath cleaner,
your mouth fresher, too!

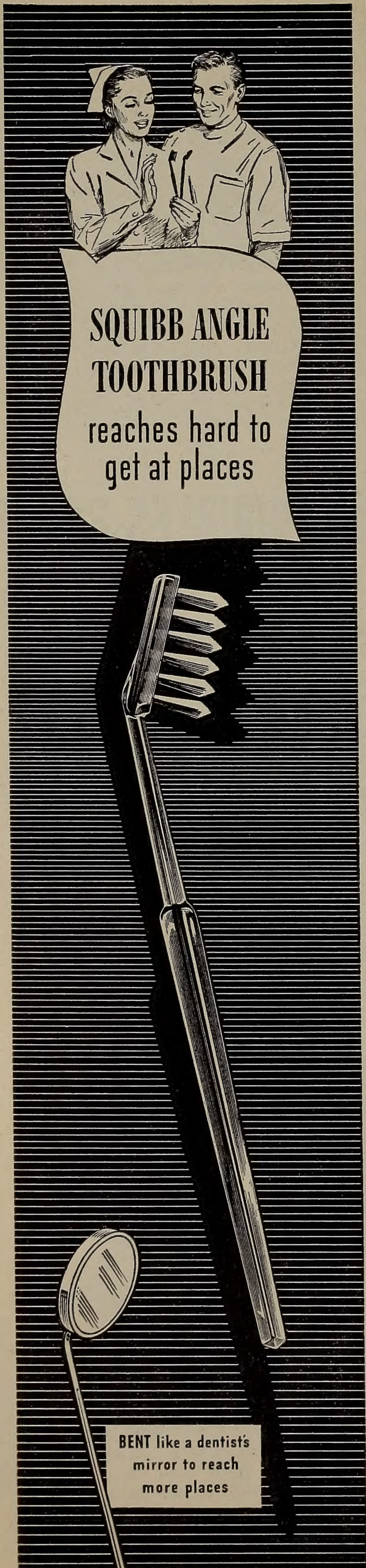
THIS BEAUTY GUARDS TEETH AND GUMS BOTH—WITH IPANA CARE!



With a smile like this, popular Jean Fritz of Long Island, N. Y., never risks halfway dental care. As a highly successful junior model, she knows that healthy teeth and healthy gums are *both* essential to an attrac-

tive smile. So Jean (like thousands of other smart girls) fights tooth decay and gum troubles, too—the pleasant Ipana way. Give yourself this same doubly-effective dental care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today!

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!



**SQUIBB ANGLE
TOOTHBRUSH**
reaches hard to
get at places

**BENT like a dentist's
mirror to reach
more places**

FEBRUARY, 1950

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

VOL. 33, NO. 3

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Color portrait by Sterling Smith

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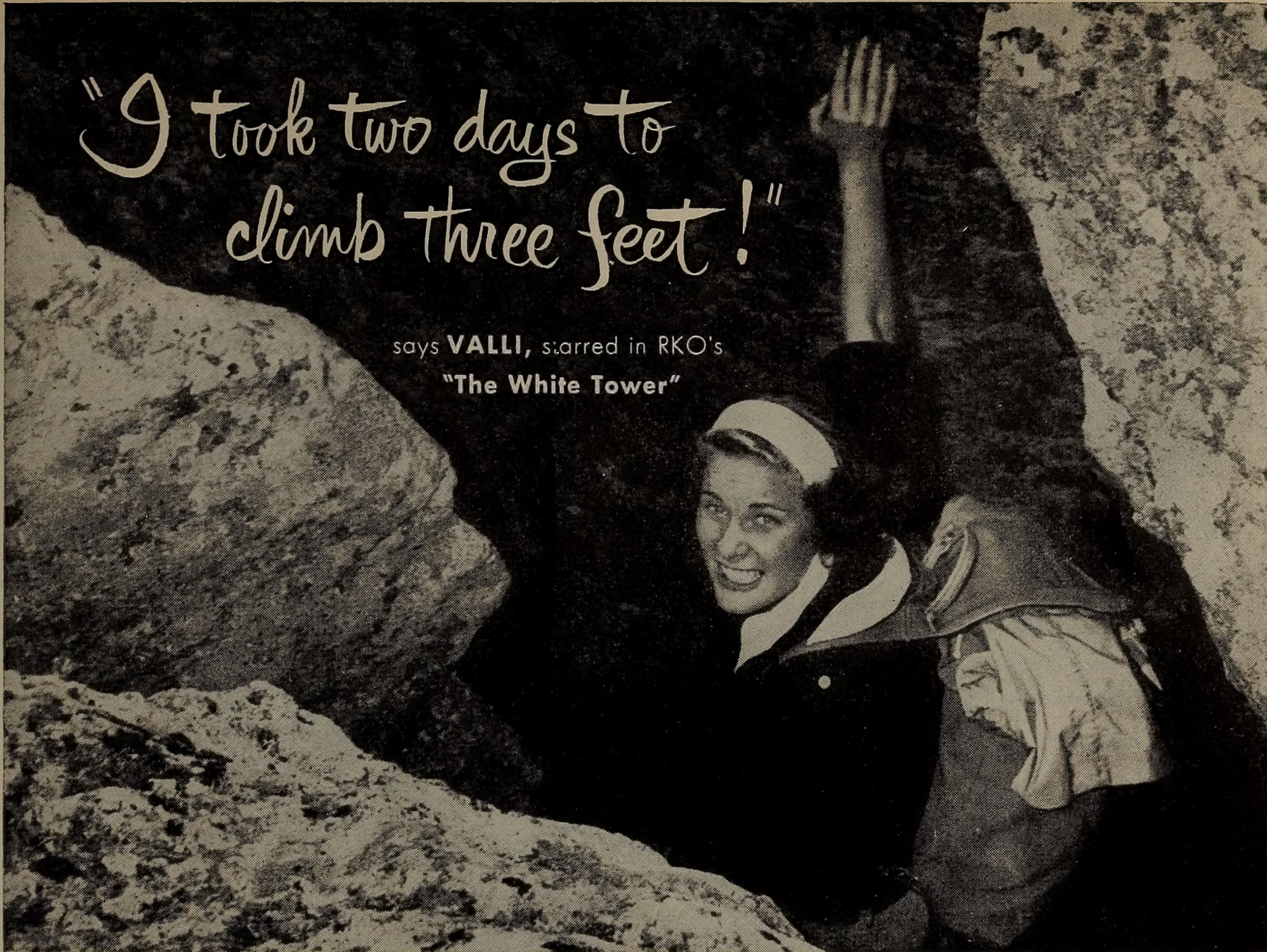
Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

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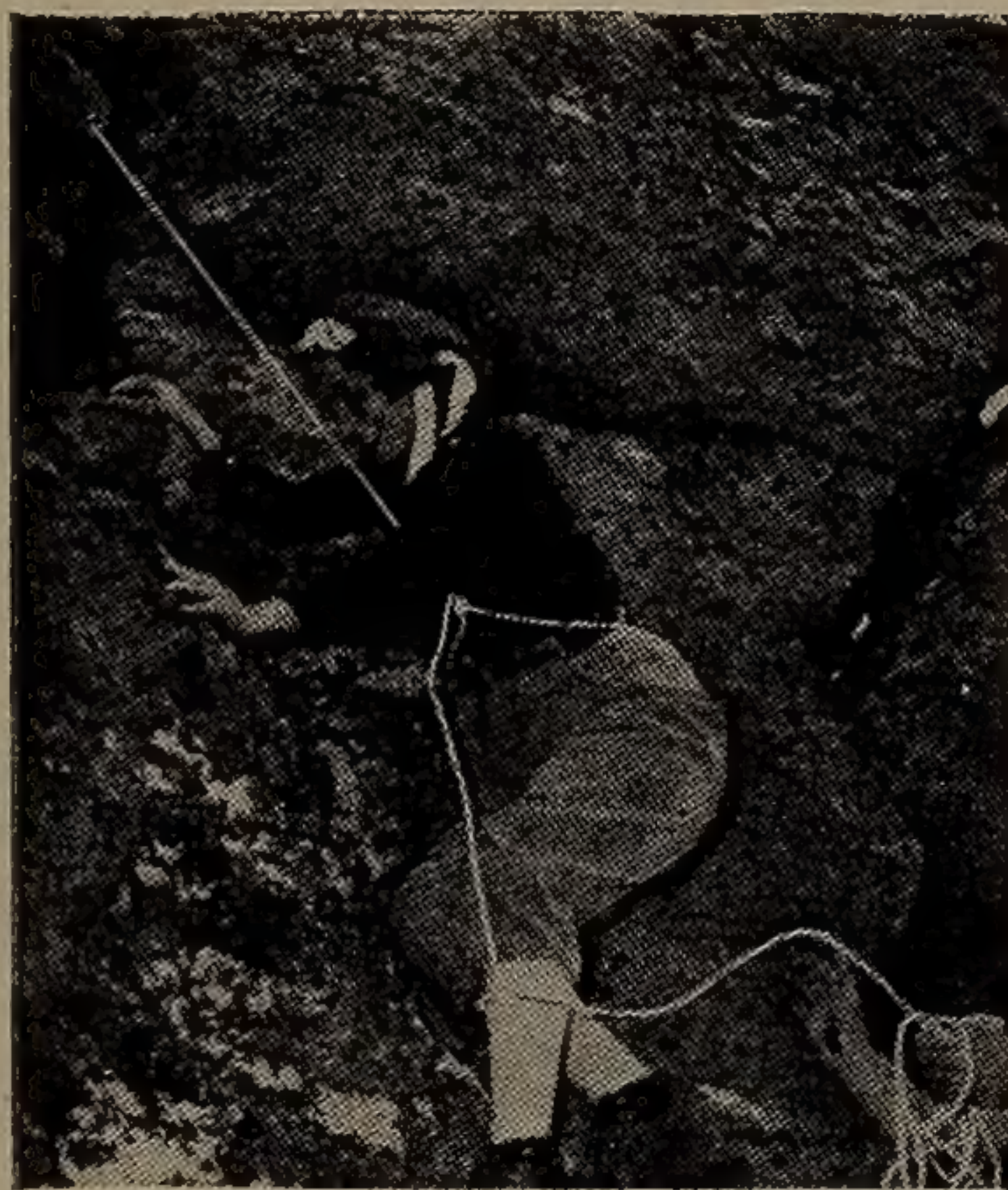
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"I took two days to
climb three feet!"

says **VALLI**, starred in RKO's
"The White Tower"



WE MADE "THE WHITE TOWER" IN THE ALPS. TO GET ONE SCENE, I SPENT TWO DAYS CLIMBING THE SAME THREE FEET!



LATER, I had to claw my way up a "chimney" barehanded...



EVEN RESTING, my hands were burned by the hot Alpine sun...



I LOVED the way Jergens Lotion kept my hands soft...



BEAUTIFUL HANDS are so important in romantic close-ups...



BEING A LIQUID, Jergens is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Jergens Lotion contains *quickly-absorbed* ingredients doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand) as with a lotion or cream that leaves a heavy, oily film (right hand).

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above...



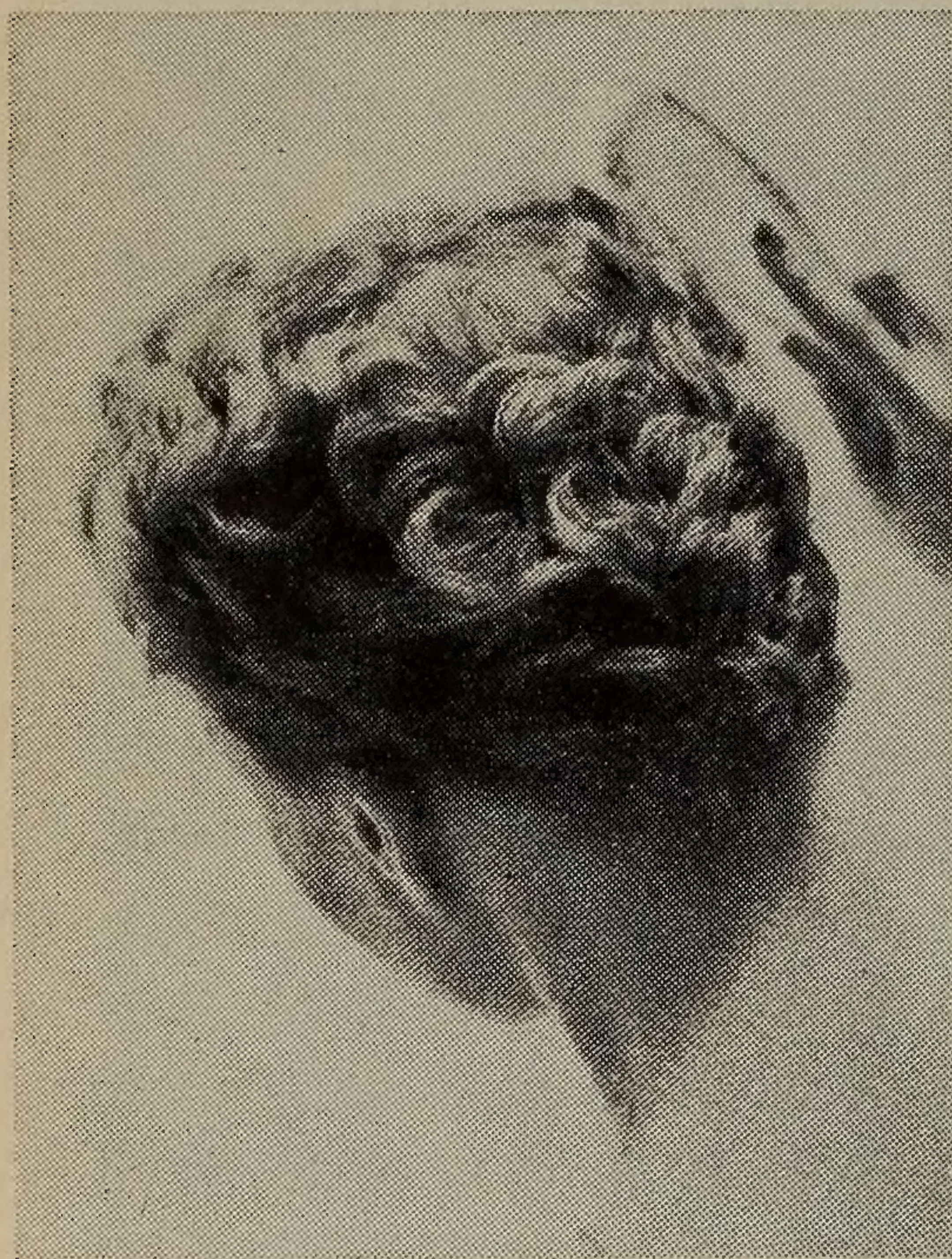
YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret...

Jergens Lotion

used by more women
than any other hand care
in the world
still 10¢ to \$1 plus tax

AND IS USED by Hollywood stars
7 to 1 over other hand cares!

LEARN THE SECRET OF
"PERMANENT" PIN CURLS
...even in damp weather

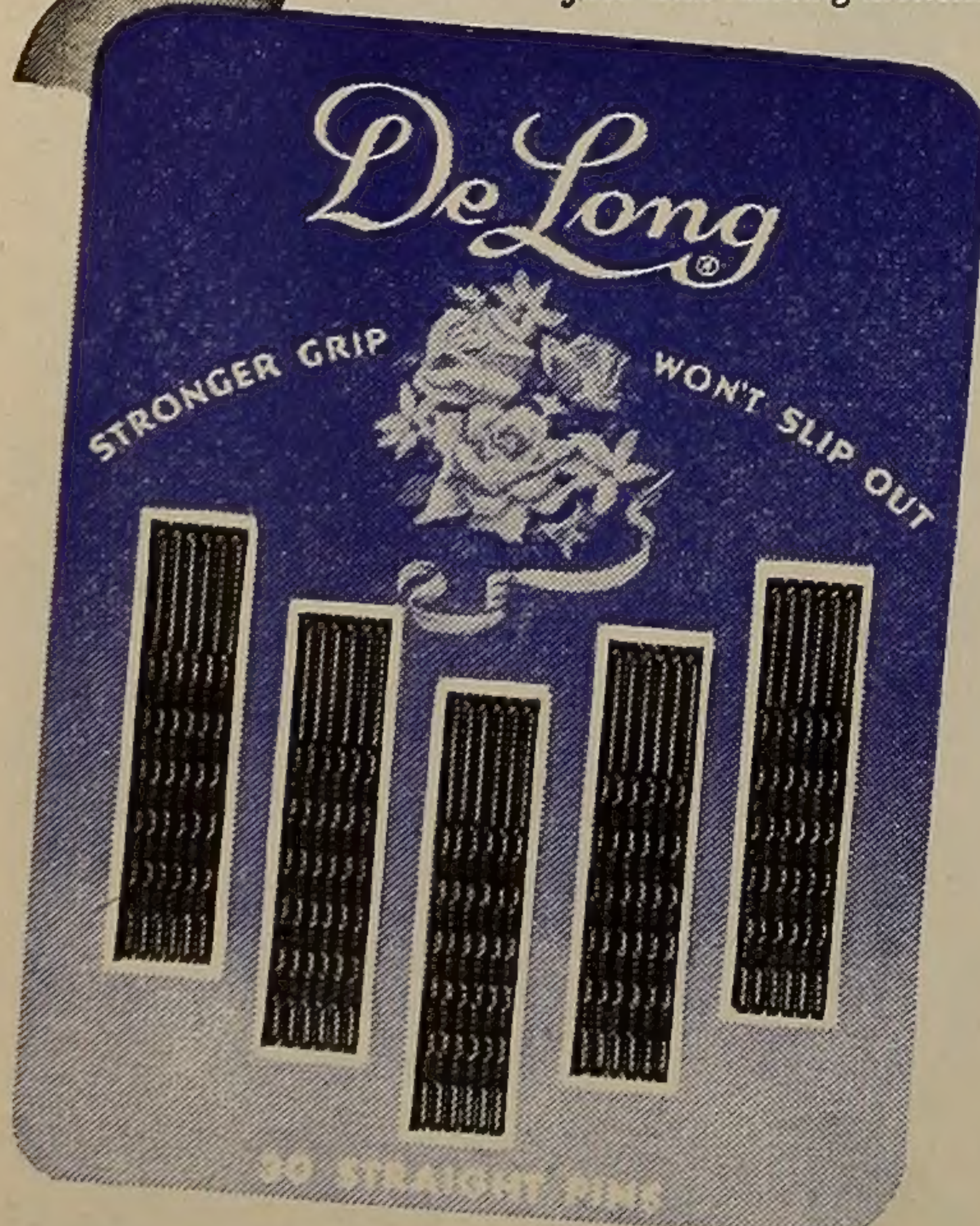


set your hair tonight with
DeLong bob pins
stronger grip—won't slip out

Yes, *you* can set your permanent in this chic salon style. Just be sure to use stronger-gripping De Long Bob Pins for lovely long-lasting curls that resist drooping—even in damp weather. Rounded smooth ends slide in and out easily. And De Long pins *stay in* day or night! Look for the blue De Long card on your counter.



The **brush bob** by Enrico Caruso, famous hair stylist to New York stage stars. Set top in 4 rows—turn front row toward face, back 3 rows away from face. Begin at right, set vertical rows, turning curls toward face, around head to back of left ear. Set left side counter-clockwise. Brush in all directions, then up in back, down from crown and up off face with rotating motion.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and EyeTapes • Sanitary Belts

Information Booth

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

VITAL STATISTICS

Dear Editor:

Ever since I had the pleasure of hearing a story entitled Long Distance starring Jan Miner, she has been my favorite radio actress. I have heard her quite frequently on various evening shows and I know she plays in many daytime serials. However, I know very little else about her. Is it possible for you to send me some private life data on her? I saw the picture layout on Long Distance in the November issue and really enjoyed it.

New York, N. Y.

Miss D. G.

Jan is single, five feet six inches tall, and she has sparkling blue eyes, honey-colored hair. She is a graduate of Boston's Vesper George Art School and an accomplished painter.

SUPPER CLUB STAR



PERRY COMO

Dear Editor:

Would you please inform me whether or not Chesterfield's NBC Supper Club singer Perry Como is married? Is it true he has a television show? When?

Miss M. K.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Perry is married to his childhood sweetheart, Roselle Belline and they have two children. His television show can be seen and heard Sundays at 8:00 P.M. EST on WNBT, Channel 4.

QUERY

Dear Editor:

I am asking this purely out of curiosity: Question: What is Arthur Godfrey's height and weight?

Delight, Md.

Miss D. B.

Answer: 5'11" tall; 170 pounds.

GARRY MOORE

Dear Editor:

I would be very grateful to you if you would let me know what became of Garry Moore who was on the Take It Or Leave It Program. I think he was tops and now that he's gone, I don't care for the program any more. I hope I can hear the voice of Garry on another program.

Chicago, Illinois

Mrs. T. S.

You can hear his voice on The Garry Moore Show, broadcast five times a week at 3:30 P.M. EST, on CBS.

ROSA



JODY GILBERT

Dear Editor:

Would you please print a picture of the actress who plays the part of Rosa, the girl Luigi is always betrothed to in Life With Luigi?

Mrs. F. O. M.
Del Paso Heights, Calif.

Here's Jody Gilbert, who plays Rosa.

JUNIOR

Dear Editor:

Would you please send me some information on The Life of Riley program? I would like to know who played the part of Junior in the movie version of Life of Riley. Does the same boy play Junior on the radio?

El Paso, Texas



TOMMY COOK

Miss J. S.

Lanny Rees played Junior in the motion picture version of The Life of Riley while Tommy Cook is Junior in the radio version. Tommy, incidentally, is an amateur tennis champion and former member of the Junior Davis Cup team.

BOB CROSBY

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me why Bob Crosby did not return to CBS' Club 15 this year?

Jamaica, N. Y.

Miss E. E.

Bob Crosby has left the band business to become a singer. He can be heard on The Pet Milk Show, with Kay Armen, Sundays, 10:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

THROW YOUR ARMS
AROUND ME HONEY



Even then he didn't take the hint

HERE WAS THE NEW MAN in her life, heedless of the meaningful music . . . heedless of the soft lights . . . heedless even of her. There was no mistaking his expression . . . he was bored! He wanted "out": Mabel simply couldn't understand it. For some reason her charm wasn't working to-night. Why it wasn't, she would be the last to suspect.

It Could Be You!

You may go week-in and week-out without halitosis (unpleasant breath) and then, some day, when you want to be at your best, it catches up with

you . . . to put you in the worst possible light.

Why run such a risk when there's a simple, easy, wholly delightful aid in putting your breath on the agreeable side? Night and morning, and especially before every date, simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic is no mere make-shift effective only for a moment or so. It's an *extra-careful* precaution that helps keep the breath fresh and sweet . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

Better to be safe than sorry, so, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date when you want to be at your best. It's almost a passport to popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . the extra-careful precaution against bad breath

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Cold coming on? Gargle early and often with Listerine Antiseptic . . . it kills millions of germs on throat surfaces . . . often helps head off much cold misery.

WHAT'S NEW



A torrid night in Duffy's Tavern: Carmen Miranda brings the samba into "Archie's" life.



Pantomimist Ed Wynn gives his impression of surrealist art in self-portrait, "Springtime in Nantucket."

Have you ever wondered why The Singing Lady, Irene Wicker, spells her name with three e's? A long time ago a numerologist made the suggestion, and it's brought Irene such good luck she wouldn't dream of going back to the normal two. Maybe you would like a few more e's in your name!

* * *

It takes a really acute sense of humor to stay in the radio business, as witness Curt Massey on one of his recent broadcasts. Two minutes before air time an usher snapped off the house lights. Ninety seconds showed when the control room crew discovered they were without "juice." Seventy-five seconds were left as director, producer, engineer and sound man poured out on the stage, checking mikes, cables and stage wiring. Thirty seconds remained as combined genius and luck switched house lights back on, and with them power for the controls and mikes. Fifteen seconds to go as the frenzied crew flew back to the control room. With five seconds left before "On The air," Massey threw the studio audience into a gale of hysterics by stepping up to the mike and announcing: "This is the Ulcer Hour!"

* * *

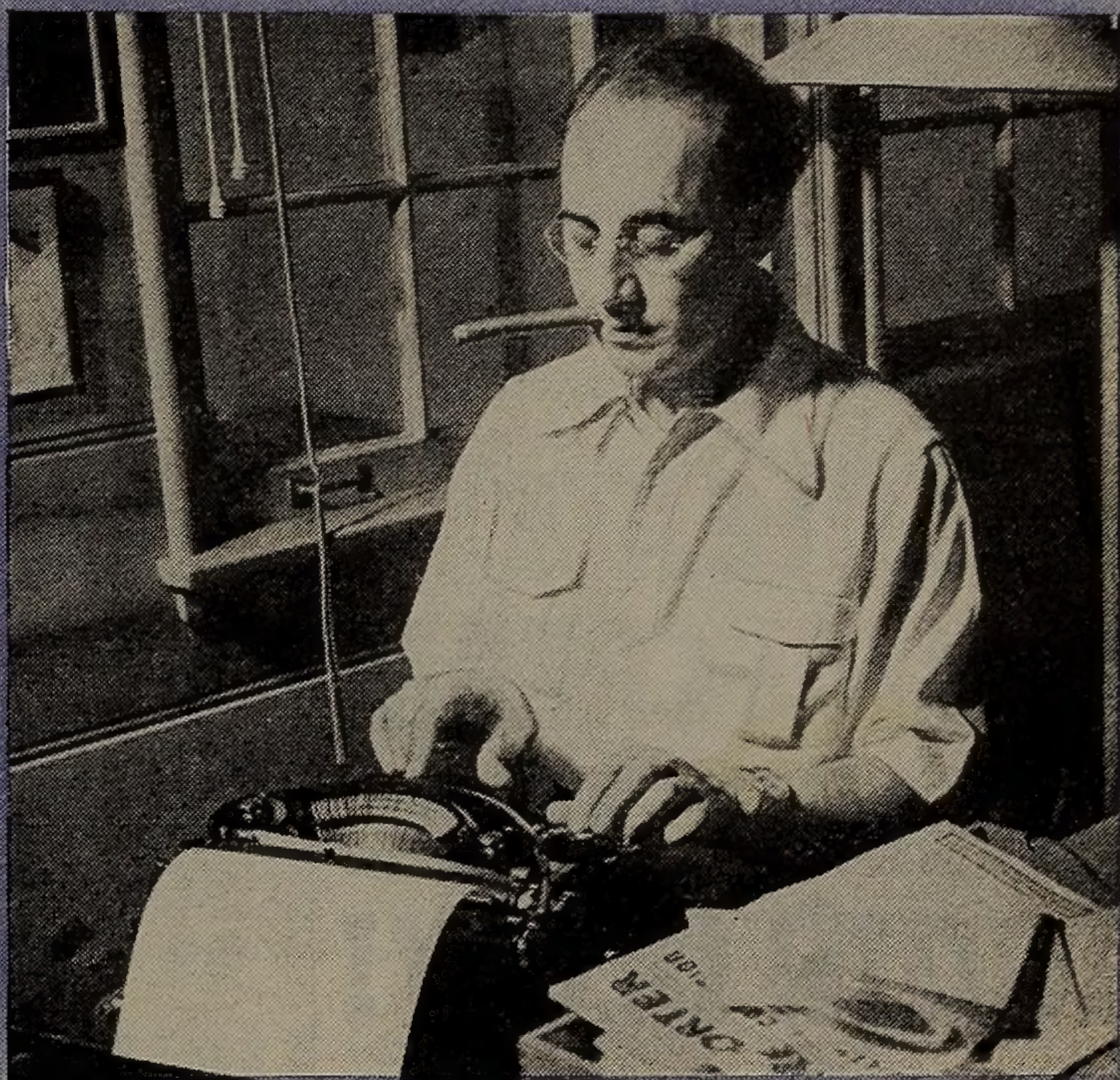
Ever question how far back singing commercials go? In the late 1800's, a London firm offered free hymnals to a poor church in re-

By DALE

FROM COAST TO COAST



Chips off the old block: Sons Garry Jr. and Mason get pointers from comic Garry Moore as Grandpa looks on.



Serious side of comedy; or portrait of a concentrating comedian; or funny-man Groucho Marx "at work."

turn for inserting a musical commercial in the books. The hymnals were used by the church—and so was the commercial:

"Hark the herald angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing.
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for men and one for child.
* * *

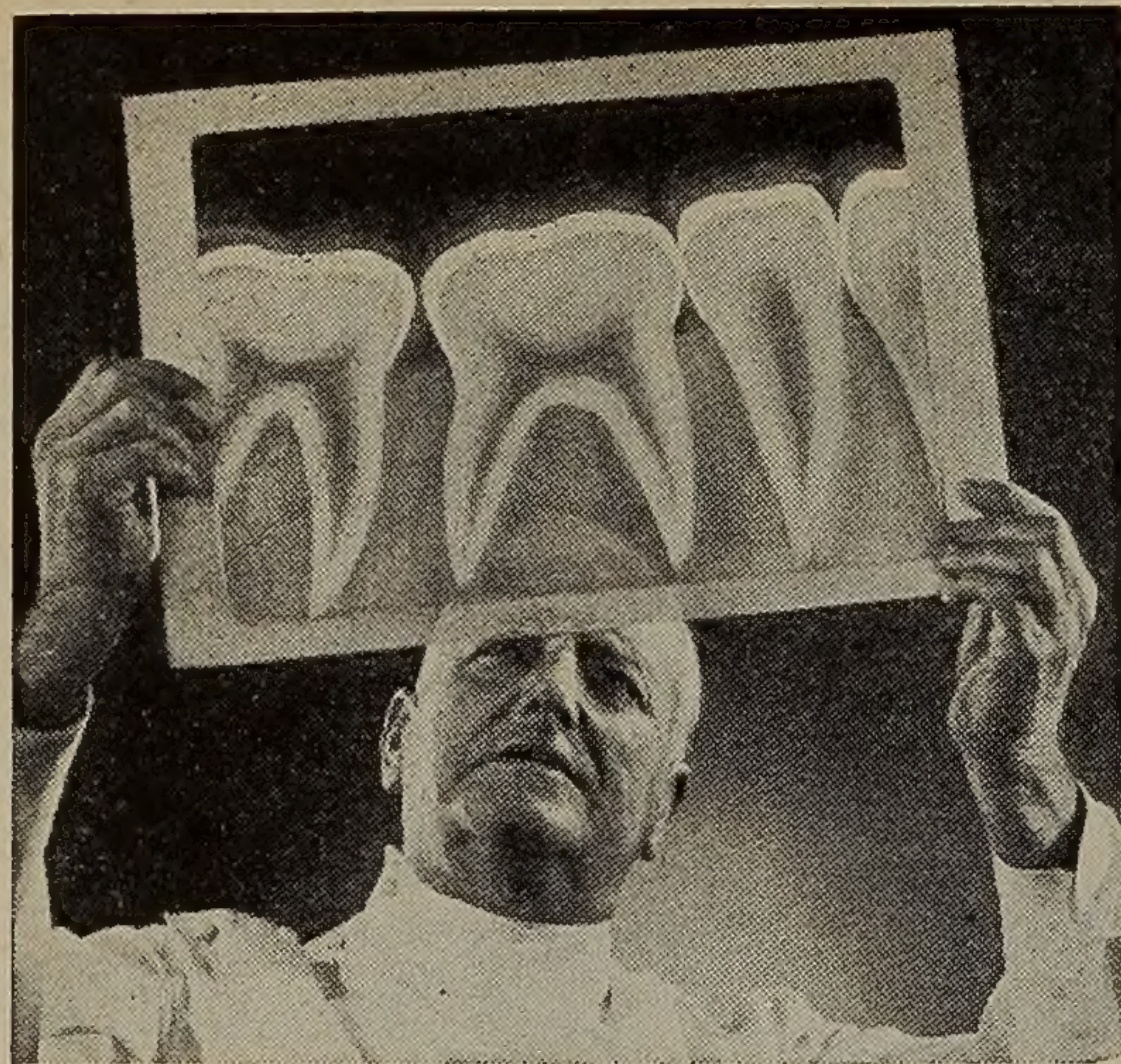
Maestro Guy Lombardo is currently holding a new sort of a record. He has to date turned down fourteen television sponsorship offers. Reason? None of the offers has, in his opinion, done justice to the band and the type of music they play.
* * *

Holding another type of record is Hattie ("Beulah") McDaniel. Hattie has probably washed more dishes than all other radio and movie actresses put together. Practically all of her three hundred films have had at least one sudsing episode, while her starring role of Beulah has her swishing the dishes five-times-a-week.
* * *

It took a retired Los Angeles schoolteacher to set a new record and embarrass Mutual's Take A Number quiz show. Contestant Mrs. Edith Perkins, answered seven listener-submitted questions before she was stumped—and cleared the stage of all the prizes available for that broadcast. (Continued on page 25)

Eve Arden and Jeff Chandler await cue on Our Miss Brooks.





**NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH
RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH**

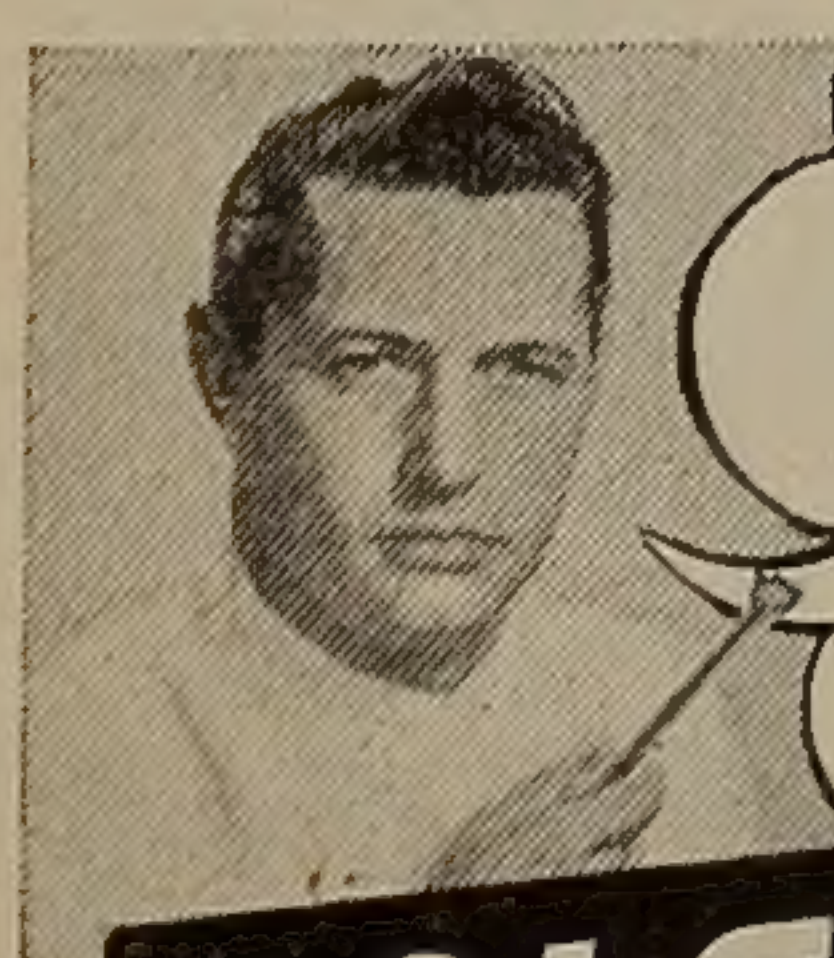
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

**Exhaustive Research by Eminent
Dental Authorities Proves How Using
Colgate Dental Cream Helps
Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!**

Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay! Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!

**No Other Dentifrice
Offers Proof of These Results!**

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!



ALWAYS USE
COLGATE'S TO CLEAN
YOUR BREATH WHILE
YOU CLEAN YOUR
TEETH—AND HELP
STOP TOOTH DECAY!



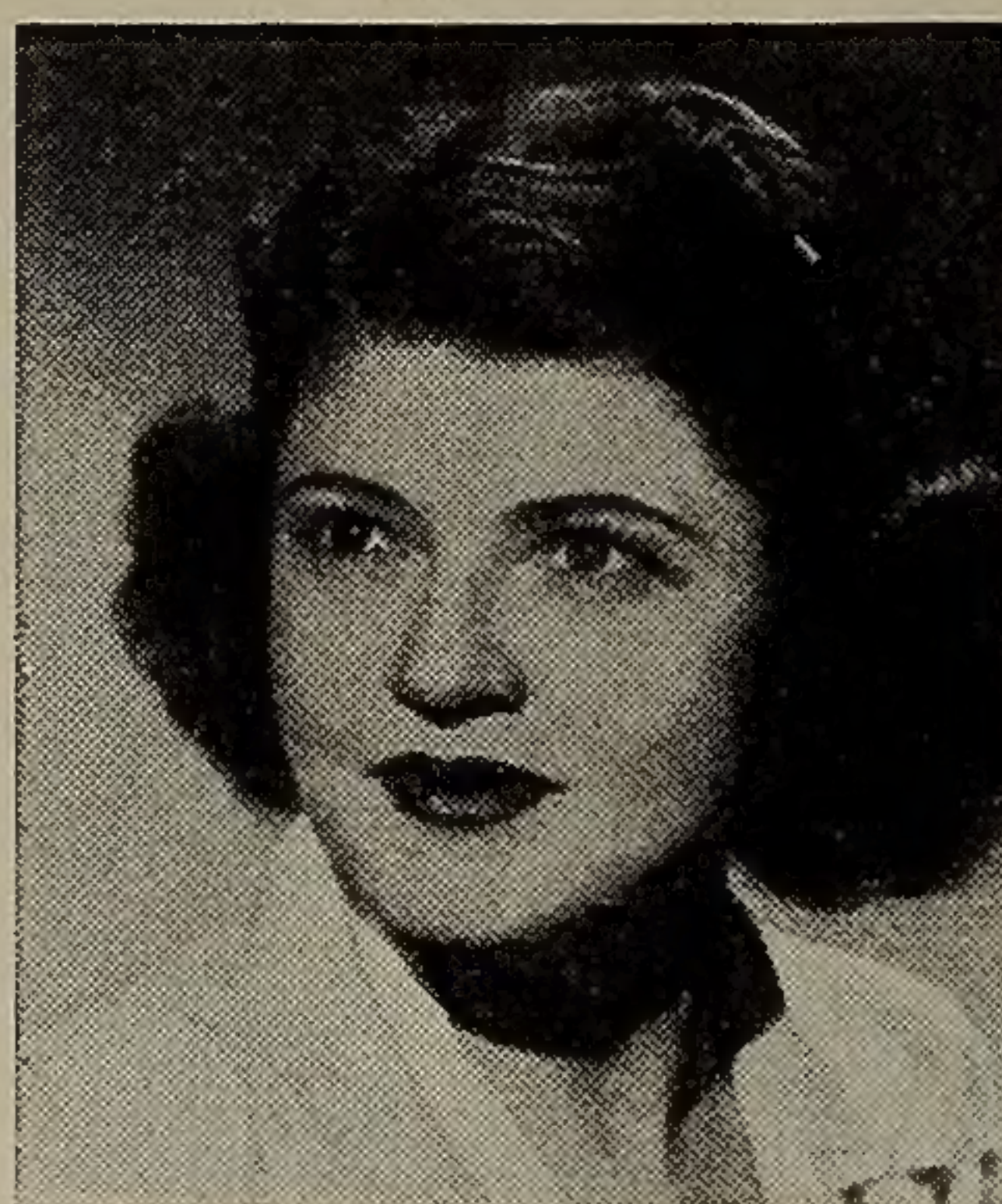
COMING NEXT MONTH



On the March cover:
baritone Bill Lawrence.

When you're handsome, twenty-three and a popular singer—in other words, when you're Bill Lawrence—what do you want the girl you marry to be like? Bill answers that question in a delightful story entitled, "What I Want In a Wife." You'll find it in the March RADIO MIRROR—the one with Bill's picture on the cover. Inside, there are pictures of his friends—Janette Davis and a man named Godfrey. But that's not all. RADIO MIRROR is inviting its Lawrence and Davis fans to tell why they think they would make a good wife or husband for Bill or Janette. Can you think of some good reasons why you might? There are cash awards for the best ones.

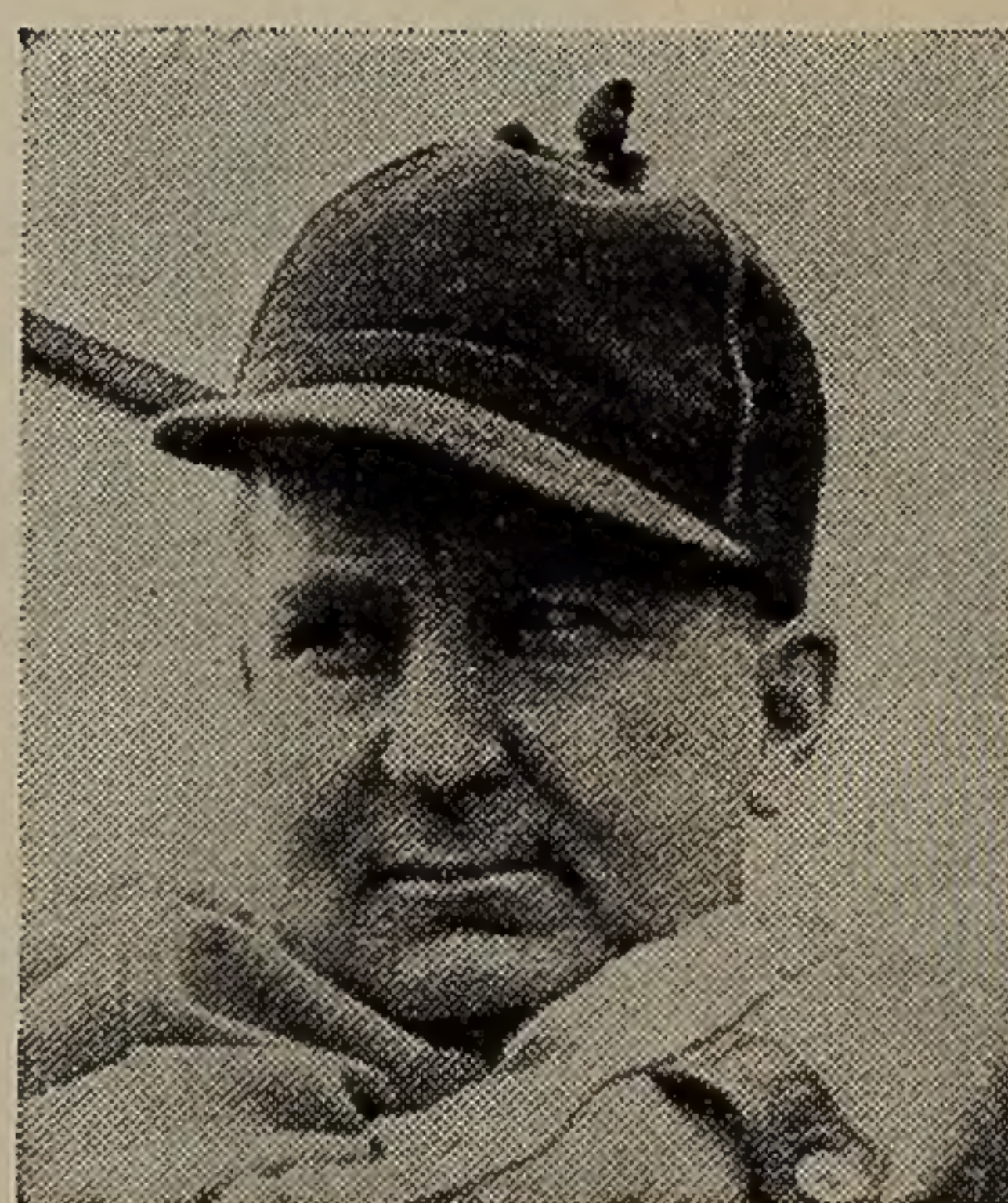
* * *



Laurel Grovesnor, Stella Dallas' daughter.

"Which Man Do I Really Love?" That's the question confronting Chichi of Life Can Be Beautiful. In the March RADIO MIRROR, you'll find out more about Chichi's problem, the problem all women face at some time in their lives. You'll read why it's important for Chichi to make the right choice, and you'll also learn about the young men who are interested in her. Then you'll be asked to help Chichi solve her problem. Also on hand in the March issue is Stella Dallas. There are 2 pages of color pictures of this beloved heroine and her family. And next month's issue will bring you a fictionalization of Portia Faces Life, a Reader Bonus full length novel.

* * *



Everett Mitchell: It's a beautiful day everywhere!

"It's a beautiful day in Chicago!" says the man on the radio and suddenly it's a beautiful day everywhere—in Scranton, in Tallahassee, in Red Cloud and in Brooklyn. Wherever the radio is tuned to the Farm and Home Hour, this announcement cheers and brightens the lives of its listeners. And for a cheering and bright story, be sure to read the one about and by the man who made that announcement famous. His name, of course, is Everett Mitchell. Everett, among other things, will tell you how to make your garden grow all year 'round. There's an extra added attraction to this feature, but you'll see it for yourself in the March RADIO MIRROR.

Next month's issue will also bring you an inspiring story by Norman Brokenshire. "Broke" is a man who has experienced an aspect of life that most of us can only shudder to think about. But he made an important discovery—one that can be of value to everyone. You won't want to miss his story any more than you'll want to miss your favorite regular features: Nancy Craig's food page, Joan Davis, Family Counselor, Daytime Diary, the television section and it's all yours for just twenty-five cents in the

March Radio Mirror, at your newsstand Friday, Feb. 10, 1950



EMPHASIZING FREEDOM AND FLUID LINES, PLAYTEX SLIMS YOUR SILHOUETTE, GIVES YOU THE "FIGURE OF THE 1950's."

PARIS DESIGNERS ACCLAIM INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® GIRDLE AS PERFECT WAY TO THE "FIGURE OF THE 1950's"

For years, no new fashion has created such a sensation as the narrow-skirted, slim silhouette seen in current Paris collections.

And leading Parisian designers agree, these slender fashions of the 1950's call for the *figure* of the 1950's, the slim, young PLAYTEX figure.

PLAYTEX combines figure-slimming power with

comfort and freedom of action. Made of tree-grown liquid latex, without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX trims the figure naturally, fits invisibly under 1950's slim-hip dresses. It washes in seconds, dries with a towel.

Just wear PLAYTEX, and see how slender you'll look in *all* your new clothes.



MME. SCHIAPARELLI, renowned Paris designer: "All my models wear PLAYTEX to have the figure of the 1950's."



ROBERT FIGUET, talk of Paris: "My designs require the figure of the 1950's. A figure you can have—with PLAYTEX!"



COUNTESS POLIGNAC, head of House of Lanvin: "The figure of the 1950's is easy to have with PLAYTEX!"



PIERRE BALMAIN, brilliant Paris originator: "The figure of the 1950's is a PLAYTEX figure—so alive, so trim, so young!"

GIRDLE OF THE 1950's is PLAYTEX — at all modern department stores and specialty shops, everywhere. In these new colors: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White.



... in **SLIM** silvery tubes

PLAYTEX LIVING GIRDLE \$3.50 to \$3.95
Extra small, small, medium, large
(extra large size slightly higher).

HEARD ABOUT PINK-ICE? Newest of the PLAYTEX Girdles — smooth, cool, light and fresh, it actually "breathes" with you... in SLIM, shimmering pink tubes \$3.95 to \$4.95

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park © 1950 Dover Del.

Everybody at WOV calls her "Rosalie," just "Rosalie"—although everyone knows her full name is Rosalie Allen. When there's warmth and a feeling of close friendship, people drop last names and that's probably what accounts for the fact that her listeners and fans just naturally drop Rosalie Allen's last name.

Twenty and a few years ago in Old Forge, a small town in Pennsylvania, Rosalie was born. She says she can remember when she was not quite four years old, sitting beside a squawky old phonograph and listening, as often as one of her brothers or sisters would play it for her, to a scratched and cracked recording of "Home On the Range." "I could sing it when I was four and a half," she told us, "and I never got tired of it myself but I bet the family did!"

Before she was in her teens Rosalie had entered every amateur theatrical contest in the vicinity and won most of them. At seventeen, she was offered a regular spot on Jack Karnes' radio program and she spent several years touring the Eastern states with him and Shorty Fincher and Gary Montana. She remained with them until Denver Darling, Decca recording artist and radio folk star, heard her and brought her to New York to appear on his Swing Billies show.

In mid-1944 Rosalie came to WOV to be the guitar-playing, singing, yodeling mistress of ceremonies on the now justly famous Prairie Stars, heard Monday through Saturday at 9 P.M. Rosalie and WOV have built the show to a point where it is famous across the country, even though it can be heard only in New York, New Jersey and parts of Connecticut and Pennsylvania.



WOV star Rosalie Allen, otherwise Mrs. Malcolm McGlasson, plays with her year-old daughter, Jill.

PRAIRIE CANARY

Rosalie's first RCA disc—"I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart"—has had 7 pressings.





"Externally-caused **blemishes** were a *real* problem," says Cover Girl Carmen Lister. "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked so much softer and smoother. Now it's my regular beauty aid."



"I had **dry skin** before I started using Noxzema," says pretty Doris Moore of Houston, Texas. "Now my skin feels so smooth. I always use Noxzema to help keep my complexion looking soft and lovely. It's a wonderfully soothing hand cream, too."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS...OR YOUR MONEY BACK



Red, Rough Hands! A professional pianist must have lovely-looking hands! Mrs. Carolyn Suiter of Kansas City, Mo., says, "I use Noxzema on my hands every night to help keep them soft and smooth."



Chapped Hands! "I use Noxzema as my regular hand cream to help them look soft and lovely," says Mrs. Lois Heerdt of Buffalo. "I like Noxzema because it's not greasy—and it vanishes so quickly."

Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine! Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're ever bothered with dry rough skin, externally-caused blemishes...if your hands are red and rough from housework—here's real news!

A famous doctor, using one cream — medicated Noxzema — developed a New Beauty Routine. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women! Here is the

Doctor's Simple 4-Step Routine.

Morning—1. "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin *looks and feels*.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how *really clean* it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is *greaseless*—no messy pillow smears!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was *clinically-tested* by doctors with amazing results!

Softer, Whiter Hands

And if your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, house-

work or painfully chapped from exposure — try medicated Noxzema. In clinical tests, 7 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter-looking hands in 24 hours!

Money Back Offer

So sure are we that Noxzema's results will delight you, we make this sincere money-back offer. Tonight — smooth Noxzema on your hands. Tomorrow — start using this New Home Facial. See if your hands don't look softer, whiter in 24 hours. See if your complexion isn't smoother, softer and lovelier looking in just 10 days. If not completely satisfied—return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Try Noxzema. Remember—it's clinically tested—used by millions.

Special Trial Offer: To win new friends for Noxzema, we offer you the regular 40¢ size jar for only 29¢ plus tax. But you must hurry—time is limited. So get your jar *right away*.



"Housework Hands!" "Two business girls and I live together—and share household chores," says Doris Hamilton of Boston. "We all use Noxzema to help keep our hands looking soft and white."

66 ANCHORS A WEIGH''

Welcome Aboard the S. S. Duquesne, a giant new half-hour musical regarded as the largest production in Pittsburgh radio history, is broadcast over KDKA every Saturday evening at 7:30.

Built around a showboat theme, Welcome Aboard has longtime radio star Ed Schaughency playing the role of Captain Jack. Beautiful soprano Marilyn McCabe portrays Captain Jack's niece, Marilyn Summers; Irving Barnes, baritone, plays First Mate Bill, and a rising young singer, Don Werle, handles the role of George Young.

Bernie Armstrong directs the orchestra, with Aneurin Bodycombe coaching the Silver Toppers quartet and the mixed chorus. Everett Neill is in charge of production. Sy Bloom scripts the show, and Johnny Scigliano is in charge of sound effects on the weekly extravaganza.

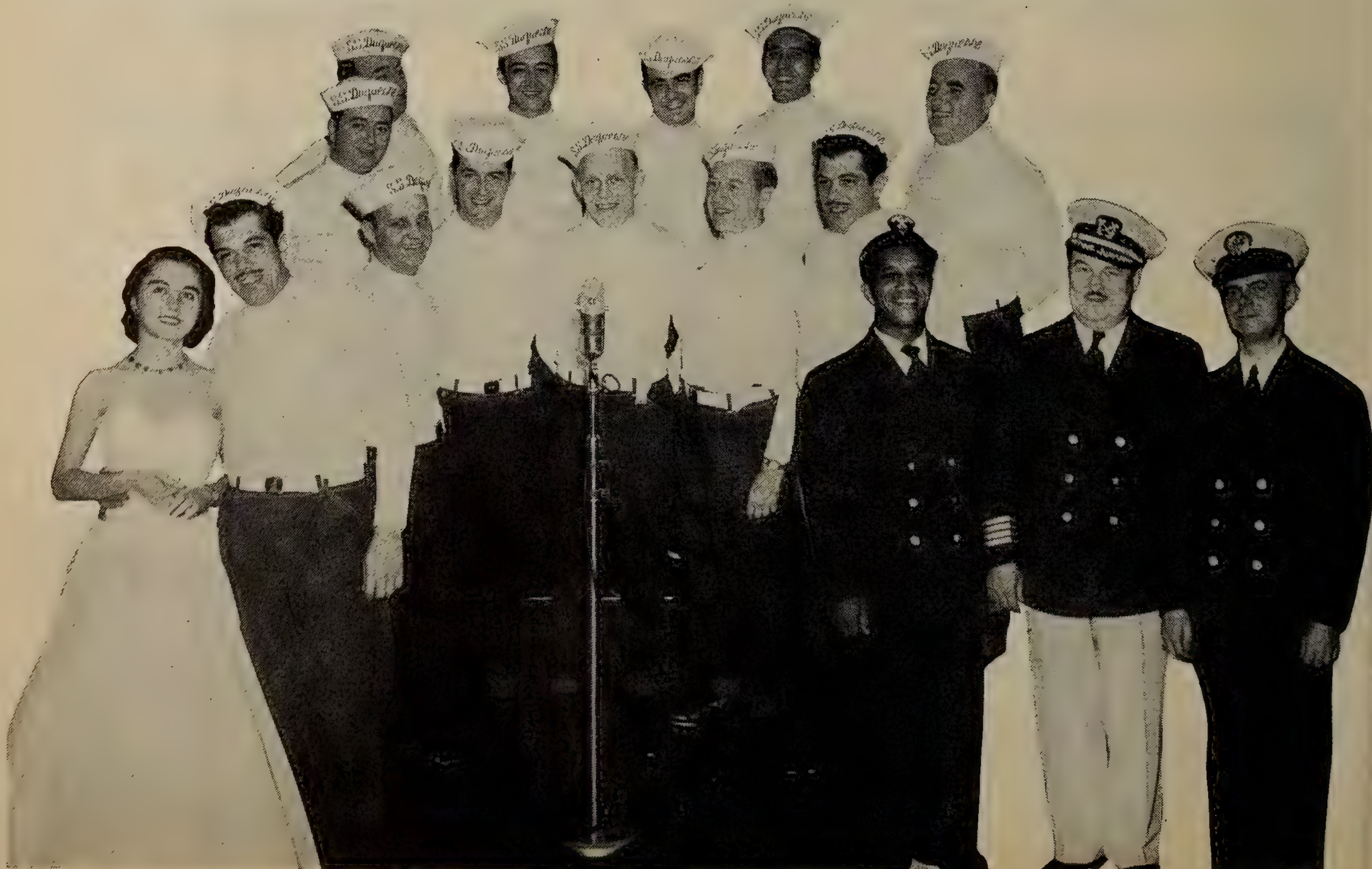
Feature of the show is a sensational song contest. Each week two well-known girl singers compete, with each week's winner pitted against a new contestant the following week. The grand prize winner receives a long-term contract with Welcome Aboard.

Winners are selected by listeners by mail or telephone balloting with Pittsburghers Harold V. Cohen of the *Post-Gazette*; Karl Krug of the *Sun-Telegraph* and Si Steinhauer of the *Press*, acting as judges.

The entire company is beautifully costumed and the studio decorated so as to carry out the showboat theme.

Every Saturday at 7:30 P.M. over KDKA it's Welcome Aboard the S.S. Duquesne with Marilyn McCabe and Don Werle . . .

the chorus, Irving Barnes (First mate Bill), Ed Schaughency (Captain Jack), Bernie Armstrong (musical director).



SHIRLEY BLANC



Shirley appears on Mutual's Mysterious Traveler show.

Radio actress Shirley Blanc (Mysterious Traveler, Counterspy) was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1925, but shortly after her birth her family moved to Los Angeles. By the time she'd got halfway through high school, Shirley had her mind set on becoming an actress. With the idea of preparing herself seriously for a theater career, Shirley enrolled at the Los Angeles City College. She chose well, for at college she won an award for being the outstanding woman in the Drama Department.

Her college graduation was followed by lots of work in the theaters in and around Los Angeles, with stock and little theater groups, which was excellent training and experience, but not too great on helping a young lady to be self-supporting. So Shirley did what many other theater aspirants do—she turned to radio.

For Shirley, it was fairly simple. She did several auditions, then one for a West Coast program, Raffles. After that, she began to work pretty regularly.

But first, while success in radio had its compensations, still it wasn't the theater, so Shirley decided to try her luck on Broadway. All she landed was a summer stock engagement at Manomet, Massachusetts. So back to radio she went in the fall.

The big event for her in radio was the show on which she met a young actor named Jimmie Lipton. Not too long after, in December 1947, she married him.

Although radio assignments keep her pretty busy, Shirley has by no means given up the theater. She's still studying and, for the past two years, along with her husband, has been in a professional drama workshop under the direction of Don Richardson. She's also studying dancing with Hanya Holm, partly because it's good training for theater work.

Shirley has never stopped making the rounds of theatrical offices. She hopes that "this" will be her year. Meanwhile, she has appeared with two Equity Library shows—showcase performances under the sponsorship of Actors Equity—in "Waiting for Lefty" and "Brooklyn, U.S.A." Last Spring, Shirley displayed her ability in ANTA's "Talent '48."

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

Scientific tests* show 22% more effective Richard Hudnut

Creme Waving Lotion leaves hair springier, and stronger

...less apt to break...than other home

permanent waving lotions. And what this

means to you is a smoother, prettier, longer-lasting wave with more natural-looking curls that spring right back after combing ...no frizzy ends, more *natural* sheen.

Regardless of what type curlers you use, make sure your next home permanent is a Richard Hudnut with the waving lotion that makes all the difference in the condition of your hair after waving and the kind of wave you get.

From the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

NEW IMPROVED

Home Permanent



Ask for the refill with 22% more effective Richard Hudnut Waving Lotion. Refill \$1.50 DeLuxe Refill \$2.00 (PRICES PLUS TAX)



with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory.

Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights

Bandleader-pianist Claude Thornhill plays for Fred Nahas of KXYZ in the Emerald Room of Houston's Shamrock Hotel.



For once, Frank Sinatra has the top hat and Dorothy Kirsten, the bobby sox. They're both on Light Up Time.



By MARTIN BLOCK

WNEW disc jockey Martin Block is also on NBC's Perry Como Show, Thurs., 10 P.M. EST, and seen on the TV version Sunday nights at 8.

FACING the

Combining a beautiful operatic voice, a beautiful face and an affinity for singing the popular songs of the day has made Dorothy Kirsten one of the most popular singers of the year. In addition to her vocal chores with the Metropolitan Opera Company, the lovely Dorothy is teamed with Frank Sinatra on his nightly radio program. And now, to Dorothy, has come the honor of being selected the Queen of the Tobacco Festival.

* * *

We don't quite know whether the trend will continue, but have you noticed that several of the most popular tunes of recent vintage started out as what is often called hillbilly or country music? The list now includes "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon," "Jealous Heart," "Someday," "Slippin' Around," "Room Full Of Roses," and "I Never See Maggie Alone."

* * *

"If people like Joseph Stalin were to dance with people like Perle Mesta to the music of a good orchestra, there would never be wars." That's according to Larry Geer, who heads the National Ballroom Operators Association. Larry, who just completed celebrating National Dance Week, has sent a suggestion to the United Nations for the establishment of International Dance Week. By the way, the ballroom operators have reported the results of a poll taken among their patrons—the dancing couple of America. Here are the dancers' selections for their favorite bands in all classifications of music: sweet, Sammy Kaye; swing, Les Brown; western, Hank Williams; novelty, Spike Jones; modern, Elliot Lawrence; latin american, Xavier Cugat; waltz, Wayne King; jazz, Louis Armstrong; polka, Frank Yankovic; gypsy, Emery Deutsch.

Recording artists Bing Crosby and Lionel Hampton run through a quick rehearsal before waxing a new number.



Carnegie Hall announcer's son Jeff Hamilton gets lesson from orchestra members Hank D'Amico, Irv Horowitz.



MUSIC

Winner of the M-G-M record album in the song title contest is Mrs. Frances Menke, Baltimore, Maryland. Congratulations, and the set of records are on their way right now.

* * *
While the Christmas season is now over, the Christmas spirit keeps right on—at least among most of the people in this fair land. It isn't very difficult to maintain this spirit of brotherly love, either. And whether or not it proves anything, this may be the time to tell the story of Perry Como's Christmas recording of "Ave Maria" and "The Lord's Prayer." The choir of thirty-six voices that backed Perry's singing was made up of people representing the Catholic, Jewish and Protestant faiths. It was recorded at the Chapel of the Incarnation, an Episcopal church in New York and was purchased by people of all faiths, religions and races. That's it—the brotherhood of man on a wax disc.

* * *
The most sensational opening night ever attended in blase Hollywood was the evening that Vic Damone opened at the film city's Mocambo night club. Vic actually stopped the show, despite an unusually noisy crowd . . . And after writing the background scores for more than 200 movies, Max Steiner has finally signed a recording contract . . . The guy who did all the whipcracking on Frankie Laine's hit disc of "Mule Train" was Mercury Records' musical director Mitch Miller—now known as "The Whip" . . .

* * *
Little has been said about it, but Arturo Toscanini deserves much acclaim for his benefit concert in Ridgefield, Connecticut. He took his entire NBC Symphony Orchestra to that city in order to raise some funds for Ridgefield's Library and Boys' Club. It was an inspired concert and a financial success.



Scintillating song stylist Lena Horne returned to New York for her annual engagement at the Copacabana.

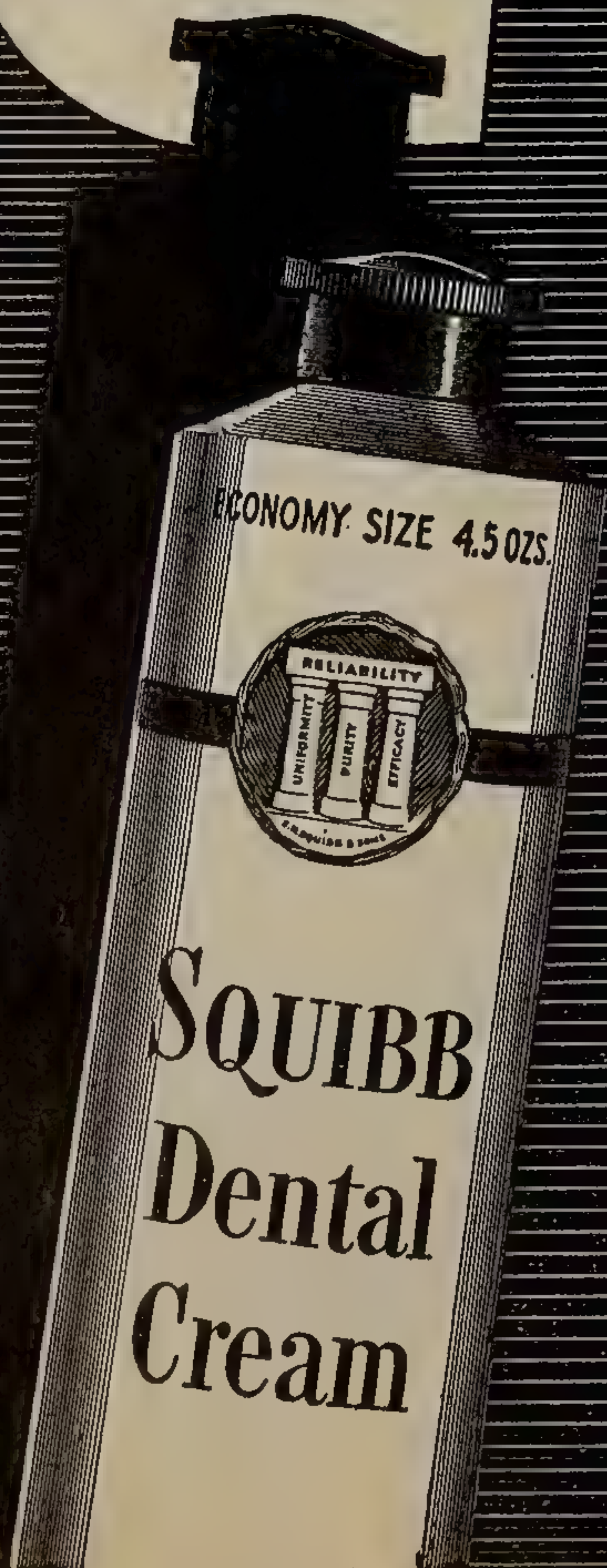
**pleasant
gentle
effective**



Pleasant...
real mint for
taste and breath.

Gentle...
contains the finest
known polishing
ingredients.

Effective...
made with
antacid
magnesium
hydroxide.



Beauty ON THE RUN

Jinx hardly ever walks. She doesn't have time. She's too busy being Mrs. Tex McCrary. Life is exciting, hectic, and completely wonderful.

Together, the McCrarys have their own morning radio program on WNBC, guest-star at dozens of benefit performances, and write a daily newspaper column. As final insurance against life ever becoming dull, they've also been quite busy bringing up two handsome sons; namely, John Reagan McCrary III, alias Paddy, aged three-and-a-half, and one-and-a-half-year-old Kevin.

It hardly seems possible that the crowded days allow Jinx time for relaxation. But just sitting and talking gives Jinx an opportunity to relax. She slips off her shoes, curls up in her chair, and makes believe every muscle in her body is liquid. She couldn't be tense if she tried!

Because Jinx can't spend hours at the end of each week bringing her grooming up-to-date as most women do, she's learned to utilize extra minutes through the day instead. She calls it her continuous beauty performance. And the results are proof of success. Her nails are never chipped, her brows are never straggly, her hair is never unkempt-looking.

She keeps her nails in constant repair by inspecting them daily, and touching up wherever necessary. As for her hair, no matter how tired she may be at the end of the day, Jinx would never think of going to bed without putting it up in pin curls. Jinx never has to worry about her clear, fine-textured complexion, either. Just before she goes to bed, she allows herself a few minutes to apply a rich lubricating cream to her face.

Jinx certainly disproves the theory that a woman can be too busy for beauty. It's just a matter of making the most of those minutes that usually slip by unnoticed. And, with a husband like Tex, who is always dreaming up new and better things to do, every minute must count—and does—to this beauty on the run!

Jinx Falkenburg, one of the busiest and loveliest of all radio stars, makes every minute count. Do you?



RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING • By DORRY ELLIS

Dream girl, dream girl,
 Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl.
 Hair that gleams and glistens
 From a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
 your hair can look... after a *Lustre-Creme Shampoo*



Not a soap! Not a liquid! But
 Kay Daumit's cream shampoo
 with lanolin. Jars: \$2, \$1.
 Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

EXCLUSIVE! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

EXCITING! This new three-way hair loveliness...

- 1 LEAVES HAIR SILKEN SOFT, INSTANTLY MAN-AGEABLE. That's the first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in water hard as nails. Ends the problem of unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.
- 2 LEAVES HAIR SPARKLING WITH STAR-BRIGHT SHEEN. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin... brings out every elusive highlight. Lustre-Creme leaves hair aglow with natural sheen and shimmer. With no special rinse needed!
- 3 LEAVES HAIR FRAGRANTLY CLEAN, FREE OF LOOSE DANDRUFF. Famous hair-dressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo for "down-to-the-roots" cleansing action. Yes, tonight, show that man in your life how much lovelier your hair can look after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!



Ever dream...

you were dancing on a star?

You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look *new*? A delirious dress can do it... or a once-in-a-million hair-do... that *lift* sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

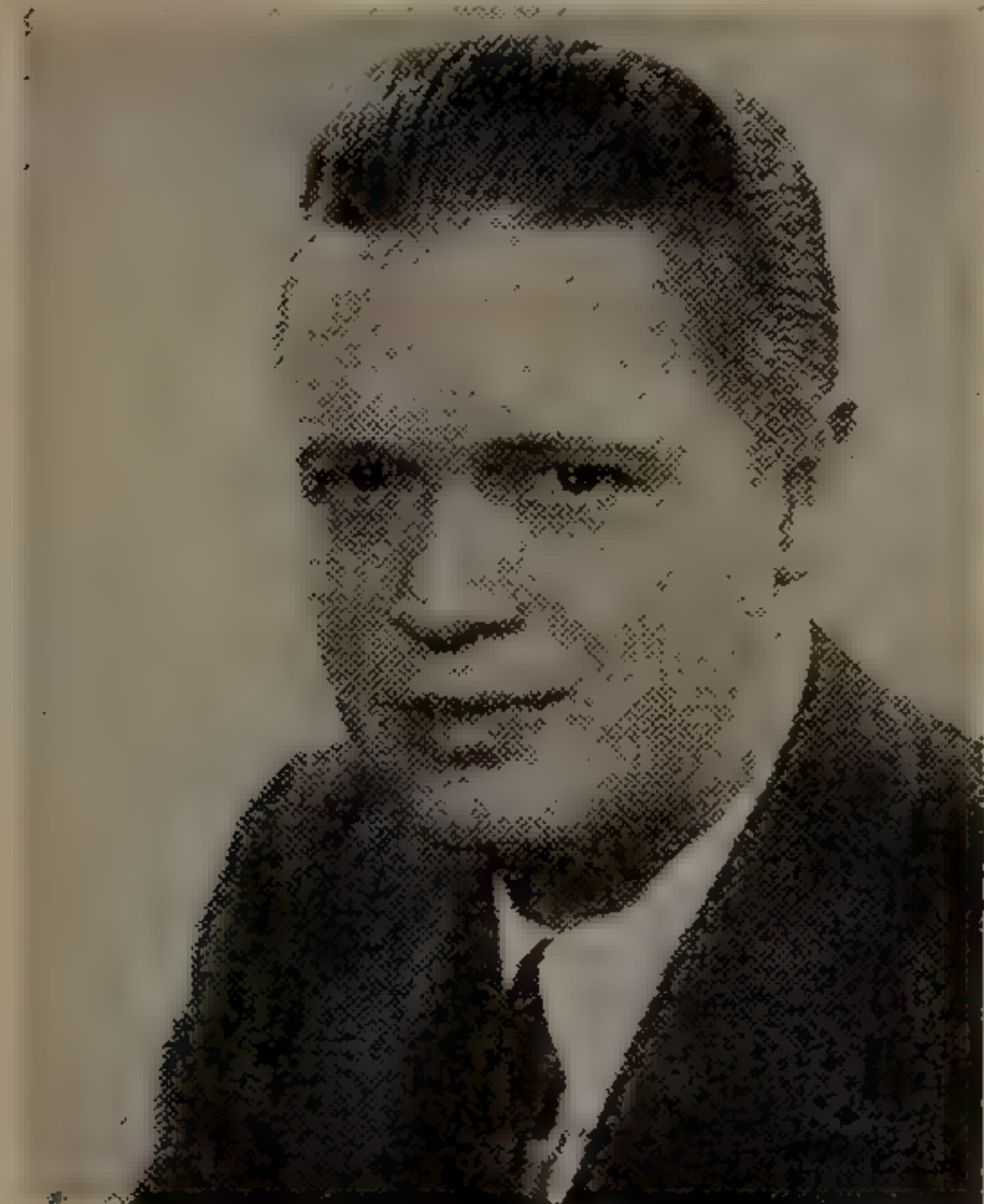
This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff — it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse — it *can't* spill! Only 49¢ in 4 dreamy shades.

Woodbury **DREAM STUFF**

New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!



COLLECTOR'S CORNER



By GENE HAMILTON

(Gene Hamilton is equally at ease among the jivers and the lovers of classical music. Narrator and musical director of ABC's Carnegie Hall concert series, Gene has served such baton luminaries as Paul Whiteman, the Dorseys and Benny Goodman. He likes all music, whether it be symphony or be-bop. He is an ex-singer and his appraisals of music and musicians are deeply respected along radio row.)

"Most of my working and social hours are spent with musicians and singers. Naturally we discuss music—anything that is singable and playable is our conversation meat. All of us are avid collectors of recordings, and we're constantly battling about our respective selection of 'bests.' So here is a list of my own 'best'—five pop tunes and four classical.

"Among the so-called pop discs, even our best musicians are not agreed as to what is the best jazz, but here are my picks.

"'South Rampart Street Parade' by Bob Crosby and The Bobcats. This group certainly captures the full raptures of dixieland jazz.

"'Dippermouth Blues' by Miff Mole and his Milers. The mighty Miff is at his magnificent best.

"'King Porter Stomp' by Louis Armstrong. 'Satchmo' belongs among the immortals, as does this recording.

"'In A Mist' by Bix Biederbecke (with Bix at the piano). Anyone who doesn't appreciate Bix is dead—and I'm not dead!

"'Muskrat Ramble' by Henry Levine and the Dixieland Band. Henry and Sidney Bechet combine their talents in a performance that rings the bell.

"Among the classics, I have a very definite list of recordings that are in my special favorite category. Two are recorded by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony. They are Tchaikowsky's 5th Symphony and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. Most anything that Bidu Sayao records is for me—particularly 'La Boheme.' Then I'll take Sir Thomas Beecham's interpretation of the César Franck D Minor Symphony, which is superbly handled by the London Philharmonic."

How a wife's false modesty can "freeze" her husband's affection



If Only You'd Read Here Scientific Truths You Can Trust About These INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

A wife's ignorance or false modesty about these intimate facts of life often leads to an increasing *coolness* on her husband's part.

If only every young woman could realize from the beginning of her marriage how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and happiness—how necessary it is to combat one of woman's most offensive deodorant problems. And what's EVEN MORE IMPORTANT—why she should always use ZONITE in her douche. Here's why:

NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE OF ALL THOSE TESTED FOR THE DOUCHE IS SO POWERFUL YET SO SAFE TO TISSUES AS ZONITE!

Developed by World-Famous
Surgeon and Scientist

A famous surgeon and skilled scientist developed the ZONITE principle. What

better assurance could you want! ZONITE's scientists have tested every known germicide they could find on sale for the douche. And NO OTHER type proved SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as ZONITE. So why be old-fashioned and continue to use weak or dangerous products? ZONITE is *positively* non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE eliminates odor, removes waste substances and discharge. You feel so dainty and refreshed after your ZONITE douche. Helps guard against infection. And ZONITE is *so effective*—it *kills* every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE DOES IMMEDIATELY KILL every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy at any drugstore.



*Offer good only in the U. S.

Radio ALL THE WAY



WITH's nightly Jazz Session, conducted by John Egan, is a favorite with Maryland stay-up-lates.

John "Bach to Boogie" Egan is a versatile WITH announcer who boasts a varied career in radio for nearly a decade. Johnny got his start in the mike game when, as a reporter for the *Hartford Times*, he was selected as a newscaster for their new radio station. Johnny liked his radio stint so well that he undertook an intensive study of voice, diction, mike technique and presentation. Then, on the advice of an able instructor, he accepted a position at radio station WBRV, in Waterbury, Connecticut.

From Waterbury, John went to Philadelphia, where he moved rapidly up the ladder of radio success, gaining experience and technical "know-how" at the same time. It was at WCAU that John did the color and commercials for the Pennsylvania football games. He won second prize in an Atlantic Refining Co. contest for the best color and commercial presentation of Atlantic sponsored football games.

Now, at WITH, John admits that his preference is still newscasting, but he has branched out to encompass Jazz Session, a late nightly show of the best in jazz—and to wield the baton for WITH's famed Symphony Hall, a program of selected symphonic music.

And what about radio as a career? Well, Johnny says there's nothing like it. Radio is always interesting and keeps you constantly on the go. There's little chance for boredom because you meet famous people, and learn about world affairs first-hand. And it's always a great thrill to know you're bringing both pleasure and information to the listeners. Of course, it has its ups and downs like any other career but, taken altogether, as far as Johnny is concerned, it's radio all the way.

John Egan was born in Albany, New York, and moved to Hartford, Connecticut, in his early boyhood. He is thirty years old, married, and the father of three small children.

Listen in on February 13th!

The Lux Radio Theatre's
presentation of
America's most popular motion
picture for 1949

WINNER OF
PHOTOPLAY
Gold Medal
AWARD



★ Monday, February 13th, America's favorite picture of 1949 will be presented by the Lux Radio Theatre with its original star cast. A year long, nation-wide poll conducted by PHOTOPLAY Magazine has established this great picture as the top favorite of American audiences.

The name and star of the winning picture must be secret until March PHOTOPLAY goes on sale February 10th. In that issue, PHOTOPLAY will announce the top ten pictures of 1949

and the names of the ten most popular actors and actresses. We'll tell you also how *you*, America's movie-goers, select the actors, actresses and films which win PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards. Be sure to reserve your copy of March PHOTOPLAY now!

TUNE IN Monday night, February 13th, to the Lux Radio Theatre for the radio presentation of the outstanding motion picture of 1949. Columbia network Coast-to-Coast. See your paper for time and station.



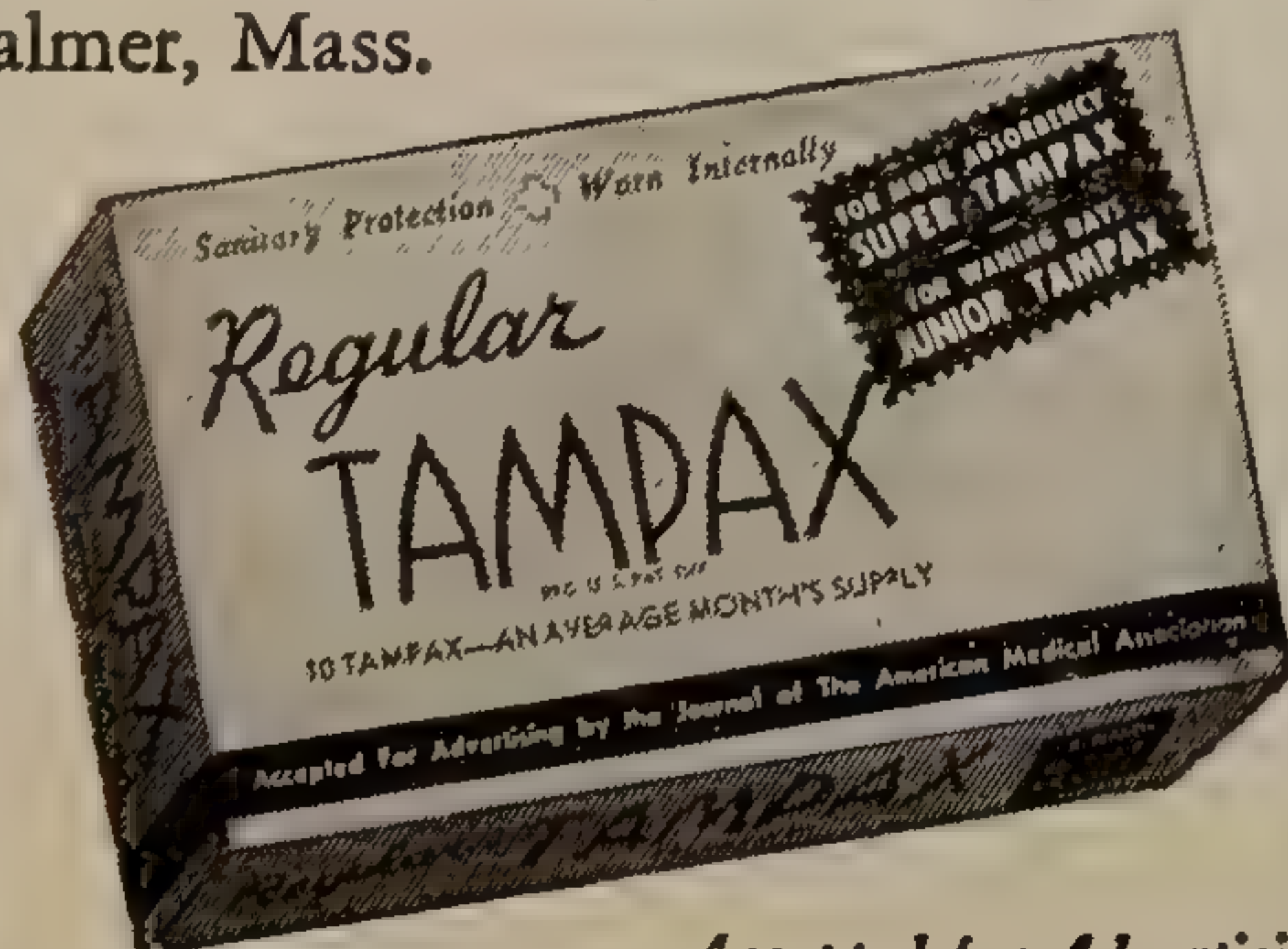
What are you waiting for?

**Don't be
a die-hard
on the subject of
monthly protection**

You certainly can't modernize your good-grooming habits if you just close your mind while others are getting the benefit of new ideas and discoveries. *It is no secret at this date* that Tampax has only one-ninth the bulk of the outside pad ...and needs no belts or pins to fasten it, because doctor-invented Tampax is worn *internally*. Also it causes no chafing, no odor and no bulges, bumps or ridges under a dress or skirt.

Tampax is made of safety-stitched absorbent cotton contained in dainty white disposable applicators. Your hands need not touch the Tampax and when it's in place the wearer cannot feel it. It's really the last word! Millions of women and girls now use Tampax in more than 75 countries — *and that's the truth.*

You can change Tampax quickly, dispose of it readily. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into purse. Act now — prepare for *next* month. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

“I had a hunch...”

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here are the five letters which, in the opinion of the editors, best describe how playing a hunch influenced the life of the writer. Hunches, or “intuition” as some people prefer to call it, played an active part in the life of Alice Frost, heroine of the radio mystery drama, Mr. and Mrs. North. Alice's story, as you may remember, ran in the July, 1949 RADIO MIRROR and it was in that issue that the editors offered to buy the five best “hunch” letters. A check for twenty dollars is being sent out to each of the persons whose letters are published below.

* * * * *

My husband was in the service, stationed at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. He had been ill in the hospital there and the doctors told him that he might be discharged, although they didn't say when. One Saturday I felt so strongly that he would be home that I bought extra groceries and prepared special food. I cleaned the whole house and talked with my dog, Sandy, about my husband's coming home. I didn't go to sleep that night for though he hadn't come, I felt sure that he would. About one o'clock a taxi stopped out front. I went to the door and didn't even ask who it was. I knew it was my husband. He thought his coming would be a surprise. He was disappointed when I told him that I had been looking for him all day!—
Mrs. E. L. Freeman, Asheville, N. C.

* * * * *

During my first visit to New York, I played a hunch that has rewarded me ever since. It was my last day in the city, about two hours before train time, and I had checked my baggage at Grand Central depot. With that much time left and so many sights yet unseen, strangely enough, I had no desire to cram in the unvisited places. Something inside me told me that I should return to the little restaurant near my hotel where I had enjoyed dining in the evenings. I did and whom did I meet there but an old friend. She, too, had been visiting the city for the first time—to attend her son's wedding. Though we had lost touch with each other in the many years that had passed since our schooldays, we now enjoy a warm, renewed friendship. She lives in a community near enough to mine to insure our seeing each other quite often. I've been grateful ever since for playing the hunch that made me return to that little restaurant in New York.—
Mrs. Fran Hughes, Duluth, Minn.

* * * * *

I believe in playing hunches ever since I played one some years ago. It was during depression times and money was very scarce in my home as I had a family of seven to care for. One night I started for my sister's home and had to pass a movie theatre on the way. Three times I passed and then walked back as something seemed to draw me and tell me to go in. A ticket at that time cost only twenty cents but it was a lot of money to me. Well, after the third time my hunch won out and so did I. It happened to be gift night and my number was one of those drawn for a prize. I came home with a carton of canned goods, a large cake, a ticket for one month's supply of bread, a basket of fruit and a slab of bacon weighing fourteen pounds. My hunch was good and so was the food. Now I never let a hunch pass by.—
Mrs. Gertrude Dunn, Rome, New York

* * * * *

Shortly after we were married thirty-three years ago, an outstanding member of our church suddenly began selling oil stock. Ever so many members purchased the stock and some plunged pretty deeply. We couldn't really afford to indulge but with much urging and the fact that so many had felt it was a secure investment, we also purchased several shares—but not until we were assured by the salesman that if at any time we wanted or needed our money, he personally would take the stock off our hands. One night a couple of months later, I had a strong, mental picture of wells and pipes, and they were all dry. This hunch made my husband and I ask for the refund of our money. The said salesman, to save his face, kept his promise about the refund. We were the only ones in the entire group to save our money—a couple of months later it was learned that the stock was “phoney.”—
Mrs. George Baker, Muncie, Indiana

* * * * *

It was one of those early spring days that invites a person to come outdoors despite whatever else must be done. Out I went for a walk in the pretty little park near my home. For some reason, I started thinking about an elderly aunt of mine who used to enjoy walking until her advanced age made it impossible for her to get around out of doors. Intuition, impulse, hunch—call it what you will, I felt that I must see her. And although I had made other plans for later on in the day, I boarded the bus that would take me to her home. I had a strong feeling that it was very important for me to do so. And it was. By following this hunch, I met the man who is now my husband. He was visiting my aunt, who was also his aunt—he was her nephew on the other side of the family. Probably I should never have known him if I hadn't obeyed a hunch on that beautiful day in spring.—
Mrs. Alida Scott, Oakland, Calif.

JOAN LORRING



When you meet Joan Lorrington, you're immediately struck by the way she can be so calm. Joan is one of the most sensitive and talented young actresses on the air, and—aside from being beautiful—looks less like an actress than most. Among her assignments in New York radio is the part of a young European musician on *This Is Nora Drake* (CBS, Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 P.M., EST).

Miss Lorrington is a tiny, trim blonde with large, serious blue eyes. She has a way of putting her head to one side, every once in awhile, that gives her a very impish look. She has little of the imp in her, however, and seldom brings any of it to her work, except where it is called for in the script. She's a very serious actress with a profound understanding of her roles.

Joan Lorrington was born in Hong Kong, which may account to some small degree for her wonderful quietness. It was in the American Colony in the Oriental city that Joan made her first public appearances, dancing at local benefits. When Joan was eleven, her family emigrated to the United States and Joan entered a professional school in Hollywood.

A year later Joan made her professional debut on the radio, appearing with Irene Rich in one of the *Dear John* series. Soon she was playing leading roles on *Suspense*, *Passport for Adams* and Paul Gallico's *Snow Goose*.

Naturally, with her looks and talent, the movies had plenty of work for her. She was co-starred with Bette Davis and John Dall in "The Corn Is Green." She also played in "The Other Love," "The Lost Moment" and "Good Sam."

In spite of her success in radio and pictures, Joan's first love belongs to the theater. While still in California, Joan squeezed in every moment of theater acting that she could, playing in "The Glass Menagerie," and in "A Free Hand," with Larry Parks. When she decided to go East in 1948, she devoted herself to a whole summer's fun—fun for her meaning working in the summer theaters. Now, while she is working in radio, she never stops looking for just the right part on Broadway. Meanwhile she goes quietly about her business, calm and gentle and thoughtful, leaving her fellow actors, directors and studio audiences gasping with admiration and pleasure when she lets go on a characterization.



DON'T RISK SUCH DISASTER IN YOUR MARRIAGE

Because of one intimate neglect, a wife can crash to the depths of unhappiness

THIS unfortunate wife has only herself to blame, because she has been guilty of one unforgivable intimate neglect. This disaster need not have been . . . she could *so easily* have protected her married happiness. She could have done this simply by safeguarding her dainty allure with regular, *effective* vaginal douching—with a *scientifically correct* preparation such as "Lysol." Reliable "Lysol" assures *complete* feminine hygiene.

Germ destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" *acts* in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda *never can*.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" *will not harm* delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

For feminine hygiene, three times more women use "Lysol" than any other liquid preparation. No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on . . .

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Concentrated Germ-Killer

Product of Lehn & Fink



NEW!...FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by leading gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____
R.T.M.-502

1800 square dancers packed Buffalo's Lackawanna Memorial Hall for the first public telecast of the South Park Barn Dance.



YODEL BOY—and GIRL

Art Young and Dona Lee (she's Mrs. Art) are two good reasons why the Buffalo area is square dance conscious.

Art and Dona are stars of the South Park Barn Dance, which has been a half-hour commercial feature on WBEN-TV for the past year. Visitors from New York are constantly astonished at the size of their audience because the show is heard at eleven o'clock on Tuesday nights.

Art started his career in 1936 by winning the Buffalo *Evening News* Amateur Contest at Shea's Buffalo Theater. His prize-winning selection was "Oh, Why Did I Get Married?" and he still loves to sing it.

Spurred on by his success, Art joined an amateur troupe which was going on tour and, following that, crossed the country, broadcasting over stations from Pennsylvania to Kansas City.

In 1946 he landed in California, where he won the West Coast Yodeling Championship at Redondo Beach.

A versatile young man, Art plays many musical instruments, including guitar, and makes records under his own (Frontier) label. He recently recorded two of his own compositions—"Daddy's Little Helper" and "We Gotta Get to Texas by Sundown."

Dona, whom Art married in the summer of 1949, was born in California, but came East with her father, a barn dance promoter, when she was a little girl. From her dad, she learned to yodel, play accordion and guitar and sing western songs.

Also heard on the show are three rootin' tootin' musicians known as the Sun Dodgers. A frequent guest is Harmonica Bill Russell, who toured with Art.



Featured on WBEN-TV's popular Tuesday night show are (front) Art Young and Dona Lee; rear: Bill Russell, Ted Skowron, Hank Chmielwski, Barney Elias.

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 7)

Stop-watch boys in the control room at a recent Fibber McGee and Molly broadcast clocked the uproar caused by Bill Thompson, in the role of a flannel-mouthed street-car conductor, at exactly fifty-six seconds. At the current rate of exchange on air time, that was a sable-cloaked laugh.

A word to the wise: If you really want to win a give-away jackpot, borrow junior's geography book and start cramming. Bob Hawk, emcee of the Camel-spelled-backward quiz series, finds that geography is the surest stumbling block for radio contestants.

Maestro Vaughn Monroe is well on his way to stealing McNamara's hitherto uncontested title, "Best Band In The Land." A recent engagement in one of New York's swankiest nightclubs, Cafe Rouge, resulted in the biggest crowds the nitery has ever seen—5,300 guests in one week. A poll of juke box operators, just completed, announces the baritone-bandleader as their biggest money-maker. And Vaughn's large and staunch air following will swoon for no one else.

And while on the subject of singers, George Burns' recent full-throated rendition of "Ain't Misbehavin'" has resulted in somewhat strained relations between Bill Goodwin and stars, George and Gracie. Feeling that George deserved an appropriate title, such as other singers employ, Gracie dubbed him George "Sugarthroat," Burns, while

Goodwin felt "The Burlap Smog" was more appropriate. Nominations are in order!

Comic Bob Hope has found that even he is not too old to learn. After muffing a few lines on a recent broadcast, he was chagrined to find that six-year-old Mary Jane Saunders was giving a flawless performance. Her secret? She had memorized the script.

About Duffy's Tavern, you never can tell. But one of its greatest surprises was the appearance of Helen Traubel, the world's greatest Wagnerian soprano. Editor's comment: "Where do we go from here?"

Veteran actor John McQuade learned the hard way about the realities of TV acting. In the production Reverse, the law eventually won the battle and clamped handcuffs on the reluctant wrists of villain McQuade. The curtain rang down, and everyone went home. That is, all but McQuade and one studio carpenter. The key to the handcuffs was missing, and it was three-quarters of an hour later before our by now very limp thespian was set free.

Never Underestimate the Power of A Woman: Arthur Godfrey first used his "kid the commercial" technique when he was handed ad copy describing filmy lingerie.

As a result of the helping hand he gave Perry Como—jumping in as a last

minute replacement for the late Bill Robinson—Morey Amsterdam has been offered a contract calling for a regular series of appearances on the singer's TV and radio shows.

OFF THE LINE: With good cause, Beverly Wills of Junior Miss fame claims to have the best comedy teacher in the business—her Mother, star Joan Davis . . . a New York squad car rushes Ralph Bellamy from his TV show, Man Against Crime, to his Broadway production, Detective Story, each Friday night. A recent record cross-town dash of less than two minutes left Bellamy a very bad insurance risk indeed . . . Bill (Martin Kane, Private Eye) Gargan confesses to having been fired from his first job—that of a private eye in his Father's agency . . . with a flicker series in mind, two film companies are bidding for rights to Crime Photographer . . . the cello being essential to his act, comic Morey Amsterdam has insured his hands for \$100,000 . . . Capitol Records due to wax Betty Clark, thirteen-year-old blind web singing star . . . over the years Amos 'n' Andy have created some one hundred and ninety different characters . . . recognized the voice of Jim Kelly of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons? Kelly was once the voice of Pop-eye, the Sailor . . . keep your ear peeled for the return of America's Sweetheart, Mary Pickford—probably on ABC . . . Picture Of The Month: We The People's Dan Seymour and the Met's Lauritz Melchior dueting "Baby It's Cold Outside" . . . Many Happy Returns!

Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap Can Bring You A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days!

Not just a promise—but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that in 14 days regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here is the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion. Start your Palmolive facials tonight!



Look for these Complexion Improvements in 14 Days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness—even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

R
M

25

THEY MADE

Chicago was never like this, says Tommy Bartlett,
who temporarily deserted his College Inn post for some
continent-hopping. But like all good travelers,
Tommy was more than happy to come home again

Although I've rubbed shoulders with travelers in front of my NBC microphone in the College Inn for more than two years, being "on location" with them this fall gave me a new and different feeling.

It gave me a real opportunity to observe their emotions, I too had a part in the excitement of new scenes and new peoples. I shared their curiosity. I came back home loving travelers more than ever. And so this month I'm going to be the Traveler of the Month, so I can tell you about the trip I made with the Welcome Travelers staff, to the air bases and military posts in Germany, France and England.

I've traveled all my life, but this trip, my first across the Atlantic, was new and thrilling. As a guest of the U. S. Air Force, I flew in a C-54 with the twenty-nine other members of the company, which included the Page Cavanaugh trio, who were featured in our after-broadcast entertainment. We didn't figure distances in miles, but in hours of flying time. Newfoundland, the Azores and Germany were on our itinerary in a single weekend.

Climate, location or nationality didn't matter, I quickly learned. People are all the same, they work and struggle for food and shelter; for creature comforts for their families and themselves. Only many of them are not as lucky as we. They don't live in a land of plenty, where repression is unknown. On this tour, if nothing else was gained, my interpretation of the word tolerance was furthered.

I'll always remember this trip; the quaint and beautiful village of Furstenfelbruck, skirting the big

air base that is home to our jet planes. For years to come I'll have a memory picture of the lights of Paris and their Christmas tree gaiety as we flew over, eastward bound to Germany. The shattered buildings of Berlin and Nuremberg will be balanced by the "Student Prince" charm of Heidelberg. Colorless, monotonous Burtonwood, England, stands out as the opposite of the once gay, popular spa, Wiesbaden.

Not all faces I met along the way were new. For instance, in Munich we ran across our old Welcome Travelers friend, Elsie Voight, whom RADIO MIRROR readers will remember as the Traveler of the Month, who went to China as a field accountant for UNRRA. In Germany she is occupied with the affairs of the International Refugee organization. Specifically she is keeping herself busy trying to find American homes where family circles will stretch to include an orphan from overseas.

At the Celle Air Force base, located in the English zone, near the industrial city of Hanover, blond Lt. Barry James of Fortana, California crossed our path. On his way overseas a year earlier, Lt. James had stopped briefly at the Hotel Sherman, where our program originates. But it wasn't our good fortune to have him as our guest on the air until we reached Germany. Here, too, to his surprise and ours, he was assigned as pilot for the C-47 which carried our two-weeks' supply of prizes and which made the trip with us.

In Berlin I met for the first time, famous correspondents whose bylines (*Continued on page 90*)

ME WELCOME!



Tommy's 15,000 mile junket was made in a specially-named U.S. Air Force plane.



For the rare photo file: Poole in repose. More likely though, he's to be found leading a gay family session like the one below with Gloria and their daughter, Michele.

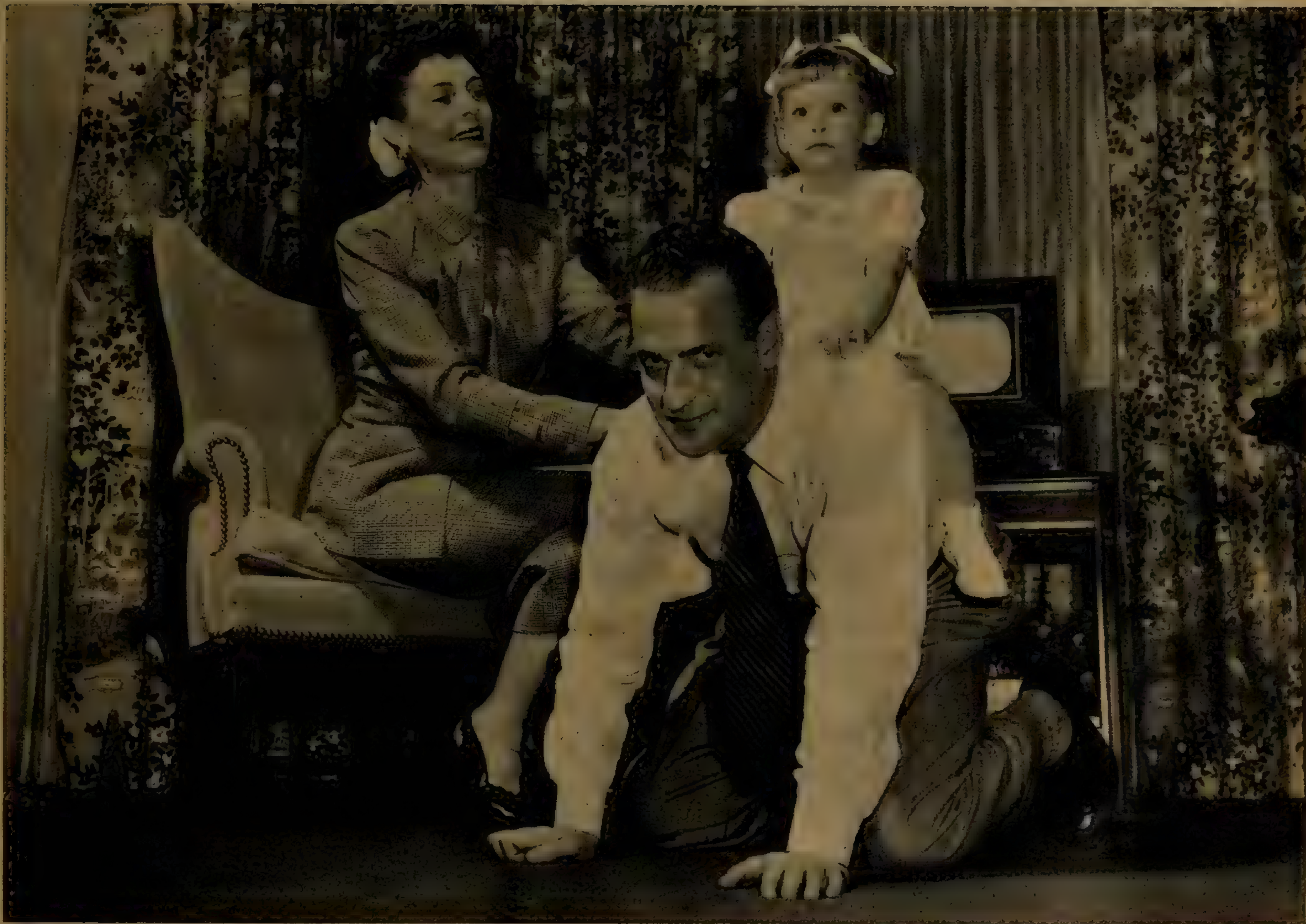
I LIKE

Not that there's anything terribly wrong with modern ones, Bob is quick to add. It's just that he finds them lacking when compared to certain old-fashioned wives—ones like his mother, for instance

By BOB POOLE



OLD-FASHIONED WIVES



Giddyap, Daddy, let's go! Poole turns pony express, but then anything to satisfy a young lady's whim.

The average man wakes up to see his wife still asleep, looking like a savage. Her face is greased with cold cream, contraptions dangle from her eyelashes for the purpose of curling them and maybe she has a tight cloth around her chin pulling out the wrinkles.

If the man's lucky, his wife may stop snoring before he's finished dressing and rush to the refrigerator to open a can of tomato juice, slip a couple of slices of bread into a toaster and heat some water for coffee.

"That breakfast isn't fit for a baby butterfly," my mother would tell you.

My mother was an old-fashioned wife who believed a woman's place was in her home and her first duty was the welfare of her family. And that's what I've been harping about on my program, Poole's Paradise. I've got nothing but disgust for

the woman who turns her family over to hired help while she puts most of her energy and time into a career or bridge.

When I saw my mother for the first time, usually about seven in the morning, her hair was brushed neatly and put up, her face clean, and she already wore a house dress and shoes. There was nothing fancy about her clothes and she wore no cosmetics on her face, but she gave you the feeling that you were living with a human being.

And our morning breakfast was fit for a man who expected to do a day's work—just as any doctor will tell you the first meal should be. There was none of this business of working on nervous energy. We had fresh fruit and plenty of ham and eggs and milk with pans of hot biscuits. Not those store-bought biscuits the size of a half-dollar, but big, home-made biscuits (Continued on page 76)

MILTON BERLE



Portrait of a comedian and his wife having fun—and where's a better place to have it than on the living room floor? Milton

On the dining room table where Milton Berle has his daily brunch, there are two telephones, one a regular line and one a private wire direct to the Berle business office. Most of the time, telephones are the bane of Milton's existence—they ring incessantly, and at the other end of the line there's always someone who wants him to do some-

thing, to add a twenty-fifth hour to the day so that he can pack more work, more shows, more benefits into a schedule already bursting at the seams.

But during brunch, when the Berles gather together, those phones give Milton the high spot of his day, a time when he can laugh unaffectedly and wholeheartedly at someone else's antics.

Milton Berle's show, Texaco Star Theatre, can be tel

and Co.

This is the story of two people who found that
there's only one place to be when you're
in love—and that's together



erle, daughter Vicki and wife Joyce, in their sumptuous Manhattan apartment, don't bother to debate the question.

The someone else is Vicki, his completely delightful four-year-old daughter. Every morning Vicki visits Daddy while he's eating, because Milton has learned that if you don't do two things at once you're likely, if you're Milton Berle, not to get either of them done—eating's a necessity, and having some time with his little girl is one of

Milton's chief pleasures, if not his greatest.

The routine of the daily visit with Daddy goes something like this:

First there's the business about the coffee. There's something very intriguing to small fry like Vicki about so grown-up a beverage, and a spoonful from Daddy's cup is, (Continued on page 102)

viewed Tuesday evenings at eight, EST, on WNBT.



Everywhere that Marie

went, Mr. Hobbs was sure to go—

that is, after people

found out just *who* he was!

By PAULINE SWANSON

LOVE MARIE,

Good friend, inseparable companion and sometime emissary from Cupid—that's Mr. Hobbs, who weighs in at five pounds, two ounces and comes from a long line of Yorkshire terriers. "But, please," says Marie Wilson, "don't call him a dog."

Here's something that, even if you've never taken a course in crystal gazing, you can predict without the slightest possibility of error:

Bright and early on the morning of February 14th—St. Valentine's Day, in case you've lost track of the more romantic aspects of your calendar—a young man will appear at Marie Wilson's door. A handsome young man; a very personable one. He will be carrying the laciest, frilliest, mushiest Valentine to be found anywhere in Hollywood and environs. He will lay it, and his heart along with it, at Marie's feet.

Marie, you may recall, is married. Happily married to Allan Nixon, and in love with her husband. Be that as it may, there's another man in her life. His name is Mr. Hobbs, the young fellow with the Valentine. Mr. Hobbs loves Marie with every fiber of his being, as the saying goes, and Marie doesn't hesitate to tell you the feeling's mutual.

Despite these goings-on there's no breath of scandal, no mutterings about the eternal triangle, no consulting of the Advice to the Lovelorn editor necessary. Mr. Hobbs, you see, isn't a man—he's five charming pounds of fluffy gold-and-grey Yorkshire terrier. In other words, a dog—although he, himself, would never in the world admit it, and Marie and Allan and their friends refrain from referring to him in that way, for fear of hurting his feelings.

Hobbs—you can drop the "mister" as soon as you're friendly, which is about one split second after you meet him—is Marie's good friend and constant com-

panion. As for Marie—she is to Hobbs more delightful than a hambone long buried in the back yard, more charming than a chocolate-flavored rubber mouse, more beautiful than a bright red fire hydrant. He loves her, and he is her inseparable—and Hobbs means *inseparable*—companion.

Sometimes Hobbs causes considerable worry, not to mention trouble, for his two-legged owners. But Marie remembers a time—a bad time—when Hobbs saved her marriage (of which more later) and says Hobbs is worth any amount of trouble.

Take, for instance, Marie's recent 35,000-mile personal appearance tour on behalf of My Friend Irma's movie debut. She's back home now, but she left in her wake assorted irate and harassed airlines officials, theater managers and hotel clerks, to say nothing of twelve weary and disillusioned young men who comprise the field staff of Hal Wallis Productions, and who are, it is understood, even yet far from recovered from their dreadful experience.

Not that Marie wasn't a perfect lamb about the whole thing. Not that she didn't make millions of friends for the picture. Not that she didn't stand up under the grueling tour like the good trouser that she is. No, Marie wasn't the trouble.

Hobbs was. Hobbs, you see, went along.

Marie says that Hobbs is worth every speck of trouble that he, all unwittingly, caused—and she has an excellent reason for believing this. The twelve young men, not fortified with (Continued on page 100)

LOVE MR. HOBBS



How Much Can



On the surface, a quiet home scene—Dr. Jim Brent saying goodnight to his daughter, while his wife and daughter-in-law look on. But there are undercurrents: Carol is an imposter, not Jim's wife; Francie, without knowing what, senses that something's wrong. —

a Man FORGIVE?

*This is the question that Dr. Jim Brent,
of Road of Life, asks himself.*

Can you help him find a satisfactory answer?

Not a day goes by that RADIO MIRROR's mail from reader-listeners doesn't contain letters which say, in effect, "The daytime serials are so real to me—the problems of my favorite characters are like the problems in my own life, or the lives of my friends. I wish there were some way that I could give my advice, tell them what I did when I was faced with a similar situation."

In answer to these many letters RADIO MIRROR has arranged, beginning with the last issue, this department—through which you may, at last, offer your advice and experience to your daytime serial favorites. Each month a problem of universal interest to reader-listeners will be chosen, and the background story, to give readers information necessary to understand and answer the problem, will be printed.

Each month the problem will be one with which readers will be able to identify themselves, about which they can say, "something very like that happened to me" or, "I know someone to whom that very thing happened," or, at least, "It's easy to understand how that came about—I can imagine how that very same thing might happen to me!"

This month's problem is taken from the serial,

Road of Life—the story of Dr. Jim Brent; his wife, Carol; his daughter, Janie; his foster-son, Butch; and Butch's wife, Francie. It concerns, too, the other people in Dr. Jim's home city—people who, because of their friendship with or interest in Jim Brent and his family, have become involved in the complex circumstances in which the Brents now find themselves.

On the next two pages you will find some of the background story of the lives of Jim Brent and those near to him. As you listen to Road of Life on NBC each day, you will get an intimate picture of the problem which is having so great an effect on their lives at the present time.

When you have read this story, listened to it on the air, thought about it in relation to your own experience or the experiences of people whom you know, perhaps you will be able to offer Jim Brent some practical advice on the question which affects not only his own life, but that of Janie, his daughter, of Maggie Lowell, who loves him, of Beth, who is the very center of the storm.

**RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$100.00
FOR THE MOST INTERESTING LETTERS!**
Please turn the page to find full details.



Dr. Jim Brent—who faces serious complications in his life.



Beth Lambert—an impostor posing as Carol Brent, Jim's wife.



Francie Brent—who resents the supposed Carol for leaving Jim.

Can you help Jim Brent decide how much



Maggie Lowell—who was to marry Jim until Beth Lambert appeared.



Ed Cochran—one of the men who have hired Beth to spy on Jim.

She is my wife, Jim thinks. My wife, my daughter's mother. No matter how much my heart pleads another cause, my mind knows that all my loyalty belongs to Carol.

But Jim does not know the truth.

Some time ago, Carol, Jim's wife—who had left him and their daughter, Janie, to pursue her career in Paris—had been supposed killed in a plane crash. That left Jim free to realize, as he had not allowed himself to do before, that he was in love with Maggie Lowell—sweet and gentle Maggie, who has, in the past, known so much unhappiness. A date was set for the wedding of Maggie and Jim—and on that very day, Carol Brent returned to Merrimac!

What could Jim do but cancel his wedding plans and accept the woman who had the right of a wife to return to her home and her family?

But what Jim did not know, still does not know, is that this woman is not Carol at all, but an impostor named Beth Lambert, sent to Merrimac to impersonate Carol in order to obtain information about the secret government experiments in which Jim is engaged.

Beth Lambert, an actress who has, as he says, "been kicked around by life" was at first perfectly willing to accept the assignment to win Jim's confidence, to get the information necessary to her employers. A thorough training period and a slight facial surgery have made it possible for her to pass herself off as Carol, although Jim, and everyone else, feels that there is "something different" about Carol since her return. Nevertheless, Beth was able to establish herself in Jim Brent's home, to take her "rightful place."

The coming of Beth Lambert to Merrimac changed a great many things. Once more, Maggie Lowell returned to lonely waiting. The happiness that Jim has

of a woman's deceit a man should forgive?



Frank Dana—who loves Maggie is suspicious of Beth's story.



Kurt Rockwell—one of those who wants Jim's government experiment.



Butch Brent—Jim's adopted son, working on the secret with Jim.

so long deserved was denied him. Janie, who had looked forward to her father's marriage, found it hard to welcome Beth home as her long-lost Mommy. Frank Dana, a newspaper man who loves Maggie so unselfishly that he wants only her happiness (although he knows that her happiness lies with Jim Brent) is extremely suspicious of Beth's story. Francie Brent, wife of Jim's adopted son, Butch—also a doctor, at work with his father on the experiments—resents, for her past actions, the woman she thinks is Carol. Throughout the entire circle of those close to Dr. Jim Brent in Merrimac, the return of the supposed Carol has caused unrest.

What of Beth Lambert, herself? Time has passed since she came to Merrimac, identified herself as Carol. Time enough to change her feelings, her attitude. She arrived in Merrimac a hard and embittered woman, willing to do anything, however dishonest, that her employers asked of her.

But knowing Jim and his family—knowing, at long last, what a warm and pleasant family relationship can be—has changed all that. Beth has examined her conscience. And her heart.

She knows, now, that she cannot betray Jim, nor can she allow herself the greater betrayal of her country, which is what passing along Jim's secrets to her employers would mean. She knows that no matter what the risk, she cannot go against her new feelings of loyalty.

As for her heart—there is a new warmth there, a new gentleness. Beth finds that she feels compassion for Maggie Lowell, that she wants the friendship and respect of Butch and Francie, that she loves little Janie, wants to win her affection in return. But, most important of all, she faces the fact that she is in love with Jim Brent and the painful knowledge that he must someday find out that she is not Carol.

RADIO MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question, How Much Can A Man Forgive? Best answer: \$50.00; five next-best answers: \$10.00 each.

Sooner or later, Dr. Jim must learn the truth about Beth Lambert. But surely he must learn, too, of the change of heart she has had. Most important of all, Jim will surely find out, some day, that Beth loves him.

What, when he has learned these things, should he do? Can he, in the generosity of heart that is so characteristic of him, forgive her? Or must he feel that because Beth was once a spy, she is not to be trusted? When previous deceit and disloyalty are balanced by present acts of good faith—how much can a man forgive?

What do you think? Write your answer in no more than 100 words, to Road of Life, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The editors will choose what they feel to be the best answer, will purchase it from the writer for fifty dollars, for publication in the June, 1950, issue of Radio Mirror. Five next-best answers will be purchased for ten dollars each. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters will be returned. This coupon must accompany your letter:

NAME

STREET or BOX

CITY or POSTOFFICE STATE

PART II: The infant industry's first steps

turn—almost overnight—into the strides

of a giant. Radio Mirror continues the

fabulous history of a fabulous medium



Everyone knows the announcing voice of Milton Cross, but radio first knew him as a tenor soloist when he started on WJZ in 1921.



Pioneering prima donnas brought grand opera to radio in 1922. Result: a revived interest in good music.



RADIO'S

By LLEWELLYN

1921: In this year of 1950 when radio is standard equipment not only for every home but for most cars, it is hard to believe that entertainment on the air was virtually unknown only thirty years ago.

1919 is the year that radio as we know it got its first feeble start. Before that, wireless operators had been hearing each other in Morse Code only. Then KDKA in Pittsburgh offered a dazzling novelty: regularly scheduled broadcasts of records—four hours weekly! What wouldn't they think of next? In 1920 the very first newscast went on the air—the results of the Harding-Cox presidential election. After that the deluge.

Little boys began to build crystal sets by the thousands. By 1921 it was estimated that there might be as many as fifty thousand such sets in the country. Their owners spent hours hopefully listening through ear-phones to bloop, cracklings, clicks, shrill mechanical screams and long, long stretches of humming silence. Static was terrible but everyone endured it fatalistically as part of the new wonder of sound in the air. Nobody complained. It was all too fascinating, just the way it was.

Much happened in 1921, but the program with probably the most far-reaching effect was the first broadcast of a



Distance disappears when you're equipped with an Aeriola, Jr. crystal set. These boys made that delightful discovery, but many others built their own sets.

OWN LIFE STORY

MILLER

heavy-weight boxing championship fight.

On July 2, Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier were to meet at Boyle's Thirty Acres in New Jersey. Interest in the event was feverish. Seats were snapped up. It was the first million dollar gate in history. Radio had to get in on this. Major J. Andrew White, a famous figure in the early days of the air, decided to find a way to broadcast it. But how? There was no such thing as a portable sending unit in those days, and there was no station anywhere near the big wooden saucer. If the fight were to go on the air, a station would have to be built. That would take months. White began to scout around to see what he could borrow.

Fortunately, everyone knew him. He was the editor of RCA's *Wireless Age*. That was a handsome monthly specializing in such articles as "How To Build A Radiophone" (with a range of twenty-five miles!) though shortly it was to progress to personality interviews and to pictures of such top movie stars as Wallace Reid and Clara Kimball Young enjoying their head-phone sets, and Charles Ray with his "Ray-dio"—no press agent could resist that gag.

White combed the town. He discovered that General Electric had just finished a big new transmitter for the Navy. He talked fast and managed (*Continued on page 91*)



WJZ's first studio was in, of all places, a blocked-off part of the ladies' room in Westinghouse's Newark factory.

"I'LL NEVER



Bringing up four daughters, sending them to school, isn't easy these days—any days! It doesn't leave much over for luxuries. So some of the prizes, like certificates for clothes, and a TV set, made the apartment seem like fairyland.



"Mama's a celebrity, that's the best of it," the girls said. And so, for several days, Mama was!

"It is maybe twenty minutes after ten of a Saturday night in the Spring when, suddenly, the telephone rings in our four-room walk-up flat in the Bronx, and," Mrs. Cohen said, sounding breathless, "I'll never be the same again!

"'Who can be calling us,' Papa wants to know, 'this time of night?'

"A scared feeling, like a thin little knife, stabs me. I am one of those mothers that worries about the children all the time. Twenty-two years ago, Papa and I lost our baby boy, our only son and never, since then, have I been free of fear for my children. Our married daughters, Judith and Roslyn and their husbands and babies had just gone home after spending the evening. 'I hope it isn't something wrong,' I say now, 'with Judy or Ros or the babies. . . .'

"Our nineteen-year-old daughter, Louisa, answers the telephone. 'Hullo,' she says, in her natural voice and then, in an unnatural voice, 'Pa, oh, PA!' she is screaming, 'it's the Sing It Again program! It's Danny Seymour calling! He's asking for you!'

BE THE SAME!"

Here's the story—a little bit sad, but mostly happy—of Helen Cohen, housewife, who won a fabulous collection of prizes on Sing It Again!

By GLADYS HALL



What to do with the big things—that was the question. And the obvious thing was to hire a loft, so they did.



To help pay taxes a lot of things stored in the loft, which the Cohens couldn't use, were sold at auction.

"Now our youngest daughter, Roberta, is screaming, too. 'It's no kidding!' she yells, 'it's on the level! I hear him asking for you, Pa, right now, over the radio! Oh, Pa, hurry, hurry!'"

"Now both girls are jumping up and down like on hot needles, their faces redder than firecrackers and above the racket they are making, Papa is yelling, too. He is saying to me, 'You take it, Helen, you take it!' And as Louisa is pushing me across the room, pushing the telephone receiver in my hand that is limp like a piece of biscuit dough, I hear Papa saying, dazed-like, 'Out of twenty-three million people, it should happen to us!'"

Shortly before this most exciting thing in their lives happened to the Cohens, they were all together doing what Mrs. Cohen describes as "our Saturday night relaxing." Papa, in his shirtsleeves, was reading his evening paper. Mama, in her housedress, was taking forty winks over her crossword puzzle. Judith and Roslyn and their husbands were playing, "this new card game, this Canasta." The little ones were watching Louisa take up the hem in a dress she let down only

two months before. "Skirt lengths changing so," Louisa was complaining, "it keeps your nose to the needle!" Seventeen-year-old Roberta was sitting, "her ear glued, like always," laughed her mother, "to the radio. She was listening to a reporter interview Joe DiMaggio. She was sighing, also like always, 'Oh, if only we had a television set, I could see DiMaggio!'"

"This rouses me from my catnapping and in between filling in spaces in my puzzle with words like 'emu' and 'eland,' I am thinking, *Louisa needs a new dress. All four girls should have winter coats. A new suit of clothes must somehow be managed for Papa. A television set for Roberta—that, unless there is a Santa Claus, we cannot manage.* . . .

"I feel the hurt inside me I always feel when one of the children badly wants something she can't have. . . . Then I think, *By this time, I should be used to the mother-pain.* . . .

"It is not easy to bring up four girls in a four-room flat in the Bronx," Helen Cohen said, "dress them decently, feed them properly, (Continued on page 77)

Sing It Again, with emcee Dan Seymour, is heard Saturday nights at 10, EST, on CBS stations.

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

AND ALL MY LOVES

If loving you meant love and only that—
A lamp for one dim corner of the heart,
A private warmth that pleased the soul and sat
In dear seclusion like a queen apart;
If loving you meant sacrifice of all
The smaller loves a dreamer must attend,
I could not promise I would let them fall—
I could not ask them to be less than friend.

But knowing you has spread my heart, and where
Your warming love resides a wider arc
Springs outward from the flame, a light more fair
Than all my dreaming shoulders back the dark.
You give me more of beauty than you know,
And all my loves would have me tell you so.

—Harold Applebaum

JEALOUSY

My mind and heart co-operate
To reassure me, when you're late.
But jealousy is sometimes prone
To dream up reasons of its own.
So, while I'm sure you wouldn't lie,
The green-eyed beast demands that I
Invest me with sufficient doubt
To hem me in with, when you're out,
And you, with just enough of sin
To bawl you out for, when you're in.

—Faye Chilcote Walker

Beginning in the March issue
RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY
TEN DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent
in each month by readers. Be-
tween the Bookends is being dis-
continued with this issue, but Ra-
dio Mirror is still interested in
purchasing poetry. Limit poems
to 30 lines, address to Poetry,
Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 E.
42 St., New York 17, N. Y. Each
poem must be accompanied by
this notice. This is not a contest,
but an effort to purchase poetry
for use in Radio Mirror.

FOR YOU

I bring you a handful of stars
From night's prised chandelier.
To reach its height I became
An ocean wave's charioteer.

Play with them, please
Have fun!
Wear them in your hair.
Toss them to glisten in candle-light
Roll them down the stair.

Before they tarnish or dim
Hang them in mem'ry's sky
To dance nostalgically,
Tremblingly near,
To remind you that I passed by.
—Marjorie L. Schaefer

FELICITY

This is marriage. I lean on you,
And unperplexed is the path I view;
You talk to me and your thoughts become clear—
You are my shoulder, I am your ear!
—May Richstone

SWEET MORSEL

One birthday party changed our son.
Now he on honey dew hath fed.
He came home grinning like a cat.
"We played a kissing game," he said!

—Betty Isler

DRAMA

We pause sometimes in passing
And speak of trivial things,
As though our souls were strangers
With hearts that knew no wings.

You say, "It's lovely weather,"
And I, "How have you been?"
Both bent on slyly hiding
The tumult that's within.

We play our roles so nobly
The world could never guess
Your eyes have asked, "Remember?"
And mine have answered, "Yes."
—Mudge Hawkinson.

COUNTRYSIDE VALENTINE

Fleecy February snow fringes
Every bush and tree.
Now through the countryside is traced
A lacy filigree.
The old red barn is frilled with darts
Of silver icicles and flounces
Of fluffy white. Across the path
A graceful cotton-tail bounces,
Printing patterns woodlands know—
A message scrawled in soft pink snow.
—Justine Huntley Ulp

PROCEDURE FOR TWO

Contrive to let me miss you now and then,
And I, occasionally, shall let you seek
Me through the entire house and back again
(Not hiding, nor unanswering when you speak)—
For music is the lovelier because
Of silence, wind is sweeter after calm,
And, though we loved it, sunlight never was
So gold before gray skies, nor gently warm.

Arrange your work to make my hours prick
Up both their ears for you sometimes (unless
My need is great) and I shall learn a trick
Or two of being awaited that will bless
And give, beyond the transient joy of greeting,
A certain quiet gladness to our meeting.

—Elaine V. Emans



Be sure to listen to Ted
Malone M.-F. at 3:55 P.M.
EST over ABC and Sundays
at 10:15 P.M. EST on ABC.

Double or Nothing's emcee is that mathematical improbability, a one in a million guy. No one knows that better than his musical director—unless, of course, it's his legions of loyal listeners

By IRVINE ORTON



Big song hits, tiny piano. Walter's the words in this musical collaboration, Irvine the melody.

Double or Nothing, with Walter O'Keefe, is heard at 2:00 P.M. EST, on NBC, Monday through Friday.



My Boss,

As musical director of Double or Nothing, which takes over NBC's air from 2 to 2:30, Eastern Standard Time, five afternoons a week, I daily witness what is to my mind one of the most impressive displays of sheer raw courage known to our age—quizmaster Walter O'Keefe's descent into the studio audience to select the contestants.

Most other radio quizmasters, I believe, let the network employees handle this arduous and risky chore. Not Walter. He always goes over the top himself. So far it hasn't been necessary to send out a rescue party.

The man I call my friend as well as my boss, genial, ebullient, mercurial Walter O'Keefe, loves it—because he loves people. He'll be astonished I'm sure to hear that I think his job requires intestinal fortitude as well as a liberal supply of ready wit and a nice flair for broken field running. When Walter goes down the aisle brandishing his portable



What one doesn't catch, another one will. The O'Keefe—Michael, Walter, Roberta, Anthony and the family dog—head for fishing trip.

WALTER O'KEEFE

Roberta had a successful career of her own on Broadway, but she gladly gave it up to marry Walter.

Mike he's confident that, besides a sprinkling of those avaricious and persistent types whose only interest in the proceedings is to latch onto a batch of easy scratch, his audience contains real people, genuine folks with characters as diverse as their places of origin. Day after day (I'll never understand how he does it) Walt manages to sidestep the loot seekers, who are usually sleeve grabbers as well, and picks those real people for his contestants.

Then by some magic of contagious high spirits he infects those folks, most of whom have never faced a mike before, with the O'Keefe attitude of: "Let's try it, and see how much fun we can have while trying." Not only does his geniality, his genuinely friendly interest in them help his contestants overcome self-consciousness in front of the mike, but with the infectious O'Keefe wit to spark them they often give out with some astonishingly funny answers. For my money (Continued on page 88)





Aunt Jenny tells her real-life stories on CBS, M-F., 12:15 P.M., EST. There is a new Aunt Jenny story every seven days.



Investment

By AUNT JENNY

Aunt Jenny, a widow who lives in the pretty little town of Littleton, and to whom her friends and neighbors have formed the habit of turning for advice, tells her real-life stories to those friends and neighbors—stories born of her many friendships, warmly cemented over the years. Stories, too, that have a point—one which can be used as a guidepost by the person who, at the moment, is seeking her wise and friendly assistance in the solution of a problem. Like the story of the Hubels, for instance, which Aunt Jenny retells here. . . .

Littleton is a small town, as you can tell from its name; but there's no town too small to have all kinds of people living in it. There are nice folks and mean ones, poor folks and rich and in-between ones, and quite a few of the kind who want so much to be rich that they won't admit they're really in between. On they go, spending and spending, till all of a sudden they're spending money they haven't got. Then they're in trouble . . . like the Hubels.

Strictly speaking, it wasn't Marsha Hubel's fault. When Joe's father died and left sixty thousand dollars divided equally between Joe and his younger sister Doris, Marsha was overwhelmed. She and Joe had been living in a quiet, thrifty way for the five years they'd been married, for what Joe earned as an insurance salesman wasn't enough to buy them any castles in Spain. In fact Marsha, who was perfectly happy in their rented house, didn't suspect how much Joe wanted castles until his father's death made it possible for him to have one . . . at least, a Littleton version of one. And then, loving Joe as she did, seeing how the money was a key for him into an enchanted, exciting world, she didn't have the heart to hold him back.

Marsha was honest, too. After the first shock of the purchase had worn off, she had to admit that owning the beautiful old Willison house was as much of a thrill for her as it was for Joe. And the car . . . well, she would never have spent that much on a car, but as Joe pointed out, a good car was a wise

in Happiness

One gets out of life exactly what
one puts in . . . so the saying goes. For Joe and Marsha,
this was a dangerous philosophy. But then
they made an important discovery

investment, you saved so much on repairs.

The country club did make her hesitate a little. You see, Marsha came of plain folks, the in-between kind with just enough for all their wants, but nothing to waste. Her mother's eyebrows would have gone up at the idea of spending three afternoons a week chattering over a bridge table. And her father had been pretty busy with his hardware shop. He got out for an occasional fishing trip, but he didn't play golf, and though he was a friendly man it would never have occurred to him to meet his friends in a bar, as one did at the club.

But the business angle finally convinced Marsha—after all, Joe said, he was a salesman, and it was a well-known principle of salesmanship that you had to get people to like you before they would buy from you. "Take them to lunch at the club," Joe argued. "Play around the course with them, let them rub elbows with all the best people in town, and let them see you signing all the checks as if you owned the place—why, you could sell anyone the Town Hall after that!"

Well, Joe's salesmanship was good enough to sell Marsha on that idea. Afterwards she knew that she'd been very willing to be sold . . . but in the meantime, for two years after Joe's father died, she went along into the gay new life the money bought them. There wasn't a thing to worry about.

Until that awful day when, having met Helen Fielding for lunch, she decided to join her on a shopping tour. They went to Hilton's first, because Helen was convinced that they did something to the mirrors there so that everyone looked beautiful.

A few minutes later, Helen was twirling before the dressing-room mirrors in a slender brown suit at whose Paris label they had both looked with awe when the salesgirl brought it out.

"Try it in black," Marsha advised. "It's stunning, but brown isn't right for you."

Regretfully, the salesgirl said they didn't have it in black. "It's the only one we'll be getting of that model," she said proudly. "The only one in town.

But I have some others. . . ." She disappeared, and Helen took off the suit with a sigh.

"Just my luck," she grumbled. "Here, you try it, Marsha. I hate to let it get away, it's so wonderfully French. I bet you look terrific in it."

Marsha laughed. "Not me. I just came along for the ride." She held the suit up against her, and regarded herself thoughtfully in the glass. "It does look right, though . . . oh, well. I'll just slip into it. Maybe it won't fit. It's a terrible price."

But it did fit. It was breathtaking—so perfect that the salesgirl, when she returned, had the good sense not to say anything. When a customer looked like that in a garment, one didn't have to sell it. Marsha, meeting the girl's knowing eyes in the mirror, grinned.

"I'm not strong enough to resist," she said. "I'll take it. It's a charge, please. . . ."

It took Helen considerably longer to make a selection, but finally she found something she thought was "special" enough. They gave the salesgirl their names and addresses and were about to leave when the girl, looking worried, reappeared in the doorway. "Mrs. Hubel, would you come this way," she murmured. "It'll take just a moment. . . ."

Helen wasn't an observant woman, so it didn't occur to her that when Marsha returned her pale lips and startled eyes were the mask of shock. She was only mildly surprised at Marsha's abrupt recollection that she was having company for dinner and had to get home at once. Later, Marsha was desperately grateful that she'd been with so self-centered a person when the shock came, because otherwise her obvious distress must have drawn comment and question. . . .

All the way home in the cab she fought her growing panic. It was an accident. Joe could explain and straighten it out. The section manager himself had said it, hadn't he? "An oversight, Mrs. Hubel," he'd said—and why on earth, she thought angrily, had he been so embarrassed? What a fuss he'd made! He'd muttered so she could hardly hear—"so long overdue, the office refuses (Continued on page 95)

RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION

TV Editor Frances Kish goes along with Alan Funt, armed with camera and recorder, in search of real-life stories for his Candid Camera show.



Assistant cameraman Bill Horgan sets up the lights in full view of all who enter, but no one knows they're for a TV show.

It was Allen Funt on the telephone. "We're going out on location for Candid Camera and you have been wanting to come along. Meet us at three. It should be a good day."

As it turned out, it wasn't. We wasted about five hours.

This was the call I had been waiting for, however, and I grabbed my coat and ran, already fancying myself a combination Philip Marlowe and Dick Tracy, wondering whether I ought to take along a couple of disguises. But all I had in the house was an old false face left over from Hallowe'en.

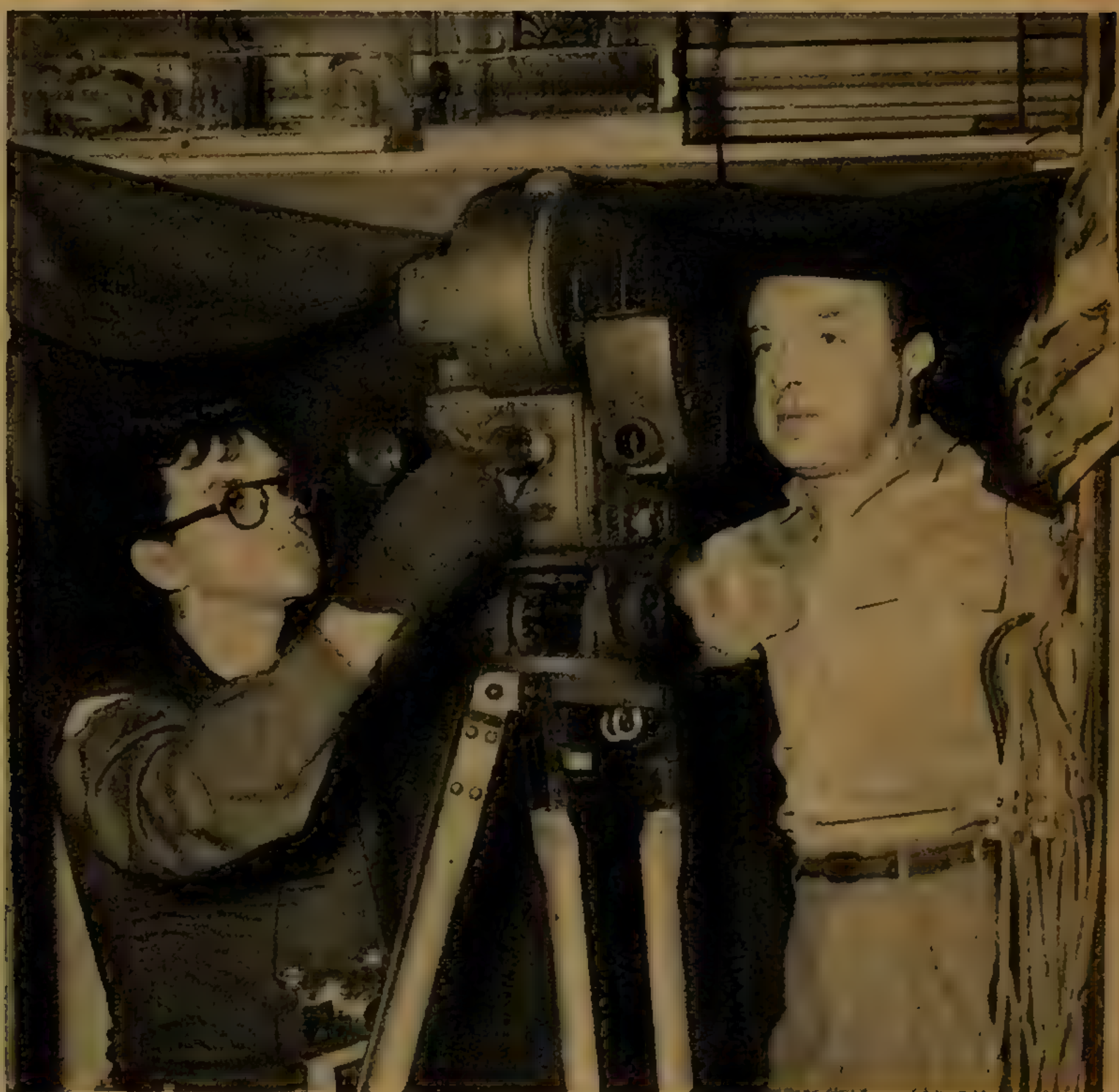
I needn't have given it a thought. Candid Camera is all done in the open, practically. Of the several locations I covered with Funt and his crew, the camera and microphones were most completely hidden on this first one—yet this was the only one where someone dropped a hint that a television program was in progress and spoiled the whole thing. It was a school, and Allen was posing as a visiting instructor to private pupils. I won't tell you what kind of school because the idea is still good and he may not have a chance to use it before you read this.

By early evening I had spent the best part of several hours in a narrow doorway, huddled under a black-draped motion picture camera, in company with cameraman Arthur Florman and assistant Bill Horgan. We had watched Allen and his subjects through a small pane of glass in the screen that masked the camera. We had waited each time for the signal from Allen to start photographing and recording. Russ Harknett had his recorders almost under our feet. It

Candid Camera



Donning clerk's apron, Candid Camera conductor Funt, r., takes place behind counter with pet shop owner Harry Meyer.



More technical adjustment. Bill Horgan and cameraman Arthur Florman take infinite pains to make sure everything goes right.

seemed to me Allen was getting some good stuff for one of his Monday night television programs.

When no signal came during the last interview, Arthur whispered, "He's delving. He's not satisfied." Then Allen dismissed his "pupil," peered through his side of the glass pane.

"It's no use," he announced. "It's a phony. These people aren't acting natural. Somehow they've found out something. Let's skip it. We'll try it again later, somewhere else."

Now I know that Candid Camera is spontaneous and unrehearsed. I lost five hours and got cramped muscles proving it.

Next day we worked in an office Allen uses when he hasn't an outside location lined up and ready. It has a name on the door, of course, but I'm not going to tell you what it is. Maybe you'll go there some day and get on Candid Camera yourself!

This time the camera and surrounding screen had to be in the same room with the subject, so I was relegated to an adjoining room and given a pair of earphones. It was a lucky thing they kept me out because I got so convulsed with laughter I almost shook off the earphones. The result of that eavesdropping expedition was a hilarious Candid Camera comedy, the one in which a boy from a nearby food shop got the strangest order of his career. It called for food for seven men whom Allen said he was expecting later that day, men he didn't like and never (Continued on page 86)



The scene is set. But after recording, Allen Funt worked even harder to convince Daniel McCrosson he had been on video.



FRAN ALLISON

Last year the Kuklapolitans had a Valentine Party and after dancing and games the Valentine Box was opened. My name wasn't called on the first round, but I didn't mind too much. By the fourth round panic set in. Nobody loved me! Then I heard a faint voice call my name. I stood, wondering, when a giant heart moved into view on the stage. It said "To Cutie—from Guess Who?" Two dear faces burst through, Kukla and Ollie. My Valentines!

MY BEST REMEM

This is for anyone who has ever wondered



ABE BURROWS

Of course if you had asked me for my sweetest Valentine or my darlingest Valentine, it would be a different story. But this is one I'm not apt to forget. Here's what it said: "Dear Abe, in these eyes of mine, Your lovely head will always shine. You're the patron that I love the best, When you're in my chair I know I can rest. Your barber." And you know, it wouldn't surprise me if he made a copy and sent it again this year. It's still true!



DOROTHY DOAN

The Valentine I'll never forget came from my husband, Dick, when we got our house in Silvermine, Conn. I was always losing my key and telephoning frantically for his. Valentine's Day brought me a bracelet, tiny charms linked around a large gold key. The card read: "With charms to charm my Valentine, This bracelet is entirely thine. The key's to our house in Silvermine. So you'll no longer ask for mine." I'll wear the bracelet, and key, always.



JACK CARTER

I was feeling low, but when I got home I found a Valentine from the girl I loved. It read: "Berle is so funny, Youngman is too, Amsterdam makes money, What's wrong with you?" I grabbed the phone and broke our date. Later we met. She glared, told me to go home and read the second page—"But really I'm kidding, I think you're the best, I think you're just wonderful, You know the rest—Will you be My Valentine?" Would I? I made her my wife.



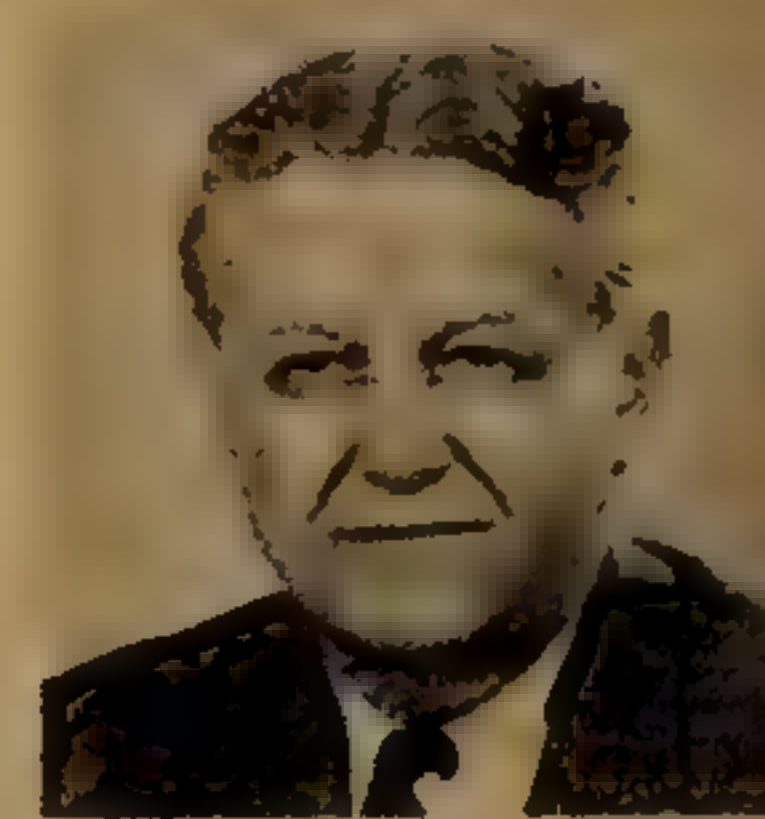
PERRY COMO

My best-remembered Valentine? Well, I don't know that there is just one, but last year I got one of the best valentines ever. It came from the kids who sing with me on the Supper Club show—Bea, Marge and Geri Fontane, and it's a sentiment I think very much of. The kids certainly went to town on this one. Here's what it said: "We do adore Caruso, And love our Valentino, But our favorite Valentine, oh, Is you, dear Perry Como." Pretty nice?



JOHNNY STEARNS

My wife, Mary Kay, is sentimental about Valentine's Day. Her Valentines come in several parts, each accompanied by a poem which tells where the next part is. Last year my Valentine began with an arrow tie-clip that pointed to the hiding place of the next, a Love Song. That sent me hunting for a necktie with a Cupid motif, and another helped me find a box of candies. My Valentine to Mary? A gold heart for her bracelet, like her own heart of gold.



BILL SLATER

For two days we'd been dropping our missives of love in the Valentine Box teacher set up. I was sure that Mildred, the filling station owner's daughter, was my Valentine. And she was, with a touching document of devotion. She was mine alone, it said. Homeward I trod on air. I had to share my emotions with Johnny Sickles, for he had one just like mine, signed "Guess Who?" in the same hand. Best remembered, because I never believed another!

BERED VALENTINE



MILTON BERLE

It was Valentine's Day, 1949, and I found a lace-trimmed package from my daughter Vicki. I could hardly wait to open it. Inside, I found a copy of Joe Miller's Joke Book and this little note: "Dear Daddy, I can't think of any poetry that is pretty as you are. You are also funny. And Mommy says you should read this book. I love you. You are My Valentine. Vicki." It's not only my best remembered Valentine but one I know I'll never, never forget.

what the fourteenth of February would bring



ROBERTA QUINLAN

During the war when I was leading an orchestra in a war plant I met a young man who worked there. I didn't have much time for dates, but when Valentine's Day came along I got frilly ones from a lot of the boys I had met. Still searching, down at the bottom of the pile I came across the nicest one of all. It was written on the back of an old envelope, and said, "This is not the best Valentine in the world, but —will you marry me?" And I did.



FRED WARING

My best-remembered Valentine? The cock-eyed moose! Gift of that unpredictable Ferne Buckner, known to our listeners as "Ferne and her violin." It came in a huge crate, this mangy moosehead with a bunch of flowers in one antler and red hearts dangling from the other. Strung on red ribbon around the neck were letters spelling "Be My Valentine." I looked at it, laughed, looked again and simply roared. The funniest Valentine ever!



KYLE MacDONNELL

I was a high school freshman and he a senior. At school He gave me a Valentine and I was so thrilled that the braces on my teeth vibrated, until I opened it. It was a comic Valentine, a very un-pretty girl, with my Dutch bob and braces. My heart cracked. That night a heart-shaped corsage of violets came. Later he arrived to explain the comic Valentine was only kidding. It was a wonderful romance—I wonder what ever happened to him!



DAVE GARROWAY

A couple of Valentine Days ago I found an envelope under my door with this card: "Here's a horse laugh. I'd love to be Your Valentine." Attached was a piece of red ribbon which snaked on under the door, down the steps, and into the yard, where it was attached to a swaybacked mare, rescued from the stockyards by a friendly girl I knew. The tragedy of my life is that I had to give her—the horse, that is—back to the stockyards.



PETER LIND HAYES

Nine years ago Mary Healy was in Hollywood and I was doing nightclub dates. Valentine's Day found me in Washington with two quarters—not enough for a telegram. Discouraged, I shoved them in a slot machine. The coin hit and I rushed for a telephone with eight dollars in quarters. I had decided to propose, but before I got started the operator said "Your time is up." Mary accepted the charges and me too! She's still my Best Valentine.



HOWDY DOODY

I have received lots and lots of Valentines from my friends, but I think my favorite was one from a 70-year-old grandma. Even though the Howdy Doody Show is for kids, she said, she wouldn't miss it for anything. Mr. Smith and I loved this Valentine because we think fun and laughter are good for everybody—no matter how old or young. And it made me feel so good to know that we are bringing happiness into the life of this nice grandma friend.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

COAST to



Betty Law and Bill Skipper of "Lend An Ear" repeated their roles when CBS's Tonight On Broadway televised the hit revue.



Something for the girls: Jack Haskell, baritone on NBC's Garroway-at-Large show.



The Rileys lead their life on TV, too. Gloria Winters is Babs; Jackie Gleason, Riley; and Rosemary DeCamp, Mom.

TV Tidbits: Some of our best ice cream parlors and drugstore counters across the country are featuring Howdy Doody ice cream sodas. They're mostly double-chocolate, we're told—always a small fry favorite. . . . Typical fan letter received by Fran, the charming human on Kukla, Fran and Ollie: "I like Kukla, our little boy likes Ollie—and Daddy likes Fran." By the way, high school girls all want to know how Fran ties her scarves. She wears a variety of them to relieve the monotony of watching her half an hour a day on TV, Monday through Friday ("monotony" is her word, not ours, remember!) And she's always trying to figure out new ways to drape them. . . . TV is constantly losing some of its most experienced talent to the stage, for varying periods. First there was Ruth Enders, Mrs. Paul Tripp in real life, who left her husband's Mr. I. Magination show to play Maria in "Twelfth Night" on the Broadway stage during a recent revival of the Shakespearean comedy. Then Dick Boone and Jack Diamond, of Paul's show, left for a Broadway stage production. And the original Dagmar, of the popular CBS-TV show Mama, got a Broadway role and had to be replaced by Robin Morgan. . . . Five-year-old Pamela Roland, whose father directs Arthur Godfrey's daytime radio show, watched Godfrey and the

COAST *in* TELEVISION



Rehearsal doesn't seem to be a grueling matter for the attractive principals in the Ford Theatre's production of "Skylark." Lee Bowman, Faye Emerson and Alan Baxter appeared in Raphaelson's play over CBS-TV.

Mariners on television recently. When the boys came out appropriately attired in kilts to sing "Hop Scotch Polka," she was appalled. "You take those dresses right off, boys," she told the screen severely.

It's time for the second annual Television Academy Awards out in Hollywood. Last year they were limited to West Coast video but this year they go national. Outstanding TV personalities and programs will receive "Emmys," voted them by Academy members and viewers, and categories will include both live and recorded programs.

Emmy, the gold statuette of a woman, is equivalent to the motion picture industry's famous golden Oscar. Originally, the TV statuette was called Immy, after television's image orthicon tube, but someone decided Emmy sounded more suitable and the name stuck. She is more than two inches taller than her older brother Oscar and is just as highly prized as the old boy.

That group of German sailors seen wandering around Grand Central Station were not grease-painted ghosts from the Nazi's Davey Jones' locker, but actors from the TV play Battleship Bismarck.



Cobina Wright, Sr. shows off her French poodles' hats to Mal Boyd on KTTV's Hollywood in Three Dimensions.

He Believes in Kids

By RUTH WATERBURY

The stories of kids and how they react with rapture to the sight and sound of Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd could reach from Christmas Day till the Fourth of July—but the nicest stories concern Bill, himself.

He's that rarest of actors—a happy man with a sense of responsibility to the public. He is passionately in love with his beautiful wife who is just as passionately in love with him. Her name was Grace Bradley and when she was just a sassy-faced little girl she fell in love with him at first sight, when he was the star of "The Volga Boatman." She never dreamed she'd grow up to marry him, but now that she has, she is just as fascinated by him as the enraptured thousands who sit enthralled, watching him on their television screens.

His wildfire success today as Hoppy didn't just happen. He almost went broke, trying to retain the rights to this Western character—and do you know why? Because it was just a good part? No. That was a proportion of it, but the real reason, in Bill's words, is, "I knew Hoppy was something I could do good with."

Bill now heads the seven companies it takes to keep Hoppy in full circulation. On the radio, his Hoppy series is just starting over five hundred and sixteen stations. Last year the Hoppy comic books sold more than fourteen million comics. All the movie rights are his. Topper is his personal property and as for those Hopalong Cassidy guns, shirts, lassoes, neckerchiefs and the like, Bill personally oversees every bit of them. He won't tolerate anything shoddy. He believes in the kids just as much as they believe in him.

If Bill had been willing, five years ago, to make quick money with Hoppy, he could have saved his great ranch down in the Santa Monica mountains, overlooking the Pacific, which he loved completely. He sold the ranch at a loss rather than turn Hoppy into a series of cheap gangster pictures.

Then if he had been willing to put out clothes for kids that weren't fireproof, sunproof, color proof and boy proof, he could have saved the fine apartment to which he moved, and Gracie wouldn't have been so long between dresses. Gracie learned to cook, instead, and they went into a tiny three-room house, just living room, (Continued on page 85)

He loves them, too

—and that's why the kids

believe in him. But

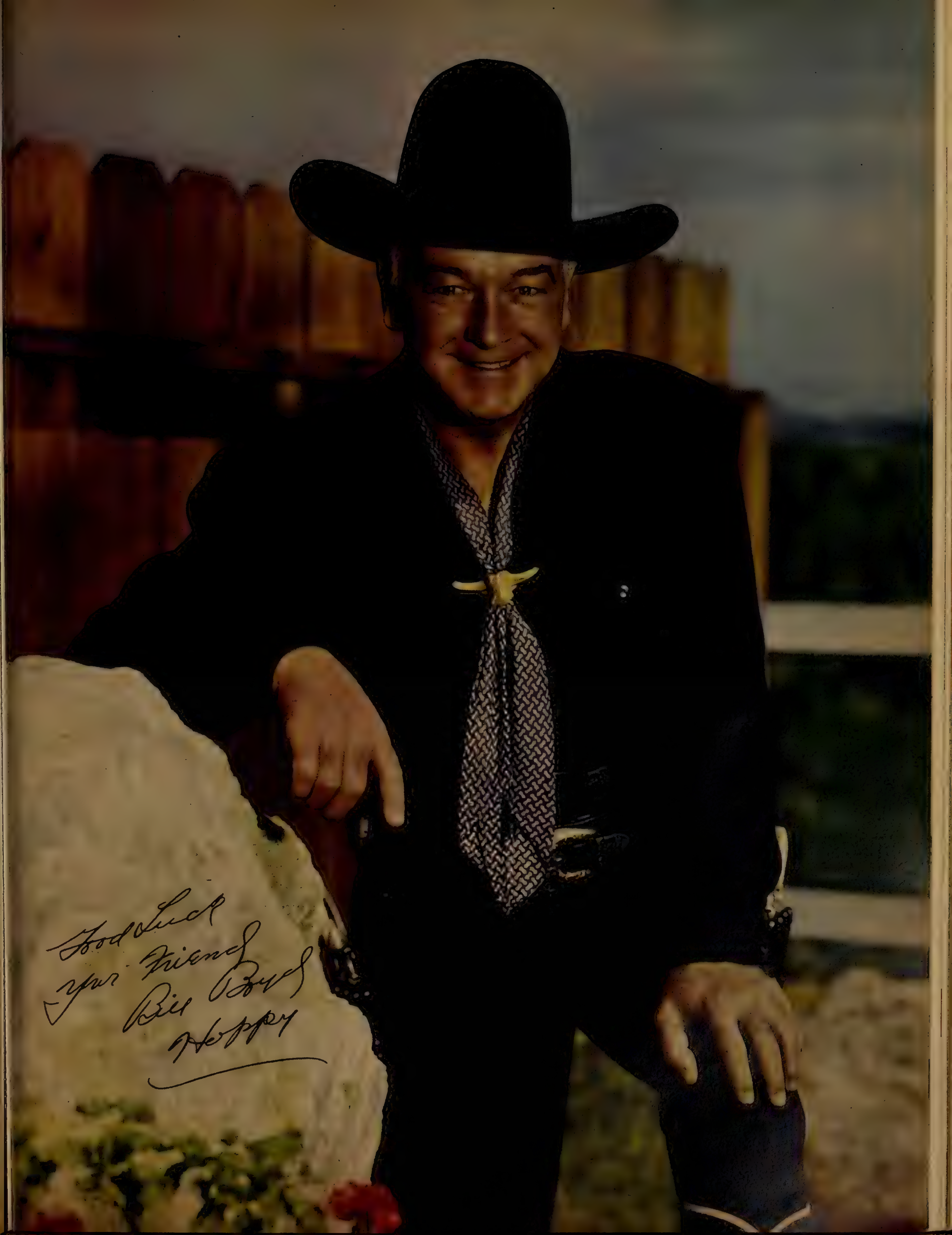
his audience is even wider

than that, for everyone

who likes a squareshooter

has made a hero out of Hoppy

Bill Boyd in Hopalong Cassidy can be televised
on Sundays at 5:30 P.M., EST, on WNBT.



Good Luck
your friend
Bill Boyd
Happy



Mrs. Maurice Seligman, her sister, came along as Dinah's "secretary" on the Tennessee trip.



The children offered Dinah a goat-cart ride on Dinah Shore Day, but the steeds proved stubborn.



Governor Gordon Browning proclaimed Dinah a Tennessee Colonel at the Franklin County Fair.

"DEAR HEARTS

There's something so heartwarming about seeing again the home town that's always there claiming you. That's quick to praise you if you get a little lucky. Slow to knock you if your career hits a sour note or two. And when you have *two* home towns like mine—Winchester and Nashville—you can double that whole wonderful feeling of community kinship.

I went back at the invitation of the *Nashville Banner* and the Kiwanis Club to attend the big baseball benefit game for their underprivileged youth fund, and with an invitation signed by all the leading citizens of Winchester to be guest of honor at the Franklin County Fair.

Believe me, no "Oscar" could ever equal for me the thrill of their warm double welcome. Or the lump that came into my throat when I looked out that plane window and saw what seemed like the whole solid South (at least most of Middle Tennessee) waiting to say "Hello" to me. I hadn't expected that at all.

It was pitch hot. The plane was an hour and a half late, arriving at 10:30 P.M. I thought—I hoped—that an official welcoming committee might be there, even if only because they had to be. But when I saw all those wonderful Tennessee regulars lining the air field and the highways my stomach felt like butterflies, my knees got watery, I started crying . . . and I never thought I would make it down the steps of that plane.

There was, however, one familiar face missing. Much missing. My Dad's. My mind kept saying over and over, "I wish Dad could be here. He'd be pretty proud. If only Dad could be here now. . . ."

I was remembering that morning ten years before when I left Nashville for New York for a career. How Dad had driven me down to the station in the Chevrolet convertible he'd given me for my graduation present . . . and there wasn't much talking going on from either side. He hadn't exactly approved of my leaving home so young and going so far away.

"A thousand people can sing," he said. And he was so right. He thought since I had a degree in sociology I should stay home and teach school . . . until I married some nice hometown boy our family had always known. But Dad had promised me the summer before (when I'd gotten a job on the radio in New York while vacationing there and wanted to stay) that if I'd come back home and graduate I could go back the following year. And he was keeping his word, but for just two weeks' "vacation."

"When those two weeks are over, Frances Rose, you must come home," he said. I didn't answer, I was so blue. I knew this was something I just *had* to do . . . whether or not Daddy wanted me to. And I think in his heart he sensed that too.

"Now you take care of (Continued on page 82)

Dinah Shore can be heard on the Jack Smith Show, M-F at 7:15 P.M., EST, over CBS network stations.

and GENTLE PEOPLE—”

No matter how far, how fast you travel,
your heart—like Dinah’s—yearns for the
familiar faces, familiar places of home . . .

By DINAH SHORE



THAT'S



Day family: Peggy,
Dennis, and little
Patrick McNulty III.

MY BOY!



Dennis Day, according to his mother, played tricks, brought home stray pets, just like anyone else's son.

But unlike other little boys, he sang—in a voice

so big the family begged him to take it down cellar! By Mrs. Patrick McNulty

Somebody's always asking me—and why not?—how it feels to be the mother of a famous singer.

Well, I'll tell you—I don't know. Somehow, in spite of the radio and the movies and all, I can't get to think of Dennis as anything but my son, my youngest. I can't think of him any way but as the kid who was always bringing home a stray animal to take care of—an eel it was, once, of all things—or the boy who sang so loud the whole family used to beg him to go down cellar!

Even when it comes to his singing, I don't think of his name up in big letters, or hearing some announcer introduce him like he's somebody—which he is, mind you, and you can't take that away from him! But I think back to the day when he earned his first money singing, and how I worried about it.

Dennis had it in his mind, those days, to be a lawyer. Singing was a hobby with him, as it was with the whole family. He'd been going to enter Fordham, this time I'm talking about, as soon as fall came. But meantime he'd got sick and had to have an operation, and he didn't get well as soon as we'd thought. All in all, by that time he'd missed the fall semester and we talked him into waiting until the next year, and getting his strength back meanwhile.

So there he was, with a lot of time on his hands. That was when he began to fool around with recording machines. He used to go downtown—to Broadway, in New York, where we lived then—and make records of songs he'd learned. Just to pass away the hours that were hanging heavy on his hands, now he felt better.

And one day, when he was singing in a little back room, it so happened that some executives from a big Canadian corporation heard him and asked him to sell the record he had just made. "Jeannie With The Light Brown Hair," it was. They gave him seventy-five dollars for it—imagine!

That was a day, to be sure! Coming home, Dennis started yelling at the corner. Yelling and waving. Waving that fistful of dollars, and yelling that he'd sold a record of his singing. Well, what could we all think but that Dennis was up to his old foolery again? Sell his singing, the boy we'd always say to, "Please, Dennis, go to the cellar!" and he would, for his voice was too big for the house.

But finally the young rascal made us understand that actually he'd been *paid* to sing. For a moment, when I saw that bunch of money he had clutched in his hand, my heart turned over. Panic, like. You know how mothers are.

"Son," I began in a worried voice, "you didn't—well, that money—it is all right, isn't it?"

"Oh, you darlin'," cried Dennis, wrapping me in a bear hug. "I didn't steal it, beg it, or borrow it. I *earned* it, Mama. For singin'!"

My, you'd have thought he'd got a million dollars, such a fuss he raised about it. Patrick, his father, was as full of disbelief as I was. In amazement he said, "They give the lad money for singing? My, what a wonderful country this is—when I sang, back in Ireland, they just threw water at me!"

Everyone was crowding around by that time, and laughing and talking all at once. But suddenly I felt a sense of peace in the midst of all the excitement. I felt that maybe this was the thing Dennis was meant for. Music. Not that he was unhappy, mind you, about going to law school. But it never lit up his face the way this did.

I didn't say much, though. I let the boy pick his own way. And sure enough, one day a while later he came home and said, "Ed Herlihy, down at the radio station, says I should maybe get serious about my singing." He paused. "But I don't know for sure, Mama. I think I'd like it. But you, now—would you rather have me a lawyer?"

"Dennis, dear," I told (Continued on page 84)

When a Girl Marries

SORROWS THAT MULTIPLY
WHEN CARRIED ALONE CAN BE
LESS OF A BURDEN WHEN SHARED
WITH SOMEONE LIKE JOAN



By JOAN DAVIS

Joan Davis, played by
Mary Jane Higby, is the
heroine of *When A Girl
Marries*, heard M. F.
at 3 P. M. EST, NBC.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

In the November issue I asked for your answers to the problem of Mrs. R. E., who was faced with a desperate decision as the long-deferred result of a youthful indiscretion. Before her present marriage, Mrs. R. E. had had a child out of wedlock, who had been taken by her sister and brought up as her own even after Mrs. R. E. married and had the two children who now constitute her family. Now the sister has died, and Mrs. R. E.'s brother-in-law, unable to make a home for his family, is planning to send all his children to a children's home for adoption. Can Mrs. R. E. remain silent and see her own little girl go out of her life forever, or can she risk the ruin of her marriage by telling her husband the whole story? Here is the answer which seems to point to the possibility of happiness for everybody concerned. It was sent in by R. Ronson of Boston, Mass., to whom Radio Mirror has sent a \$25 check.

Dear Mrs. R. E.:

I suggest that you say nothing to your husband about your unfortunate past. You have been married for some years. The time for confession is past. Telling him now can only hurt him so deeply that your marriage must surely break up, and you have no right to hurt him in this way.

As for your daughter, she has come to look upon her departed aunt as her mother. To reveal yourself to her would be shocking to so young a child, and would leave a scar which might

upset her whole future. My advice would be not to tell her, either.

Have a talk with your husband and say—what he probably already knows—that you loved your sister dearly and would like to take in as many of her children as you can possibly afford to shelter and bring them up as your own. It is by no means unusual for a devoted aunt to act in this way, and your husband would surely understand your urge. In this way you can discharge part of the debt you owe your sister, whose unselfishness made your present happiness (Continued on page 79)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$25

to the person whose problem
letter is chosen and

ANOTHER \$25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than January 28. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.



What's more delicious than fresh, homemade bread? Using new short-cut methods, you can turn out masterpieces like these!

"I MADE THEM MYSELF!"

By
NANCY CRAIG

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST,
Mon. - Fri., on ABC.
(Recipes tested by the
Macfadden Kitchen)



RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Overnight Success

Remember the joy of eating fresh bread or rolls—just an hour out of the oven, and still hot? When I was a youngster, every Saturday morning was bread-making time. Each of us was given a piece of dough to bake just as we wanted. The rich yeasty smell kept us all in the kitchen. We were allowed to eat the first warm slice off the loaf, spread with lots of butter. We made rusks, too—crusty rolls which we decorated with currants to make a face or our initials.

Now my own child enjoys the same thing. At least once a month during fall and winter, I make my own bread or rolls. It's so much easier now. Packaged yeast and hot roll mixes do simplify the job. When I want to make dough today and bake tomorrow, a "refrigerator recipe" is the answer. Homemade rolls and bread are a family treat—and a treat for company, too! And, with a good recipe, it's easy to appear to be an expert.

Refrigerator Rolls

Makes about 2 dozen large rolls.

Combine in a large mixing bowl:

1 cup boiling water	2 tablespoons shortening
1 teaspoon salt	½ cup sugar

Cool until water is lukewarm. Meanwhile, soften:

1 package yeast in ¼ cup lukewarm water

When yeast has stood 5 minutes and water mixture has cooled to lukewarm, combine. Add all at once:

3 cups sifted flour
Beat until well combined. Then beat in:
2 eggs

Add as much as possible of remaining flour.

Let this sponge set at room temperature 1 hour, or place in refrigerator, cover with waxed paper. It will store up to four days. Knead and roll out on lightly floured board. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place on greased baking sheet, and let rise in warm place, covered, 2 hours, or until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 15 to 20 minutes, or until well browned.

Rusks

Makes 3 dozen rusks

Scald, then cool:

2 cups milk

Add to this:

2 packages yeast

1 tablespoon sugar

Stir in:

3 cups sifted flour

Beat well, then cover and set aside. Let rise 1 hour. Then beat together:

½ cup butter

1 cup sugar

Add to sponge. Then beat in:

1 egg

½ teaspoon salt

1 cup currants, well floured

and as much of remaining flour as possible. Turn out on floured board.

Kneading: With the palms of your hands, flatten the ball of dough into a rectangle. Fold this rectangle back on itself, and swing it one quarter turn. Repeat—flattening, folding and swinging. Sprinkle more flour on board and hands as necessary. Knead about 10 minutes, or until dough is smooth and satiny and springs up when you touch it. Place dough in a greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place to rise about 2 hours, or until doubled in bulk. Then turn out on floured board. Shape into rolls as directed.

(Continued on page 87)

DAYTIME DIARY

Here's your guide to good listening on the daytime drama circuit. These up-to-the-minute reviews will keep you informed of all that's new on your favorite radio dramas. Keep Daytime Diary near your dial—you'll find it indispensable.

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Maude Marlowe
heard on
NBC 4:00 P.M.

CAST: Mary Noble, wife of Larry Noble, one of the most popular actors on Broadway; Rupert Barlow, backer of the new play in which Larry is starring; Beatrice Dunmore, beautiful press agent hired by Barlow to publicize the play.

BACKGROUND: As rehearsals for Larry's play go on, Mary becomes aware that Barlow seems anxious to spend as much time as he can with her. She finds him a pleasant and considerate companion, and is grateful for his activities on Larry's behalf, but does not suspect that he has fallen so deeply in

love with her that he has hired Beatrice Dunmore to attract Larry.

RECENTLY: Determined and clever as Barlow is, he does not know much about the solid, enduring kind of love that exists between Mary and Larry. In spite of his efforts they have been drawn even closer together. Mary seems immune to all Barlow's plans to involve her with himself, and Larry remains cold to Beatrice Dunmore's charms. Blaming Beatrice for his failure as well as her own, Barlow dismisses her. But Beatrice herself is not yet ready to admit failure.

BIG SISTER



Dr. Reed Bannister
heard on
CBS 1:00 P.M.

CAST: Ruth Wayne, wife of Dr. John Wayne; Dr. Reed Bannister, John's associate at the Glen Falls Health Centre; Valerie, Reed's wife; Dr. Kenneth Morgan, former protege of Reed's; Mary Winters, a widow with a farm just outside Glen Falls. **BACKGROUND:** The friendship between Reed and John, in which there has always been an element of rivalry, is badly strained over John's cultivation of Parker, a power-hungry millionaire distrusted by all the others. But when John angrily resigns from the Centre, Ruth persuades him to reconsider.

RECENTLY: Still in conflict with Reed, John resumes work at the Centre. The situation is not improved when Dr. Kenneth Morgan comes to town. This embittered young man, whose work Reed believes brilliant, arouses John's antagonism, and the tension increases when Reed gives Morgan a job at the Centre. It looks too as though Morgan is going to bring trouble to Mary Winters, who has already had more than her share. At Ruth's suggestion the young doctor takes a room at the Winters farm, and Mary finds herself falling in love with him.

BRIGHTER DAY



Liz Dennis
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M.

CAST: Liz Dennis, daughter of Reverend Richard Dennis of Three Oaks, who—though she's only twenty-six—mothers the rest of the family; Althea, now Mrs. Bruce Bigby; Patsy, the sharp-tongued teen-ager; Babby, the baby; Grayling, the only boy.

BACKGROUND: Althea's marriage to young Bruce Bigby, student son of the very wealthy Bigby family, seemed like a real success story. So Liz believed when glamorous Althea, evidently prepared to be the perfect wife, went off with Bruce to the college town in the East where he was

scheduled to complete his studies.

RECENTLY: Now, however, Althea is back in town for a visit—a visit after which none of the Dennises will ever be the same. For it is shockingly apparent now that Althea married Bruce only for his money, and is so determined to get some that she finally provokes Bruce's father into ordering her out of his house. Undaunted, Althea starts using Bruce's love for her as a goad to make him fight for money. Even Liz, who believes ill of nobody, now sees her sister as the callous person she really is.

DOROTHY DIX AT HOME



Dorothy Dix
heard on
NBC 10:45 A.M.

CAST: Dorothy Dix is a name familiar to all of us—the name of a woman who has earned world-wide fame through her sensitive, yet forthright advice on personal relations. This new radio drama tells the story of the woman behind the name, the woman who, in a pleasant, rambling farmhouse near Greenfield, writes her thoughtful replies to the questions of bewildered people, and somehow finds time as well to consider the problems of her neighbors.

BACKGROUND: Dorothy's handsome nephew, John, has been offered \$10,000 by

Roxanne Wallingford's banker to break up an affair between the headstrong young heiress and the gangster, Sherman Lane. Though Roxanne seems interested in John, Lane's influence over her is very strong. Dorothy suspects that the real basis for it lies in Roxanne's hatred for her mother, Lela. **RECENTLY:** In an honest talk with Dorothy, Lane reveals that Roxanne is almost insanely determined to force her mother to leave their home. It's Dorothy's problem now: should she tell Lela how desperately her own daughter despises her?

DAVID HARUM



Aunt Polly
heard on
CBS 3:00 P.M.

CAST: David Harum, leading citizen of Homeville; Aunt Polly Benson, his sister; Mrs. Elaine Dilling, an old Homeville resident whose recent return has started a mysterious series of events; "Dorothy," who is supposed to be Mrs. Dilling's daughter—but isn't; Jack Wallace, "Dorothy's" fiancé; Hilda Jackson, posing as Mrs. Bradshaw, mother of Elaine Dilling.

BACKGROUND: As president of the Homeville Bank, David is vitally concerned in Elaine Dilling's affairs, because she has returned to Homeville to claim an inheri-

tance belonging to her daughter.

RECENTLY: A secret in Elaine Dilling's life has placed her in the power of Jack Wallace and his accomplice, the girl who is posing as Dorothy. Meanwhile the real Dorothy Dilling is a prisoner in the old Dilling home, watched over by Hilda Jackson. Wily old Hilda successfully deceives David into accepting her as Elaine Dilling's mother, and—with Elaine powerless to help herself and her daughter Dorothy—it looks as if Jack, "Dorothy" and Hilda may succeed in acquiring Dorothy Dilling's money.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



Sally
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M.

CAST: David Farrell, star reporter for the *New York Eagle*; Sally, his wife.

BACKGROUND: When his city editor sends David out on a story, he is almost always sure of getting more than he asked for, because "Front Page" Farrell is never satisfied with mere facts. He wants to know and generally finds out—what's behind the facts. Sally, who used to be a reporter herself, has the same keen-eyed curiosity as her husband, and though he sometimes tries to talk her out of coming along on his more dangerous missions, he invariably ends up

being grateful that she is around to help. **RECENTLY:** One of David's recent assignments centers around an authoress whose new book sensationally "exposes" a number of socially prominent people. Keeping an appointment to interview the woman, he arrives at her house just as a taxi pulls up before the door. In it, to David's horror, is the writer . . . murdered. The confused trail which leads David from this incident guides him finally to a society party at which a daring robbery takes place, and to the capture of a gang of blackmailers.

GUIDING LIGHT



Ray Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M.

CAST: Charlotte and Ray Brandon, whose marriage begins to break up when their adopted child, Chuckie, is claimed by his real mother, Meta Bauer; Dr. Ross Boling, with whom both Meta and her sister Trudy are in love; Ted White, Chuckie's father, who wants to marry Meta; Mama and Papa Bauer, anxious about their daughters; Dr. Reginald Parker, brilliant, cynical surgeon who knows something about Ross Boling's past.

BACKGROUND: When Charlotte, over Ray's protests, agreed to give Chuckie up,

she thought she was doing the best thing for him. Nobody knew that the little boy would become the center of a struggle as Ted, determined to give his son a home and family, tries to force Meta to marry him. **RECENTLY:** Finally persuaded that she owes it to Chuckie, Meta agrees to marry Ted. Trudy hopes this will give her a clear field with Ross, but the young doctor faces his real feelings and makes a fight for Meta. Meanwhile, Reginald Parker's enmity hangs like a two-edged sword over Ross's head—a personal, and professional, threat.

HILLTOP HOUSE



Jean Adair
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M.

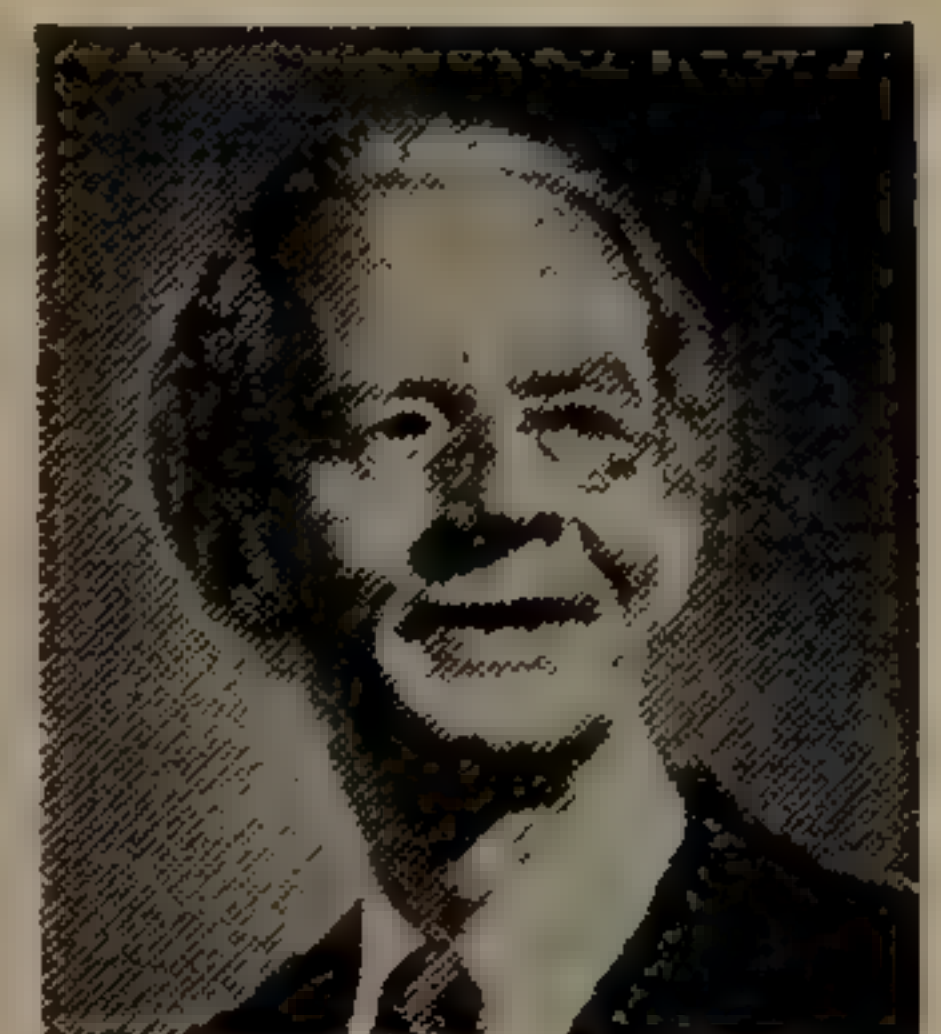
CAST: Julie Paterno, assistant to Mrs. Grace Dolben, supervisor of Glendale's orphanage, Hilltop House; Michael, Julie's lawyer husband; Kevin Burke, whom Julie once loved; Clementine, the six-year-old Hilltop girl who knew she would someday find her father.

BACKGROUND: To everyone's joy, Clementine's father is found. But Julie's efforts to bring them together change quickly into an anxious attempt to keep them apart, for Sgt. Clement Arnaud not only refuses to acknowledge the child but makes many bitter,

frightening threats against her.

RECENTLY: Julie finally learns that Arnaud's hatred for Clementine is based on the lies about his wife, now dead, that were sent to him by his jealous sister while he was overseas. Working patiently, Julie convinces Arnaud that his suspicions are unwarranted, and is delighted when he completely accepts Clementine. But Mrs. Dolben's heart is set on having Clementine adopted by the Jessups, particularly since Arnaud is penniless. She resents what she considers interference on Julie's part.

JUST PLAIN BILL



Bill Davidson
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M.

CAST: Bill Davidson, barber of Hartville; Nancy, his daughter, wife of lawyer Kerry Donovan; Wesley Franklin, whose return to Hartville upsets the lives of John Ross and his daughter, Karen.

BACKGROUND: Karen Ross, knowing that Wesley Franklin is determined to get control of her father's factory, tries to turn Franklin from his purpose by flirting with him. Bill warns her against trifling with a man like Franklin, but Karen goes on—till suddenly she realizes Bill's fears are justified. Franklin forces her to promise that she will marry him

after he divorces his wife.

RECENTLY: John Ross furiously orders Franklin to leave Karen alone. In the midst of this explosive situation Franklin suddenly disappears. Ross, who made no secret of his hatred for the man, is suspected of knowing something about the disappearance, and when Franklin is later discovered, murdered, Ross is in a very dangerous position. But Bill Davidson, who has a habit of keeping his eyes and ears open, manages to save his friend and bring the real murderer to justice.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Barry Markham
heard on
NBC 3:00 P.M.

CAST: Papa David, whose belief that life can be beautiful has helped many of his friends, particularly Chichi, the girl who is now like a daughter to him; Douglas Norman, engaged to Chichi; Alice Swanson, who helps Douglas run the *East Side News*. BACKGROUND: After their brief quarrel over Chichi's interest in Chuck Lewis, the tough young gang-leader, Chichi and Douglas are closer than ever. Douglas now realizes that the attention Chichi was paying Chuck arose from her desire to help the boy outgrow his delinquent tendencies—in a

way, she was spreading Papa David's philosophy to still another young person, knowing how it had helped her.

RECENTLY: Everyone is happy that Chichi and Douglas are reconciled, except, perhaps Alice Swanson. With one bitter marital experience behind her, Alice has been very much afraid to fall in love again. But Douglas Norman has come to represent everything she wants in a husband—and he, apparently, cares only for Chichi. Alice hasn't had much happiness lately. Will she try to win Douglas?

LORA LAWTON



Lora Lawton
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Lora Lawton, who works in a dress shop and lives quietly with her friend, May Case, until millionaire Theodore Blaine enters her life; Rosalind Ray, star of the play Blaine is backing; Sidney Markey, Rosalind's manager.

BACKGROUND: With Blaine's encouragement, Lora embarks on a career as a designer, planning the costumes for the play in which Rosalind Ray stars. Rosalind watches with cat-like jealousy as Blaine's interest in Lora deepens into love.

RECENTLY: Undiscouraged by several fail-

ures to discredit Lora in Blaine's eyes, Rosalind and Markey work out a brutal plan for the out-of-town opening of the play. They mix up the costumes Lora has designed so carefully, and manage to create a clumsy effect for which, of course, Lora, as the designer, is blamed. But before the play opens on Broadway the mix-up is straightened out. Lora's costumes are shown in their proper light and she is hailed as a success. However, Rosalind's determination to break up the affair between Lora and Blaine has reached a dangerous intensity.

LORENZO JONES



Lorenzo Jones
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M.

CAST: Lorenzo Jones, a mechanic who'd rather be an inventor; Belle, his wife, who may question Lorenzo's ideas, but won't allow anyone else to do so; Marty Crandall, an old friend who comes back to town in a blaze of glory—a successful inventor.

BACKGROUND: Though at first he's happy to see Marty again, Lorenzo becomes suspicious of the invention about which Marty talks so mysteriously. The admiration which the whole town—Belle included—lavishes on Marty adds strength to Lorenzo's distrust of the man. What kind of machine is it, Lorenzo

wonders, that keeps Marty so busy in the workroom that Lorenzo has loaned him?

RECENTLY: Gradually Lorenzo pieces together a fantastic idea, to which he clings despite Belle's scoffing. Astonishingly, it turns out to be correct! Marty is a counterfeiter, wanted by Treasury agents! When he is apprehended, Lorenzo, who has spread it around that he has known the truth all along, becomes the town hero. After basking in this for a while, he turns to new food for thought: a famous author, whom he somehow, instinctively, mistrusts.

MA PERKINS



Shuffle Shober
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M.

CAST: Ma Perkins, Rushville Center's best-loved resident; Shuffle Shober, her associate in the lumber yard she runs; Joe, the young milkman of whom Ma is so fond.

BACKGROUND: Mr. Boswell, an old friend, makes a surprising suggestion to Ma. A good lumber yard is for sale in Middleboro, and Boswell says he will finance its purchase if Ma will manage it. Ma likes the idea, but who can be enlisted to do the active work?

RECENTLY: Shuffle, of course, can't be spared; Willy Fitz, husband of Ma's daughter Evey, feels too much at home in Rush-

ville Center to move to another town; and Joe claims he has no ambitions beyond driving his milk-wagon. It looks as if Boswell's offer may go begging . . . but all at once comes a letter from Cousin Bonita Hammacher who, when last heard from, was homesteading in Alaska with her family. But Alaska didn't turn out any better than their other ventures. They claim it's hard luck; Shuffle wonders if it mightn't be shiftlessness. Anyway, they are once again looking for an "opportunity." Are the Ham-machers the answer to Mr. Boswell's offer?

MARRIAGE FOR TWO



Pamela Towers
heard on
NBC 10:30 P.M.

CAST: Vikki Adams, who marries Roger Hoyt believing he will outgrow his instability; Roger's Aunt Debbie and Vikki's parents, who are worried about the marriage; Pamela, Roger's former girl friend.

BACKGROUND: Vikki and Roger set up housekeeping in the lavish house Roger insisted on renting from Debbie. It forces them to live beyond their means; Roger even hires a maid to help with the housework. But a series of ghastly noises which Vikki hears in the cellar are heard by the maid too, and after that it seems no maid

will stay in the Hoyt home.

RECENTLY: Pamela, working near Roger in town, makes opportunities to see him and remind him how wonderful he is. In contrast to his uneasy home and to Vikki, who is always over-tired and worried about money, these interludes seem increasingly pleasant to Roger. Meanwhile Vikki is drawn into the troubles of Loretta, her matron of honor, who can't decide whether to go back to Mike, from whom she's separated. Vikki is on the side of true love . . . but is she giving Loretta the right advice?

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Sunday Brinthrope
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M.

CAST: Sunday and her husband, Lord Henry Brinthrope, who live at Black Swan Hall, in Fairbrooke, Virginia; Lewis Carter, his crippled daughter Hazel, and his brilliant ward, Joyce Irwin; Florence, Carter's wife, just released from a mental hospital; Roy Kingsley, the mysterious stranger who was kind to Hazel—until he saw Joyce; Clifford Steele, an insistent suitor of Joyce's. **BACKGROUND:** Everyone, including Joyce, is shocked when Lewis Carter's devotion to her is finally revealed as a romantic attachment, instead of the fatherly affection it

seemed to be. It is particularly upsetting in view of Florence Carter's recent return to a normal life, full of hope that it will be a happy one.

RECENTLY: The tragedy which Sunday fears finally strikes. Joyce Irwin falls to her death from a hotel window in nearby Richmond. Everyone assumes she killed herself in remorse over coming between Carter and his wife . . . everyone but Sunday, whose firm conviction that Joyce was murdered is triumphantly vindicated when she helps to expose the murderer.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Peggy Trent
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M.

CAST: Pepper Young, the red-headed boy who grew up to be Mayor of Elmwood; Linda, his wife; Peggy, his sister, wife of Carter Trent; Dad Young, who hopes Mother Young won't tell Carter's wealthy, strong-willed mother, Mrs. Ivy Trent, what she thinks of her; Edie, who firmly believes that Andy, her husband, is still alive though he's been missing over a year after a plane crash in South America.

BACKGROUND: When Mother Young sees Ivy Trent maneuver her secretary out of what might be a happy love affair with pilot

Jerry Feldman, she explodes. Now things can never be the same.

RECENTLY: Ivy Trent persuades tough Gil and his long-suffering wife, Min, to come to Elmwood for a while. She gives Gil some money, feeling vaguely that it's wise to have him available for anything she might want him to do. Bored with Elmwood, Gil arranges for his extra-marital girl friend, Sadie, to come on from Chicago. What will happen when Min finally rebels? And what of the search for Andy, which is still going on down in South America?

PERRY MASON



Perry Mason
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M.

CAST: Perry Mason, sharp-witted lawyer-detective; Della Street, his secretary; Martha and Don Smith, his clients, now standing trial for the murder of blackmailer Wilfred Palmer; Allyn Whitlock, a willful girl completely corrupted by her association with a peculiar man named Walter Bodt; Audrey Beekman, desperate with fear that her hard-won happiness will be destroyed if her husband, Ed, learns she was involved with Palmer.

BACKGROUND: In spite of Perry and his colleague, Paul Drake, Martha is indicted

for Palmer's murder, with Don named as her accomplice. The most hopeful clue Perry has so far is a glove . . . a glove which Audrey, from its picture in the newspapers, recognizes as her own.

RECENTLY: Hysterically, Audrey visits Martha in jail and extracts a promise that Martha will not reveal that Audrey, too, was being blackmailed by Palmer, and can testify to Martha's innocence, unless there is no other way for Martha to save herself. But is anyone safe while Allyn Whitlock is still at large?

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Connie Abbott
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M.

CAST: Portia Manning, a lawyer, whose heart-breaking present assignment is the defense of her husband, Walter, who stands accused of the murder of Joan Ward; Clint Morley, the district attorney whose admiration for Portia leads him to press for Walter's conviction; Dickie, Portia's son, who was forced to reveal evidence which he knows helped build the case against Walter; Connie Abbott, a waitress who owes Portia a debt of gratitude, and pays it by trying to clear Walter.

BACKGROUND: As circumstantial evidence

piles up around Walter, even Murray Lathrop, the lawyer with whom Portia is working, decides his client is guilty and withdraws from the case.

RECENTLY: Connie Abbott knows that if Nick Evans can be persuaded, or paid, to tell the truth Walter will be out of danger, for Nick's story can prove that Steve Ward, the dead woman's husband, has no alibi for the time of the murder. But can Connie and Kathy Baker raise the five hundred dollars without which Nick will not reveal what he knows?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Carolyn Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M.

CAST: Carolyn Kramer, divorced from Dwight Kramer, who has been granted custody of their son, Skippy; lawyer Miles Nelson, Carolyn's fiancé, who is running for Governor; Constance Wakefield, once Carolyn's good friend, now Dwight's wife; Dr. Dick Campbell, Carolyn's former suitor; Annette Thorpe, powerful head of the newspaper chain backing Miles's candidacy.

BACKGROUND: Miles, after beginning a brilliant fight on Carolyn's behalf in the custody battle over Skippy, was forced to turn it over to his partner when a crisis in

his political party called him to the state capital. Though Carolyn knows his presence might have made no difference, she feels that he deserted her when she needed him. **RECENTLY:** Carolyn's resentment and fears for the future are intensified when, on Miles's return, she sees that Annette Thorpe's claims on him have become powerful. Losing hope that he will succeed in getting the custody decision reversed, Carolyn forms a plan to take Skippy and flee the court's jurisdiction. It's an unwise scheme, but Carolyn is too upset to see how foolishly she's acting.

ROAD OF LIFE



Frank Dana
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M.

CAST: Dr. Jim Brent, who does not suspect that his wife, just returned to him and his daughter Janey after a year-long absence, is not the real "Carol Brent" but an imposter; Beth Lambert, the actress trained to pose as "Carol" by a gang that wants information about Jim's important work at Wheelock Hospital; Frank Dana, a newspaperman who is suspicious of the story Beth tells to explain Carol's absence.

BACKGROUND: Though Beth's mission gets off to a successful start, her own emotions interfere. Janey and Jim begin to mean

too much to her . . . so much that she starts faking the information she sends to Rockwell, head of the gang which employs her.

RECENTLY: Beth, now hoping she can prevent the ruin of Jim's work, doesn't know that Frank Dana has sent a man to Europe to investigate her background. His suspicions gain strength when he learns of a meeting between Beth and Rockwell, who is now pretty sure that he is being deceived and comes to check on Beth. Time is what Beth needs . . . time enough to gain Jim's confidence and tell him the truth.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Helen Trent
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M.

CAST: Helen Trent, Hollywood designer, fighting for her life against the charge that she murdered producer Rex Carroll; Gil Whitney, resourceful lawyer, working desperately for Helen because he believes her innocent—and loves her; Cynthia Swanson, always Helen's enemy; her maid Francine, whose association with the sinister Karl Dorn involves her in Carroll's murder.

BACKGROUND: Found in Carroll's apartment alone with his dead body, Helen's explanation that he was dead when she arrived makes no impression on the police.

Gil, working his way through tangled evidence, finally collects enough material to persuade the District Attorney to issue warrants for the arrest of Dorn and Francine.

RECENTLY: The bewildered Francine, who was hypnotized by Dorn at the time of Carroll's murder, does not know how deeply she is involved. But she agrees to run away with Dorn when he orders her to do so. In his anxiety to leave no witness who can testify to his frequent visits, Dorn tries to kill the doorman of Carroll's building. This is a mistake . . . perhaps his last.

ROSEMARY



Brad Boyden
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M.

CAST: Rosemary, wife of Bill Roberts, who joins him in New York where he has accepted a promising new job in an advertising firm; Lefty Higgins, gangster, whose relationship with Bill's first wife keeps him on the fringes of the Roberts' lives.

BACKGROUND: Bill's trip to New York makes history in Springdale, for at the last minute his assistant, Jane Springham, decides to go along. Some time later Jane returns, and frankly tells Rosemary that she loves Bill. However, when she told him so when they were alone in New York, he in-

sisted that she go back to Springdale.

RECENTLY: Completely convinced of Bill's love, Rosemary joyfully wires him she is on her way to join him. But there is no Bill to meet her, and since she can't seem to contact his office, she spends a frantic time searching for him before he finally finds her. Sent off at the last minute on an urgent out-of-town deal, he made arrangements to have her met, which misfired. But now they are together in the luxurious apartment Bill's boss found for them, and eagerly embark on an exciting new phase of their marriage.

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Stan Burton
heard on
CBS 2:00 P.M.

CAST: Terry Burton, whose husband Stan is a merchant in Dickston; Barbara Wright, who is hurt in a railway crash on her way to the Burton's; the strange traveling-companion who steals her purse, and her identity, and whose real name is Helene Gruner. **BACKGROUND:** Having made room in their home for Barbara at the request of Terry's father, the Burtons welcome Helene . . . unaware that the real Barbara is fighting amnesia in a nearby town. But almost at once Helene behaves oddly; she is tough, evasive, and steals jewelry from Terry and

merchandise from the store.

RECENTLY: Still without a memory, Barbara finds the Burton address in her coat pocket and impulsively goes to it. When she sees Helene, she starts remembering, and Helene knowing that if Barbara succeeds in regaining her memory she will be in danger of imprisonment, frantically tries to kill Barbara. But Jerry and Stan, their suspicions thoroughly aroused, pick up the trail Helene has left and manage to arrive in time to rescue Barbara. Meanwhile . . . who is the mysterious stranger trailing Stan?

STELLA DALLAS



Minnie Grady
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M.

CAST: Stella Dallas, who believes that her simple, homely personality has no place in her daughter's life now that Laurel is married to wealthy Richard Grosvenor; Mrs. Grosvenor, Dick's widowed mother; Gordon and Mercedes Crale, who gain Mrs. Grosvenor's confidence, and whom Stella instinctively distrusts.

BACKGROUND: Seeing Laurel's happiness threatened, Stella sacrifices her own principles against interfering, and tries to warn Mrs. Grosvenor against Gordon. But the deluded woman goes ahead with plans to

marry the smooth gentleman who—as Stella fears—is merely after the Grosvenor money.

RECENTLY: Though Stella can't destroy Mrs. Grosvenor's faith in Crale, she can work to save Laurel's marriage from Mercedes Crale's obvious determination to break it up. Then one of Crale's associates double-crosses him, stealing some securities which Mrs. Grosvenor planned to give to Crale to invest for her. Stella sees that the Crale plot is even worse than she suspected. Fortunately, Dick is now on her side—but, even together, can they save his mother?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Nora Drake
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M.

CAST: Nora Drake, a nurse, who is trying to help lawyer Charles Dobbs save his career from the after-effects of the death of Big John Morley; Tom, Morley's vindictive son; Suzanne, the sensitive young refugee befriended by Nora, in love with Charles, but persuaded by Tom to become his ally; George Stewart, Charles's brother, who makes it possible for Tom to fulfill his threat against Charles; Dorothy, George's wife. **BACKGROUND:** Believing his father killed himself to avoid a case Charles was building against him, Tom is delighted when he

finds evidence that enables him to bring suit against George for forgery. Charles and Dorothy pool all their cash for George's bail . . . which makes it grim for them when he disappears.

RECENTLY: In a characteristic reversal of feeling, George decides he has injured his brother and must make some restitution. He broods over what it shall be, and finally appears one day in Tom's hotel room, determined to make him pay for Charles's suffering. Shocked, Tom realizes that he is facing an enemy intent on murder.

WENDY WARREN



Don Smith
heard on
CBS 12:00 Noon

CAST: Wendy Warren, newspaperwoman; Mark Douglas, who hoped to marry Wendy when his estranged wife Nona divorced him; Aunt Dorrie, who kept house for Wendy's father until he went to a sanitarium to recuperate from a heart attack; Don Smith, new managing editor on Wendy's paper. **BACKGROUND:** The Douglas divorce is almost under way when Nona seeks a meeting with Wendy, to tell her that she has discovered she is going to have a baby and has decided, in spite of their past troubles, to try to make a go of her marriage to Mark.

Convinced by Nona's sincerity, Wendy agrees not only to give Mark up but to help Nona work things out with him.

RECENTLY: Though gossip still couples Wendy with Mark, she tries firmly to put him out of her mind. Concentrating on her work is easy right now, because of the dynamic new editor whose keen ideas and criticism keep Wendy on her toes. At first their interviews together are rather barbed, but Wendy soon begins to suspect that Don is not only a brilliant editor but could be a very attractive man . . . if he wanted to.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Joan Davis
heard on
NBC 5:00 P.M.

CAST: Joan Davis, who learns that her husband, Harry, has not really recovered from a recent loss of memory; Terry McDonough, who knew Harry while he was ill in New York, and comes to Beechwood to warn him that Angie, the woman to whom he became engaged during his spell of amnesia, has not given him up; Anne Dunn, who hates Joan, and hopes to make her suffer by hiring Angie to work at her hotel.

BACKGROUND: Though Joan now knows that Harry's love for her is all he actually recalls from his past life, she hopes the fu-

ture will bring complete memory back to him. She has not been told about Angie's appearance in town.

RECENTLY: Knowing that Angie is obsessed with the desire to get Harry back, and that Anne Dunn will help her, Terry thinks perhaps Joan should be told, so that she will be prepared for whatever shocking scenes she must go through. Harry, almost desperate from his efforts to keep Angie's presence from Joan, decides to tell her, but before he can do it, Joan—who has been strangely ill lately—collapses.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



Sam Williams
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M.

CAST: Anne Malone, superintendent of the Dineen Clinic in Three Oaks, who is separated from her husband, Dr. Jerry Malone; Sam Williams, an industrialist, and Gene, his son, both attracted to Anne; Lucia Standish, under whose influence Jerry has swiftly become director of a medical research institute in New York; Dr. Browne, Jerry's friend, who tries to warn him against Lucia.

BACKGROUND: The separation between Anne and Jerry, at first considered a temporary one, stretches on and on until Anne,

realizing that their marriage is hanging by a thread, makes a pride-destroying trip to New York to attempt reconciliation.

RECENTLY: One thing is plain when Anne and Jerry meet. They still love each other. But over plans for the future they clash. Knowing that Lucia Standish's influence will be fatal, Anne insists that Jerry resign from the Institute and return to Three Oaks. But Jerry cannot understand her reason. Blinded by the glamor of his big job, he refuses to leave, not realizing that more and more Lucia Standish is running his life.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Dr. Anthony Loring
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M.

CAST: Widow Ellen Brown, who loves Dr. Anthony Loring, but will not marry him until her teen-age children, Mark and Janey, are willing to welcome him as a stepfather; Angela McBride, who works out a vicious scheme to win Anthony away from Ellen; David Campbell, whose neurotic sister, Amanda Cathcart, was working with Angela to ruin his future; Bruce Weldon, Angela's former fiance.

BACKGROUND: Having tried many methods, both obvious and subtle, to catch Anthony's attention, Angela resolves to simply

get Ellen out of his life. The whole town is shocked when Amanda Cathcart is killed by a car which apparently was being driven by Ellen Brown.

RECENTLY: Ellen's position is indeed dangerous, until Bruce Weldon suddenly comes forward. Unfortunately for Angela, Bruce says he saw the accident, and is able to swear that she, not Ellen, is guilty. Ellen feels under great obligation to Bruce, but her gratitude is supplanted by confusion when he tells her he has fallen in love with her.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45			Old Fashioned Re- vival Hour	The Garden Gate Memo From Lake Success
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Wormwood Forest Bach Aria Group	Happiness Hour Dixie Quartet	Sunday Morning Concert Hall Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Children's Hour	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	Victor Lindlahr Frank and Ernest Hour of Faith	Allan Jackson News Newsmakers Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Mr. Fixit Eternal Light	College Choirs Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Roundtable	News Doubleday Quiz American Warblers	Voices That Live National Vespers	Meaning of the News Elmo Roper Get More Out of Life Music You Know
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	NBC Theater	Mutual Chamber Music Bill Dunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Choraliers You Are There
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	One Man's Family The Quiz Kids	Treasury Variety Show Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood Betty Clark Sings The Lutheran Hour	N. Y. Philharmonic
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Living, 1950 American Forums of the Air	Hopalong Cassidy Martin Kane, Private Eye	Family Closeup Milton Cross Opera Album	Sunday at the Chase
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Radio City Playhouse James Melton	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Casebook of Gregory Hood Greatest Story Ever Told	Sammy Kaye's Sun- day Serenade Symphonette

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Hollywood Calling	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Music With the Hormel Girls	Family Hour of Stars Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Adv. of the Falcon The Saint	Think Fast Amazing Mr. Malone	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Adventures of Sam Spade Theater Guild on the Air	A. L. Alexander Enchanted Hour	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen Red Skelton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	American Album	Opera Concert Sheilah Graham Twin Views of News	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Chance of a Lifetime	Corliss Archer Horace Heidt
10:00 10:30	Take It or Leave It Bob Crosby Show	Music Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	Carnation Contented Hour



LEW VALENTINE—celebrates his eleventh year as Dr. I. Q., heard Wednesdays at 8:00 P.M., EST on ABC.



BARBARA JO ALLEN—whom you know as Vera Vague was born in New York, gained her education at Stanford, U.C.L.A., U.C., and the Sorbonne. As a result she is a keen student of languages. A successful dramatic actress before becoming a comedienne, Miss Allen made a nationwide reputation in plays such as "Shanghai Gesture," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and other hits. Her twice-a-week (Tues., Thurs.) show is heard at 3:15 P.M. EST on ABC stations.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Mrs. Goes A-Shopping
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	This is Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dr. Paul Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Boston Symphony George Hicks	Cedric Foster Music Harvey Harding Sings Misc. Programs	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies' Fair Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Talk Your Way Out Of It 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House Garry Moore
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenz Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Bobby Benson Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Straight Arrow Peter Salem	Share the Wealth Henry Taylor	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Cities Service Band of America	Murder by Ex- perience Crime Fighters	Kate Smith's Music Room	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Arthur Gaeth, News Phil Brestoff Orch. Music by Ralph Norman	My Friend Irma The Bob Hawk Show



CHARLES COLLINGWOOD—was born in Michigan and educated at Oxford. In 1941 at the age of twenty-four he became a war correspondent for CBS; by the following year he had won the Peabody Award for brilliant reporting; in 1945 he returned to America to cover the UN meetings in New York, and in 1949 he became the CBS White House correspondent. Collingwood's newscasts are heard Sundays at 1:00 P.M. EST.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Club Time	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love And Learn Dr. Paul Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks	Cedric Foster Music Harvey Harding Sings		Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Carter Family Vera Vague 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House Garry Moore
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight	The Green Hornet Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World The Smoothies Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	Cavalcade of America Fannie Brice	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective Bill Henry	Carnegie Hall America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler		Life With Luigi Escape
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Time For Defense	Hit the Jackpot

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor Lindlahr	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dr. Paul Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

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5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Bobby Benson Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake

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7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Dardanelle Trio H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:30 8:45	This is Your Life Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This? International Airport	Dr. I. Q. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30	Break the Bank Mr. District Attorney	Scattergood Baines Family Theater	Starring Boris Karloff Buzz Adlan's Play- room	Groucho Marx Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Lawrence Welk On Trial	Burns and Allen Capitol Cloak Room



SHEILAH GRAHAM—who is heard on Hollywood News (Sun., MBS, 9:30 P.M. EST) spent two years on the London stage before turning to writing about people behind the footlights. Soon after her arrival in America her columns were carried by *The New York Evening Journal* and *INS*; and her *Hollywood Today* is syndicated to nearly one hundred American papers. Sheila is married to Trevor Westbrook and they have two children.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Money Saving Club	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45	Dorothy Dix at Home			
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Dr. Paul Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

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6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Severeid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World Echoes From the Tropics Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Fishing and Hunting Club	Blondie Date With Judy	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Screen Guild Duffy's Tavern	Comedy Playhouse	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery Speaking	Suspense Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30	Chesterfield Supper Dragnet	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics Someone You Know	Hallmark Playhouse Skippy Hollywood Theatre



BOB HOUSTON—the star on Solitaire time (Sun., 11:45 A.M. EST) was born in Greenfield, Mass., thirty-two years ago. His first job was with a local radio station where he was billed as "The Siberian Troubadour" for five-dollars a week. After a two-year stint with Johnny Long's band, Bob entered the army where he did vocals for Glenn Miller's orchestra. Following his service discharge he was signed to a five-year contract with NBC.



GLORIA MANN—was three years old when she went to Hollywood for her film debut in the "Our Gang" comedies. When she was six she began playing on Broadway. Her first role was in "The Old Maid" starring Helen Mencken. She made her radio debut soon after and has been busy on the air and stage ever since. Gloria now plays the flirtatious Veronica on NBC's Adventures of Archie Andrews, heard Saturdays at 12:30 A.M. EST.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Albert Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Marriage For Two Dorothy Dix at Home	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Behind the Story Bob Poole	Modern Romances Pick A Date	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Doubleday Quiz Lanny Ross Heatter's Mailbag	Ladies Be Seated	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks Playboys	Cedric Foster Music Harvey Harding Sings	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Ladies Fair	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Talk Your Way Out of It 3:55 Ted Malone	David Harum Hilltop House Garry Moore
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Hoedown Party	Galen Drake Tune Time Melody Promenade	Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Bobby Benson Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Clem McCarthy Sunoco News	Local Program	Local Program	Eric Severeid "You and—" Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Frank Sinatra News of the World The UN is My Beat H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	We The People	Plantation Jubilee Music	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	The Goldbergs My Favorite Husband
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Life of Riley Jimmy Durante	Army Air Force Show Local Programs Meet the Press	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff	Joan Davis Young Love
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Director's Playhouse Sports	News Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Fights	Pursuit Capital Cloakroom

S A T U R D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00			Conversation With Casey	This is New York
9:15	Coffee In Washington	Paul Neilson, News Misc. Programs		
9:30				Missus Goes A Shopping
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring Show	Magic Rhythm	At Home With Music	Galen Drake
10:15	Mary Lee Taylor	Jerry and Skye Albert Warner		
10:30				Joe Di Maggio Show
10:45				
11:00	Lassie	Coast Guard on Parade	Joe Franklin's Recordshop	Let's Pretend
11:15	Stamp Club			
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Man on the Farm		Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			
12:30	Archie Andrews	Campus Salute	American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	Concert of America Jazz	Stars Over Hollywood
1:15				Give and Take
1:30	Voices and Events	Dance Orch.		
1:45				
2:00	Musicana	Dance Orchestra	Metropolitan Opera	County Fair
2:15				
2:30	Edward Tomlinson			
2:45	Report From Europe			
3:00			Metropolitan Opera	Report From Overseas
3:15	Local Programs			Adventures in Science
3:30				Cross Section U.S.A.
4:00	Your Health Today		Metropolitan Opera	
4:15				
4:30				
4:45	Contrasts Musical			
5:00		Concert Hall		
5:15			Dance Music	Local Programs
5:30				Mother Knows Best
5:45	Hollywood Closeups			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Albert Warner, News	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News		The Church and the Nation	CBS Views the Press
6:30	NBC Symphony Orchestra	Bands For Bonds		Red Barber's Club House
6:45		Mel Allen	Harmonaires	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Rex Koury Bert Andrews	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar
7:15	Richard Diamond, Private Detective	Quick as a Flash		Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:30			Saddle Rockin' Rhythm	
7:45		7:55 John B. Kennedy		
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Chandu the Magician	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Superman	Adventures of Phillip Marlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Dick Jergens Orch.	Gang Busters
9:15			Hollywood Byline	Broadway's My Beat
9:30	A Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Guy Lombardo		
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Theatre of the Air	Record Show	Sing it Again
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Dance Music	



BEN GRAUER—the commentator on the NBC Symphony Orchestra broadcasts (Sat., 6:30 P.M. EST) has run the gamut from moderator and straight man to special events reporter and commercial announcer. Known as one of the best ad-libbers on the air he has learned to be at ease with all types of assignments. Grauer is a bachelor and lives in Manhattan. His hobbies include archeology, music, and the study of Latin American culture.



KEENE

CROCKETT

IF you've ever heard flowers bursting into bloom, if you've ever heard gooney birds singing on Guadalcanal or if you've ever listened to the sound of the doomed Mary of Scotland's head rolling off the executioner's block, then you've been in on some of the auditory techniques that versatile Keene Crockett has demonstrated for radio listeners. Producer-actor-soundman Crockett's greatest coup in sound effects, and certainly his most terrifying, was for the Scottish queen's untimely demise in the air version of "Mary of Scotland." Ingredients for the Crockett executionary method consisted of one rather large cabbage and a long, sloping chute. At the critical moment, when the axe was supposed to strike Mary's head, the cabbage was sent rolling down the chute, thumping eerily out along the ether. Keene later used melons for the same effect on other shows, but that was before squeamish broadcasting officials decided that such realism could be sacrificed.

Keene Crockett's career began in the little country school near his birthplace in Blackhawk Township, Illinois. He directed the entire school in his own version of "The Covered Wagon" and ended up by having almost no school at all when he staged the prairie fire sequence and burned nearly everything within sight. The rest of his schooling was marked by an increased interest in drama and the theatre, and after graduating from Knox College, Keene accepted a job in the summer theatre at Boothbay Harbor, Maine. In addition to acting, he was stage manager and electrician.

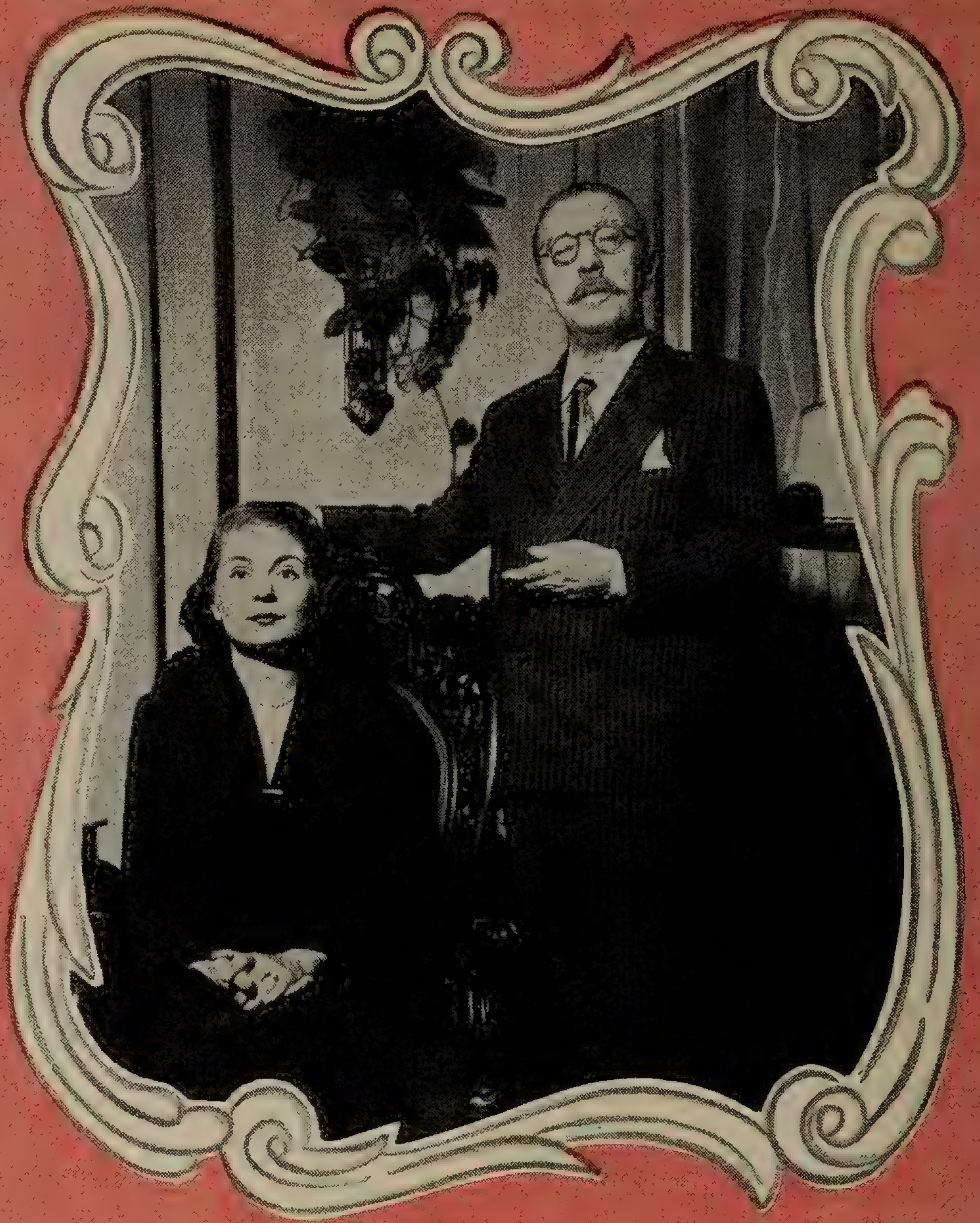
The inevitable next step was New York, of course, and Keene got a job at NBC as a page during the evenings and worked as an actor on an early morning air show called Cabbage and Kings. It was this job which led him into the sound effects department at NBC where he produced noises for such shows as Death Valley Days, Gang Busters, Mr. District Attorney, the March of Time, the Rudy Vallee Hour and the Bob Hope Show.

Broadway discovered Keene and for fourteen months he had an important part in Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl." He played in several other stage productions, "Joan of Lorraine" and "O'Daniel" among them, before returning to radio. He now supervises sound for U. S. Steel's Theatre Guild on the Air and is producer and actor in Ray Knight and the Od Bodkins, a new TV show which kids comic strips. Keene also has acted for Theatre Guild On The Air in its version of "Lady In The Dark" with Gertrude Lawrence.

But the attractive actor finds time—somehow—for other activities, like still and movie photography. Prompted by the need for sets and decor for his home movies, he enrolled at the Art Students' League. He completed the course there and that led into another absorbing interest—oil painting. Keene's first interest though—and one he hopes to be with always—is radio, with television coming a close second.

Howard Lindsay, for seven years the father in "Life with Father," gave Terry some pointers about children's manners.

By
TERRY
BURTON



LIFE with the CHILDREN

Recently the Burtons had a special treat when Howard Lindsay, who was the unforgettable "Father" in "Life With Father" and "Life With Mother" came to visit.

Mr. Lindsay told us that during the seven years "Life With Father" ran, he came in contact with a good many children, for the cast changed many times. In the New York company alone, there were thirty different children, and with the road companies the number came to nearly ninety. When asked about these children, Mr. Lindsay said, "All the years the play ran, I never encountered one child you would call a 'brat'."

This surprised me, and I asked him how he accounted for it. He replied, "I think it can be partially explained by the fact that children in the theater realize their responsibilities more than the average child does. Too, these children were under the influence of Victorian manners while on stage and it added to their good behavior off stage."

As Mr. Lindsay is an expert on Victorian days, I asked if he thought we've lost anything by giving up the more formal manners of that time—particularly for children.

His answer was: "Frankly, I think we've lost a lot. For good manners are the measure of our consideration for other people. Victorian children were taught respect for their elders. There were definite rules—like rising when adults enter the room, not sitting down before they do, and not speaking while grown ups are talking."

I commented on how strongly I felt concerning the subject of good manners, and Mr. Lindsay concluded by saying: "I believe that manners indicate the morale of people. After World War I, good manners in the home, among strangers and between countries began to crack. It was disheartening to see this. And I firmly believe that today our peace would be a great deal more secure if our international good manners were better."

FAMILY COUNSELOR

Every Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard Monday through Friday at 2 P.M. EST. on CBS stations.

That fascinating stranger —your inner self

*—can re-fashion you
to new happiness*

Far too many women live with a numbing feeling of inferiority. Yet—no woman needs to be a disappointment to herself.

An amazing power in you can refashion you. This power stems from the interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you look and the way you feel. It illumines you with confidence when you are delightful to see. But—if you don't show your best self it can baffle you with inhibitions. That is why it means so much to you to care about the way you look.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

You'll find this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream will give your skin the wonderful, softening cleansing it needs for true beauty. Always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) use your Pond's *this way*:

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This light, fluffy cream softens and sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—use more Pond's to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

This face treatment really acts on *both* sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream sweeps away dulling dirt as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this rewarding treatment stirs up beauty-giving circulation.

It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely it sends a warm happiness shining through your face to meet the world—brings the *Inner You* closer to others.



Spontaneous, gay, charming—her Inner Self glows out from Mrs. Gould's lovely, spirited face.

Mrs. C. George Jay Gould, jr.

A quality of happy confidence comes out to you through Mrs. Gould's face. She looks so rightly lovely that all who see her respond with pleasure. Her complexion is glorious—with a white-velvet-and-blush-roses look. "I don't believe you'll ever find a lovelier cream than Pond's Cold Cream. I'm devoted to it," she says.



YOUR FACE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT—Get yourself this big size jar of Pond's Cold Cream—today.

I Like Old-Fashioned Wives

(Continued from page 29)

spread with butter and honey.

"Food may not be the most important thing in life," my father used to say, "but your mother's meals take any doubts out of marriage."

Mother's meals were something I'll never forget but I don't believe they were much different from those of the average old-fashioned wife. On Sunday, especially, she just let herself go. It was the only day of the week that we ate on the dining room table with a fancy tablecloth and had lots of extras.

We'd get down to the dining room at seven in the morning wearing our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and pull up a chair to a breakfast of steak or fried chicken, bacon and eggs, milk, buttermilk, coffee and hot biscuits.

After church, Mother proved her cooking magic again, and for dinner there were three main courses, usually a roast chicken, veal cutlets and country ham, five cooked vegetables. And I can't forget the soup—thick, delicious, a creation in itself.

I never ate a store-bought dessert until I went away from home. We usually had four kinds of sweets. Maybe ice cream, a cocoanut cake, or a couple of pumpkin pies.

And there was never a servant in our house. Mother did her own housekeeping, cooking and sewing for her family of nine.

A modern wife is different. She gets enough stuff out of cans and packages to put into her stove before she takes off for an afternoon of cards. She sets a couple of thermostats. When she returns after a few rubbers of bridge, she feeds her family, wishes the dishes into an automatic washer, and is ready for a movie. It was never that way in my home.

Gloria, my wife of five years and mother of our little girl, Michele, had to be educated to old-fashioned ways of living, since she was a city girl from New Orleans. Basically, however, she's sound—she, too, believes in the principle that a wife's chief duty is to her family. And we nearly always agree on how to bring up our own daughter.

I was raised in the heart of tobacco country. My father owned a couple of stores and farms, but don't get the idea things were easy for me. What with the big depression and being the youngest of seven children, luxuries were spread pretty thin. It isn't easy to put seven kids through college.

"Bob is my baby," my mother always told her friends, even when I was seventeen years old. But she never treated me like a baby. There was none of this new-fangled business about letting children have their own way. Mother believed in the old-fashioned rule, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." She made me toe the line. And this is the funny part of it—as a child I feared my mother but when I became an adult I suddenly realized as much love and respect for her as any child ever had for a parent.

She taught me respect for elders and saw that I said my prayers before every meal and at bedtime.

Michele, our two-year-old, resembles Mother in many ways. She has Mother's blue eyes and fair complexion and brown hair. Like Mother, she is a little hot-tempered. And since Michele is our first child we have to work hard to

keep from spoiling her.

I have to admit to one thing though. I am still too chicken-hearted to spank Michele and the job falls to Gloria most of the time. She does it well but with good reason.

Recently, I bought Michele a new pair of white shoes and that same day we went out to see an apartment that was being painted for us. While the painter showed us through the rooms, Michelle found an open can of paint and daubed her brand-new shoes.

"I'm not going to spank her for that," Gloria said. "The paint shouldn't have been left there in the first place and in the second place Michele didn't know what she was doing was wrong."

That was wise and then there was no reason to scare Michele away from paint and a brush. She might grow up to be a housepainter. Anyway I hope she has more talent than I had. It seemed that when they were passing out gifts to new-born babies, all they gave me was the gift of gab.

As a kid, I was rather puny, but never too weak to talk off someone's ear. Then I wanted to be a great lawyer like Daniel Webster. I didn't lose my ambition to be a lawyer for a long time in spite of working on the farm during the summer and after school. If you visit the principal's office at the Stoneville High School you can still see where I made the Valedictorian speech my senior year and won the state oratorical championship to boot.

Guess Dad got taken in for he shipped me off to the University of North Carolina. My freshman year a speech teacher auditioned the class for a radio job at WBIG in Greensboro. I got the job and by the time I graduated I was offered a full-time job announcing.

I stayed down south until war broke out. The Navy made me a petty officer and, believe me, I was just as petty as you can be. I got a rating as a Specialist T, which was a special rating for a teacher. Then they decided I'd better do some learning first and sent me to a weather forecasting school in New Orleans. But when I arrived, there was no school there. Pretty soon I got to doing some radio broadcasts.

It was in New Orleans that I married Gloria Rothschild. It was love at first sight (for me) and I came uninvited to a party at her home. She was and is a smart, stunning brunette. Whatever she saw in me, I don't know. As a matter of fact, she didn't see anything in me. I called her the day after the party to ask if she had a few minutes to spare for me that evening.

"I haven't," she said and hung up.

For two weeks I persevered, and finally got a date. I hoped to woo her with old-fashioned courting like my mother told me about, taffy pulls, buggy rides in the country.

To me that sounded a lot more romantic than modern courting, where a man drives up in a slick convertible, with an orchid under his arm, to make the rounds of the nightclubs. Romance with a hangover. I wasn't going to do that. In the first place, I didn't have a convertible. Anyway I couldn't afford to buy orchids on Navy pay.

But when we stopped at a traffic light (in her family's car) on our second date, I asked her to marry me.

"Tonight?" she asked.

"Tonight," I confirmed.

"All right."

Just like that. Of course, I didn't have a dime in my pocket, and we waited three months. But we were in love and always will be.

After the war we got a dream house in old New Orleans and I went to work for WWL with my program, Poole's Paradise. Apparently a couple of people besides my wife were listening, for Mutual came along to ask me up to New York City. I wasn't too anxious, but they gave me a five-year contract which I figured would give me plenty of time to learn the language. So up to New York we went, just country folks in the sharp, slick city.

Well, I learned something mighty fast about New Yorkers. They may look sophisticated, but throw a New Yorker off his stride, let a subway break down, and he's lost—just like any other hayseed. Get to know a New Yorker and he's as kind-hearted and generous as country folk.

We've made a lot of friends up here and making friends is about the happiest business in the world. There is no investment that pays larger dividends. That's a little of the philosophy Mother taught—but actually, her relationship with friends was more gratifying than ours could ever be.

And the evenings and Sunday afternoons when people visited my parents, they entertained themselves. Winter evenings found a number of men and women gathered around the piano with Mother leading them in songs. During the summer we would have our soft cider and cookies on the front lawn, and in the evening stare up at the stars and fireflies. The old-fashioned wife was the near-perfect hostess, for she had to get her guests in a relaxed, friendly state since they provided their own entertainment.

Compare that to today's social life from the time Gloria says, "Larry and his wife are coming over this evening."

Well, we make sure there are some Cokes in the refrigerator and a couple of bags of potato chips available.

Larry and his wife arrive, and we turn on the television set. For hours nothing is said. At eleven, Larry yawns, the lights go on, and we have a few minutes of conversation over coffee.

As Mother observed, "Seems to me that cows standing in a pasture swishing their tails at flies have more to say to each other."

As an old-fashioned wife, she believed friends were contributing factors to the happiness and growth of her family. The problems of her husband and children were personal challenges. She improvised brilliantly in clothing, entertaining and educating a family. But most important, the welfare of her family was her first concern.

That's my case for the old-fashioned wife. But don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to convict the modern wife. After all, I'm married to one. In many ways she is superior to her mother and grandmother. She has taken advantage of progress to develop into a better rounded person. But she can live a richer life within the family by applying many lessons her mother taught.

No, I wouldn't want to turn the clock back. I love my wife but, oh, you kid, you old-fashioned kid.

"I'll Never Be the Same!"

(Continued from page 41)

educate them. My husband is the inside manager of the Yorkville Central Laundry, in New York. He earns sixty-five dollars a week. I work for the Industrial Overall Service, which mends and supplies overalls, pants, shirts. I make forty dollars a week. But it is only recently that Papa was raised to sixty-five. Things are easier for us now but for a good many years, for most of the years the girls were growing up, we lived on a salary of fifty dollars a week and, when they were babies, less. The children always had a roof over their heads, good plain home-cooked food, decent clothes. But it was a struggle—and it wasn't often they could have the luxuries . . ."

Such as, for instance, the diamond rings, the set of sterling silverware, the thousand dollars' worth of perfume, the beautiful new sedan car and such that Danny Seymour was telling his radio audience about. (Joe DiMaggio was through, now, and Roberta had tuned in Sing It Again on CBS.) Twenty-eight thousand dollars in merchandise prizes, Danny was talking about, a trip, by plane, to—

"My mind wandering again," Helen Cohen went on, "I missed the destination of the trip by plane, but it might have been the moon for all of me . . ."

Mrs. Cohen was also remembering, she recalls, that it is said to be a one-in-twenty-three-million chance that Sing It Again will put the finger on *your* name in their telephone directories, which cover the whole of the U.S.A., every big city, every small town. Said Mrs. Cohen, "When Danny Seymour says, as he often does, 'If your name is in that phone book, we'll find it!' or when he declares, 'Great or small, we call them all!' I've always thought, Yes, but the Benjamin Cohens, one of a couple of thousand other Cohens in any man-sized directory are too small to call, so why dream? I didn't dream—and how wrong can you get?—for just as these thoughts were going through my head, the orchestra was playing and, taking advantage of this lull in the program to say their goodnights, Judith and Ros gathered up their husbands and babies and went home. Five minutes after the door closed behind them the telephone rings!

All papa thought was who could be calling us this time of night.

"The next thing I know, Louisa has got me to the telephone. As she is tying my fingers, like they are pieces of string, around the receiver, I can hear Danny Seymour saying, on the radio, 'Who got the Lucky Sing It Again call this time, Operator? Who? Cohen? Oh, Mrs. Benjamin Cohen. Okay, Operator'—and then I get the receiver to my ear and Danny Seymour is speaking to me. He is saying, 'Hullo, Mrs. Cohen. Where are you from, Mrs. Cohen?'

"From the Bronx," I tell him, 'from 576 Southern Boulevard.'

"Then Danny Seymour is saying that I am the third person to be called that night and that here is my chance—to ride to fame and riches.

"But first I must guess the name of the country hinted at in the parody song which Alan Dale will now sing for me, Danny Seymour is explaining and then, if I am successful in naming the country,



To My Favorite Blonde

Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,
Your tender, golden charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,
Your perfume heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your swift and gentle care,
I shun all washday wear and tear!

And when with me you've had your way,
I'm cleansed of 'Tattle-Tale-ish' Gray.

All substitutes I now decline,
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!



GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

I will have my chance to identify the Phantom Voice. If I name the Phantom Voice correctly, I will win the twenty-eight thousand dollars in merchandise prizes, which he has described. I can then give the nickname by which he is known to his friends, there is an additional prize of twenty-five thousand dollars in cash.

"Well, I guess you understand now, Mrs. Cohen," Danny Seymour was saying, *'what is at stake.'*"

As a fan of the Sing It Again program, Mrs. Cohen certainly thought she understood what was at stake. "But I didn't understand," she says, a bit ruefully, "not really. If I had understood would I, I wonder, have dropped that receiver quicker than I drop a red-hot skillet? I'm not sure, but," Mrs. Cohen chuckled, said honestly, "I doubt it!"

"Danny Seymour had me on that telephone for, in all, about fifteen minutes, every one of which was too tense with excitement that they should be printed, plain as A, B, C, on my brain."

"As the song, a parody of Wedding Day, came to an end, I heard a voice saying, 'Switzerland is the name of the country hinted at in the song.' And it's my voice saying it, although not even my own husband would have recognized it as mine. Then Danny Seymour is saying, 'Congratulations, Mrs. Cohen, that is the correct answer and you have won the chance—to guess the identity of the Phantom Voice.'

"It's like the crazy way things go in a crazy dream that I remember what went through my mind in the few minutes, or maybe seconds, before 'the chance of a lifetime' was mine to win—or lose."

"A television set, twelve-inch screen . . . Danny, again describing the merchandise prizes, was naming a television set as one of them . . . oh, Roberta, I'm thinking, oh, baby . . . A grand piano, I hear. I take a look at Papa. Papa is drumming, with his fingers, on the kitchen table. Once, long ago, Papa had a piano but it had to go. . . . A nine-hundred-dollar complete workshop . . . for Papa, I'm thinking, *who has to keep his screwdriver in with his socks* . . . Ten thousand cans of food, a refrigerator, an electric stove, automatic washer, a deep freezer to be installed, with a three-years supply of frozen foods . . . but we just got a new refrigerator, I'm thinking, and they won't allow you to have an electric stove in our apartment house and besides, installed where? I am asking myself measuring in my mind, our pint-sized kitchen . . . and the ten thousand cans of food and the three years supply of frozen foods—to be kept, where?"

"It was then and there," declared Helen Cohen, "that I should have dropped that telephone receiver and run away from fame and riches that were too rich for the blood, and much too rich for the flat, of the Cohens! But I didn't run. Luckily for me or, perhaps, unluckily, I wasn't rightly taking in more than half of what Danny Seymour was saying, the noise around me being what it was. For now the neighbors, too, were pounding at the door."

"Then, suddenly, it is quiet," said Mrs. Cohen, her voice hushed. "I can hear that pin drop. The Phantom Voice is about to sing. And, in the quiet, what the Phantom Voice sings is this:

*A tortoise told a household pest
Goodbye, goodbye!
An M.D. said you'll pass the test
Up in the sky.*

"The quiet stays unbroken. Out of the

corner of my eye, I see Roberta leaning against the radio, her hands folded, her lips moving. She is saying a prayer.

"Thinking over the lyric I say a prayer, too. I am a radio fan as ever was. I hear everyone and everything on the radio—political speakers, baseball and football games, the fights, the forums, plays, singers. I am a movie fan, too. I can recognize the voices of most of the movie stars. My hope had been that there would be something familiar to me, if only an inflection, about the Phantom Voice. There wasn't. That voice I had never heard before."

"For what seemed an hour, I just stood there, mute, and then Danny Seymour was saying, 'Are you there, Mrs. Cohen? What is it? Would you like to hear the Phantom Voice again?'"

Helen Cohen said, "Yes, please." The lyric was sung again. Then, "Well, Mrs. Cohen?" Dan Seymour was saying.

Mrs. Cohen didn't know the voice. She had never heard it. But she does know her movie stars, from way back. She remembers the silent stars and all about them. The "tortoise" rang a bell with her. She thought at once of tortoise-rimmed spectacles. The "M. D." meant something to her. The movie star whose trademark was a pair of tortoise-shelled specs married Mildred Davis. She even got the "household pest"—why the man with the specs had once worked for the Hollywood producer Hal Roach.

"This was near enough for me. I drew a big deep breath. I took a pot shot. I said 'He's Harold Lloyd.'"

"I heard Danny Seymour saying (or was he singing?) 'Mrs. Cohen, you have just won the twenty-eight thousand dollars in merchandise prizes!'"

"I could hear the studio audience whistling and clapping. Papa and the girls were hugging me. Mama was crying from happiness. The neighbors, hanging out of their windows, some of them now down in the street, were cheering and clapping. My excitement was such that I honestly didn't care—when I failed to win the additional twenty-five thousand in cash that would also have been mine if I had known Harold Lloyd's nickname."

"Specs was what I said."

"A very good try, Mrs. Cohen," Danny Seymour said, "but—I'm sorry—Speedy is the correct answer."

Mrs. Cohen wasn't too sorry, she insists. "How could I be?" she asked and added, sensibly, "after all, you can take only so much." But there was more to come. By a coincidence that had never happened on the program before, the Phantom Voice was in the studio that night and so, just before the program signed off Harold Lloyd, in person, joined Dan Seymour at the telephone to congratulate the prize-winning Bronx housewife who had so long, and so well, remembered him. "You are very lucky, Mrs. Cohen," said Mr. Lloyd.

It was midnight before things were quiet at the Cohens'.

"And for three or four days after that I was a celebrity," remembers Mrs. Cohen. "People I hadn't seen or heard from in donkeys' ages came. The telephone rang from morning to night."

Mrs. Cohen was photographed, at CBS, with Danny Seymour, and—"get me!"—with Harold Lloyd. She was on the Ed Sullivan television show the same night Harold Lloyd was there.

When she went to the store, people followed her. "Some of the neighbors asked for my autograph!" There were pictures of Mrs. Cohen in the newspapers. One, in the *Journal-American*,

peevish the prize-winning grandmother somewhat more than it pleased her. "It didn't look like me and the caption made me out fifty years old. I am forty-two, and Papa and the girls tell me I don't look that and they wouldn't kid me—or would they?"

"But it was all out of this world, it was like living a fairy-tale and we didn't come back to solid earth until the day Roberta came in, saying, 'Mom, the tractor's downstairs—what shall we do?'"

This was the beginning of what, for the Cohens, was to be the end. Day after day, the prizes arrived. The diamond rings, the diamond wristwatches, the linens and blankets, the fitted handbag, the gift certificates, the television set the grand piano ("Which, by way of the roof and at considerable expense, we managed to get in our flat!").

But the other things, the huge things—the fourteen-foot boat, with outboard motor, the heating unit worth \$1,700, the complete bathroom worth \$1,000 "to be installed" the nine-hundred-dollar workshop, the ten thousand cans of food, the refrigerator, electric stove, washer, deep freezer, the tractor, the plough, the farm wagon and—oh, yes—the whole dressed steer—*what*, in a four-room flat, could the Cohens do with such as these?

"We couldn't do anything with them," sighed Mrs. Cohen. "We couldn't even get them in the front door. If we'd had a house, a garden, a cellar, we might have kept our prizes but we haven't so much as parking space for anything except the new car and that we parked in the street. Moreover, the prizes all came 'stone door delivery,' which meant that if we had had them carried up four flights of stairs we would have had to pay for it, and plenty! We didn't have them carried up. We hired a loft and sent them all there."

"We hired a loft and then, when we learned about the tax we will have to pay on our prizes, we hired a lawyer!"

"The lawyer advised us that the tax is liable to be in the neighborhood of six thousand dollars. This is fair enough, I'm sure, but—Papa and I haven't got six thousand dollars."

There was only one way to raise the tax money and that way, the Cohens were advised, was to sell their prizes to the highest bidders. To sell them at auction, was the best way, they were further advised, to get the most money. And to sell them at auction—"Even though it hurt, you bet!"—is what the Cohens have done.

A few, a very few of the things, they held out. "The television set," said Mrs. Cohen, adding with a smile, "need I say? The grand piano—when I see the pleasure Papa gets from that piano, that it will not have to go is my hope. I'd like to keep the diamond rings and wristwatches but this, I know, is foolishness. If the things we cannot use, such as the tractor and the other enormous things, bring in sufficient money for us to meet the tax, we hope to be able to keep the car, too, but this I doubt . . . Meantime, we are marking time and keeping our fingers crossed until our lawyer can get around to figuring out just how much we took in from the sale of the prizes and whether it will pay the tax in full."

"So, the end of the fairy-story isn't quite as happy as it would have been if we had been able to keep all the gifts Santa brought us. Even so, I wouldn't have it different. It's been fun to live a fairy-tale. It's fun to believe in Santa Claus!"

When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 61)

possible. And you will have your child close to you without endangering anyone's happiness.

You can do much more in the way of rearing and educating your child than you could if you made her position known to your husband, to her, and to the world. It might entail moving from your present home, upsetting your married life, and ruining the happiness not only of yourself but of your other two children, whose welfare you must certainly watch over.

WHAT MATTERS MOST?

Dear Joan:

For the past two years now my husband has worked on a job that keeps him away for two weeks at a time, and when he is home it is only for a few days. Since we are young we feel that we are missing the things other young couples enjoy together, such as dancing, movies, etc. We have a small baby who seems to be growing up so fast that my husband doesn't even know him. We go over and over the situation trying to do what is wisest. You see, my husband's work pays so much that we can save toward his schooling and a secure future, so it always wins out. He has a job offered that would pay a small salary, where he could be home every day living a normal, happy life. We know from experience that love is the most important thing on earth, but that it can wear thin where money is scarce.
L.M.A.

Dear L.M.A.:

You know, convention would insist that I advise you to put your being together before all other considerations. But I'm not going to do that. I'm going, instead, to point out a fact that sometimes escapes us until it's too late to do anything about it. And that is, that the word "future" has two meanings. There's the future that stretches far beyond sight, the "some day" of fairy-tales, *the future that never comes*. And there's the future which can be counted in time as we know it: the future of which we can say "Next month I'm going to do such and such," or "Next year in December I'm going to buy this and that."

Which kind of future are you looking toward? It makes a vast difference in your decision. If it's the first—the future of which you say "Some day my husband will be able to stay at home with us," then I think that, regardless of the financial advantage of his present work, he ought to take the smaller-salaried job that would allow your home life to take a more normal form. Happiness is too precious, the growing-up years of your child too swiftly gone (as you've already realized) to be sacrificed to the vague hope that some day things will be different.

On the other hand, you say you are saving toward a definite goal: your son's schooling. If a reasonable length of time will see this sum accumulated—and by reasonably I mean brief, less than a year longer—perhaps the future benefits would be worth the present sacrifice. But if it will be longer than a few months, longer than a year before you have accumulated the money you need—give it up! Decide to get along on the smaller salary, and have the happiness now that you are putting off until the future. There's more than one way to reach an objective such as



Only one soap
gives your skin this
exciting Bouquet

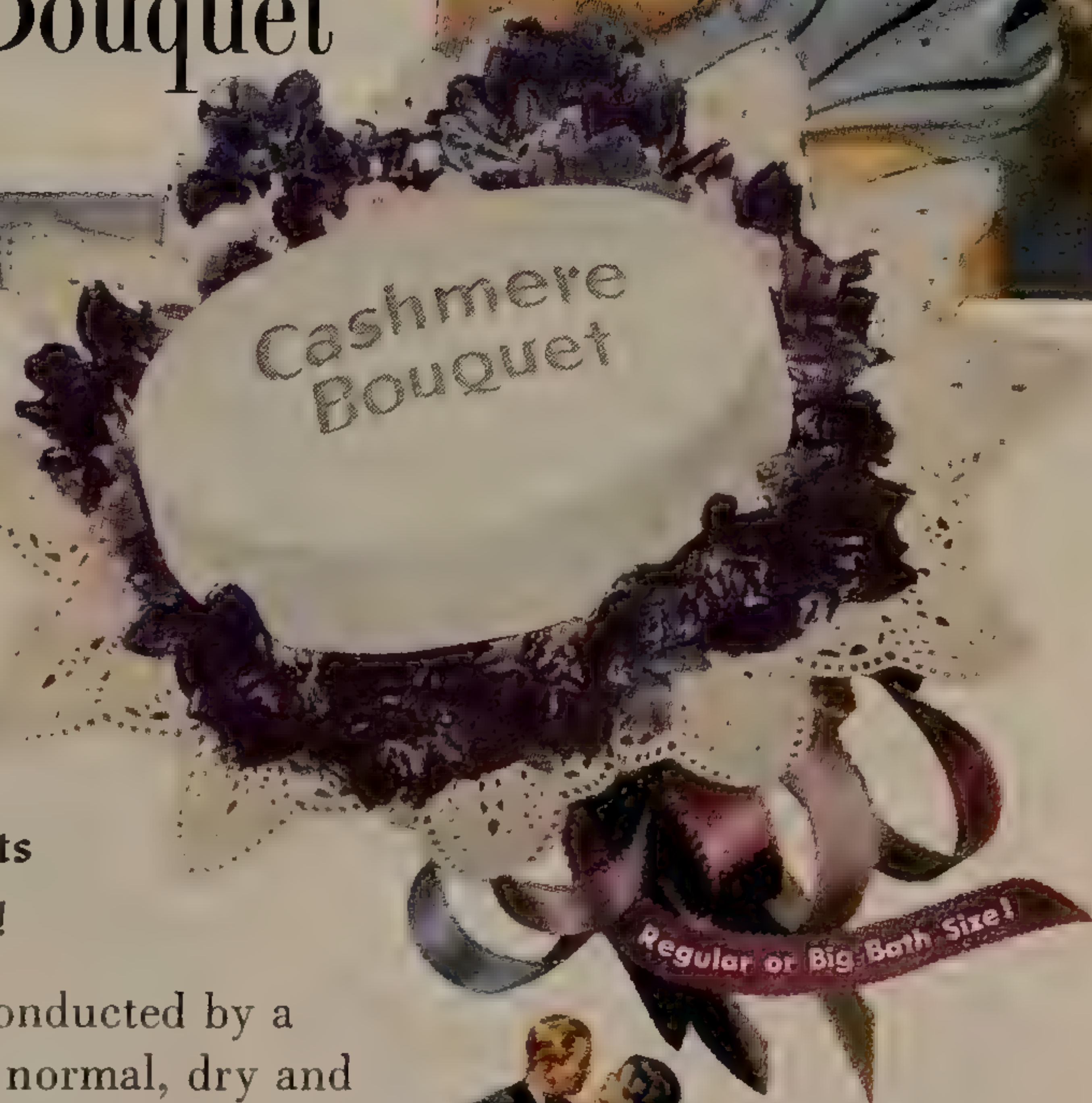
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Cashmere Bouquet
is actually milder than
most other leading
toilet soaps! Severest tests
on all skin types prove it!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted by a leading skin specialist on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* milder! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. More women buy Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love" than any other soap!

NOW—At the lowest price in history!

In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!



**Cashmere
Bouquet**

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Now! For truly Natural Softness, Natural Sheen . . .
Don't just "wash" your hair . . .

Condition Your Hair with New Drene Shampoo



Only New Drene has this amazing discovery—this wonderful new Beauty Conditioner that actually *conditions* your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen! It's an exclusive cleansing agent found in no other shampoo—cream or liquid.

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So get a bottle now—right away—

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- ① New Drene conditions your hair to loveliest natural softness, natural sheen . . . yet leaves it ever so easy to manage!
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yours, usually; the chances are high that your husband will find another way to establish security for his little family to replace the questionable course he is now taking—a way that will enable you to preserve your love and develop your relationship, instead of depriving you both of the companionship for which you married. And the benefit to your child of having his father's love and interest constantly around him must weigh very heavily indeed in the balance. Besides, what makes you think that the small salary of which you write must always remain small? Or that there may not be other, and better, opportunities available close to home? Don't magnify the difficulties. Get a new perspective on the problem. Perhaps you'll see that there are more than two ways to go about solving it. I'm sure there are.

The dilemma of Mrs. F. P., below, has been judged this month's best problem. Can you suggest a solution which offers some chance of happiness for Mrs. F. P.? Your letter may earn you \$25.

Dear Joan:

I have been married almost ten years to a man I once loved. In fact I still do love him, but not the same way because we have grown too far apart. My husband has only a few interests in life, and I do not seem to be one of them except in so far as I make him comfortable and prepare his meals. He once wanted to be a musician, and though he must now earn his money in other ways (he is in business with his father) he still practices hours a day on the piano and seems to care for nothing else. He is not even interested in working a little harder so that we might have a better home or more security for the future, but is content to just drift along waiting for the evening when he can be alone with his music. I have just begun to go to work myself, so that the future will be better provided for, but as long as his house is fairly clean and there is something to eat he does not seem to notice what I am doing. Also, I would have many friends if he shared my pleasure in them, but he always says "Why don't you go alone?" when I suggest visiting, and though I do my heart aches, for I think this is no way for a marriage to be. I am not the kind of person who enjoys doing things alone. I am lonelier in my marriage than I could possibly be if I were unmarried, and yet I am terribly afraid to do anything final like asking for a divorce. I have tried to become interested in his music, but he doesn't encourage or help me to do so. Life is so dreary, and I fear it will become worse as the years go by unless I find courage to make a break now while I am still on the young side. Or is there another way? I am still fond of him and would like to have him as a friend, but I cannot respect and look up to him as one should to a husband.

Mrs. F. P.

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Right now your druggist is
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Check with him today!

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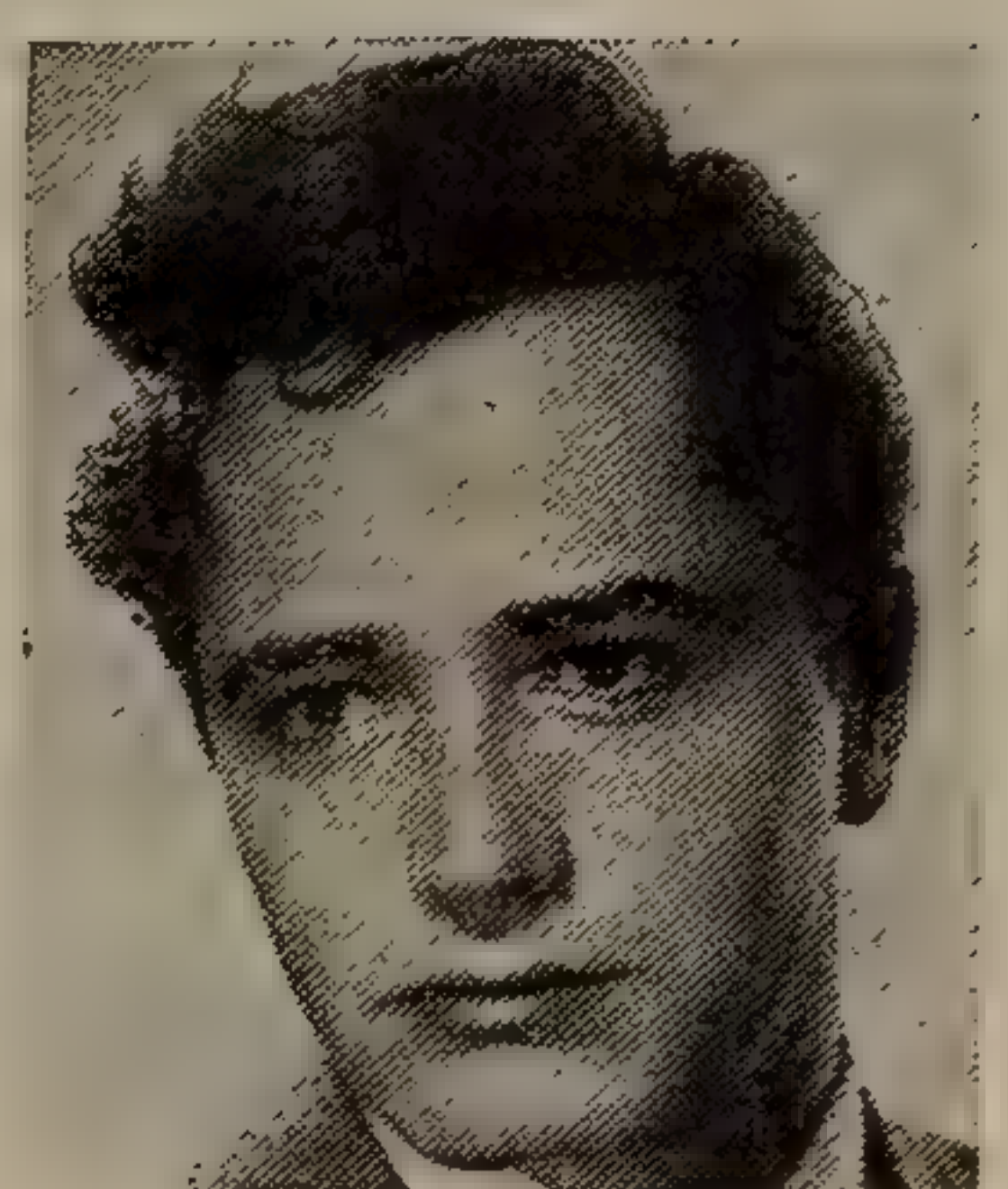


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High spots from your favorite hit motion pictures of 1949

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★ DIRECTORY OF HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

Accurate listing of all the studios, their addresses and where to write for pictures.

PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1950

(ON NEWSSTANDS ON JAN. 20)



LARGE Bust

Complete Line of "Yuth-Bust" Bra Designs to fit and flatter your individual figure type. **Secret Inside Control Gives You A More Alluring Youthful Bustline INSTANTLY.**

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WOMEN!
Sizes:
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Style
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Longline
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Self-Conscious about over-sized, spread out, sagging busts? Does your bustline make you look years older than you are? Both Longline and Bandeau styles of "Yuth-Bust" Bras have an exclusive patent pend. feature. Gives busts a bewitching separation. Style No. 101 and No. 202 Longline (pictured) also have SPECIAL V-CONTROL FEATURE of midriff support to help **FLATTEN BULGING STOMACH**; also girdle attachment hooks.

One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says: *I've always had expensive bras made to order. But I could never get the satisfactory fit, style and attractive bustline for my full bust that your "Yuth-Bust" bra now gives me.*
—Mrs. B. Hauft, Norwalk, Conn.



BEFORE Mrs. Hauft wore the "Yuth-Bust" Bra, she looked tired, older, matronly and heavier because of her large, spread out bust.



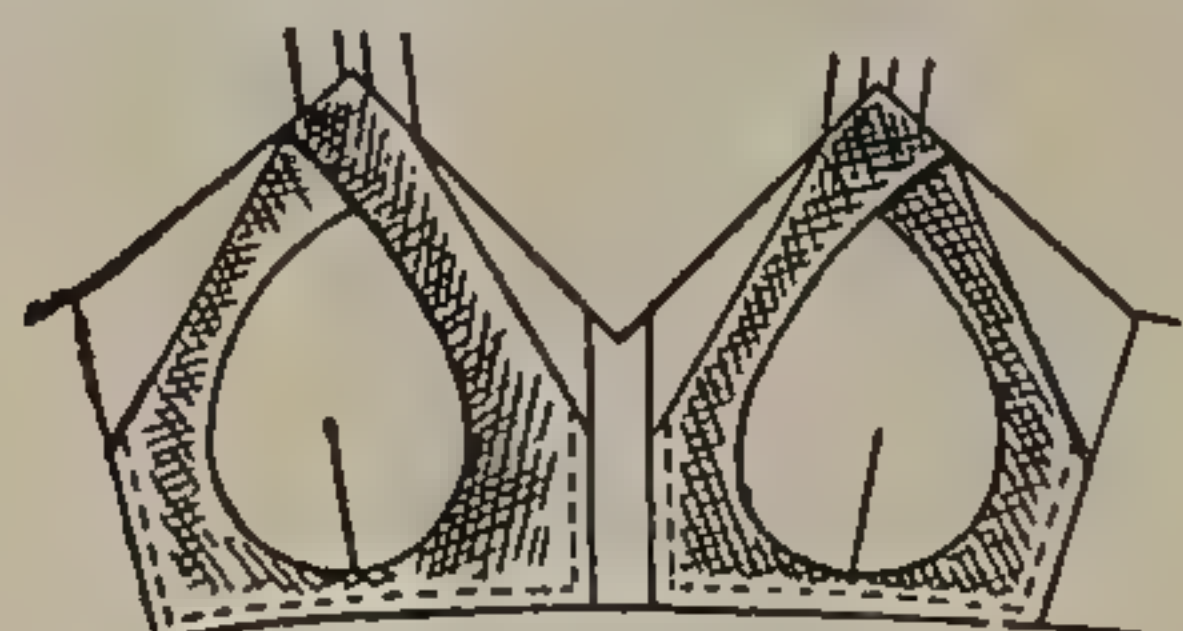
AFTER she wore "Yuth-Bust" Bra, her glamorous bustline permitted her to wear youthful, smart style clothes and go places with her husband.

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Look Slimmer and Years Younger
Light and comfortable—yet firm! Built-up shoulder straps of bra fabric. Simple adjustments. Excellent durable fabric—easy to wash.

SECRET INSIDE CONTROL
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STYLE	SIZE	COLOR	HOW MANY	NAME.....
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Special patent pend. bust molding feature on inside of all styles. Lifts, supports and cups large busts into the smaller youthful alluring shape you want, whether they are extra large, spread out or sagging.

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"Dear Hearts and Gentle People—"

(Continued from page 56)

yourself, Frances. You're a good girl. I'm not worried. But take care of yourself . . ." he kept saying as I got on the train. Yes . . . I wished my Dad could be there. I knew he would be touched by the way the home town was welcoming the Shores back home.

I was so happy my sister, Bessie—she's Mrs. Maurice Seligman—agreed to go along and officiate as my "secretary" and make it a double family feature. Although what with the hectic minutes of meetings and getting lost the instant she landed, Bessie was always kiddingly handing in her "resignation"—and I was always handing it back.

Bessie and I were given the bridal suite in the Andrew Jackson hotel. We were "sired" all over the state of Tennessee (a fact that really makes me a VIP with my young nephew in Hollywood) with special police escorts, including the two regular patrolmen assigned us. And talk about billing! Billboards at the baseball park and banners spanning the main street of Winchester. Ours was a welcome, king-size!

They were jam-packed, those three Tdays. Much too short to see all the people I wanted to see. "Sing your song, 'Dinah,'" the folks requested most everywhere we went. And when I'd begin, "But you see my name isn't really Dinah . . ." they'd yell back, "We know what your name is—Fanny Rose." Home is the only place I can sing that song without explaining that. . .

Funny how visiting the old home town haunts and driving by Hume Fogg High and Vanderbilt University, with its wonderful old red brick buildings, its familiar winding paths and old trees, my mind kept going back to that gal . . . Frances Rose. A kid whose joint ambition was to date the star football player and to some day be a great actress, neither of which ever paid off. I was going to make Eleanora Duse shrink in shame. Only I think it was Greta Garbo I was going to make go back to Sweden then. . .

It was wonderful seeing Beasley ("That Lucky Old Sun") Smith again. It was Beasley who, as musical director of WSM, got me my first radio job on a show called Rhythm and Romance and another college program on which I was billed as the "Little Cheer Leader of Song." Beasley always believed in me, insisting I had an unusual style of phrasing. Actually I didn't even know what phrasing was then. I just went along singing whatever came naturally.

Nothing had changed much back home in Winchester. Saturday was still as big a day as ever. Farmers were still selling from wagons around the square. Everybody had come to town, I was glad to find. Even our old home (except that we used to call it "the little brown house," and it had been painted white) was just the same. And the old cherry tree where we used to have a rope swing was gone from the backyard. Otherwise it was so real . . . walking around that old parlor where I used to always entertain Bessie's boy friends singing "My Canary Has Circles Under Its Eyes," with an enthusiastic ukulele accompaniment at the age of ten. So real . . . I half-expected to hear my mother's lovely throaty laugh. And to look up and see

Daddy coming in the front door, and look for the bulge in his pocket that meant he'd brought us some surprise.

It was funny the way all the home folks kept remarking to some member of the party, "Dinah? Why I can remember when I used to wipe her little nose." I loved the lady who said, "You don't remember me—but your father let me buy a winter coat for my mother and said, 'Just pay for it when you can.' He was a wonderful man."

Nobody had changed much. Except me—thank goodness! My hair's lighter and my teeth have been straightened. But the rest looked just the way I remembered them. It was a lot of fun seeing such haunts as MacDowell's Cafe, where we went for sodas, and Prince's Drug Store. And to have a picnic at Winchester Springs resort where we used to go swimming and hold social affairs. To go to the Franklin County Fair, which provided one of the highlights of my childhood, with its pink cotton candy, ferris wheel, merry-go-round, harness races—and the blue-ribboned booth with my favorite cakes.

Little did I dream then that some day I'd be going to the Fair as guest of honor. Or that I'd be introduced by Governor Gordon Browning, honored by local dignitaries; that the governor would make me an Honorary Colonel on his official staff! A particular privilege—they don't give away the title of Colonel with coupons in Tennessee. I was the second woman thus honored and was delighted to be in the distinguished company of Grace Moore.

Fair-side there were a few extra activities that only added to the fun. Such as when a little ten-year-old heartbreaker inveigled me into riding in a red cart drawn by two dignified billy goats. Such a little charmer, he was, with his serious face and big brown eyes—and so disappointed when the goats didn't make the uphill grade. Now I'm no floating zephyr myself, and by the time we picked up additional passengers—the goats, Tom and Jerry, just couldn't pull us over the hill. And this native daughter was out pushing the goat cart, pistachio-colored "Fair" dress with green velvet cummerbund, and all. And all the while our little chauffeur muttering, "Darn! I knew those goats would let me down."

There was another worried interval when I misplaced Ticker Freeman, who's been accompanying me so ably ever since I started in radio in New

York. But he finally turned up. And wouldn't you know I'd even lose my voice before the main event? (That was singing at the big baseball benefit at Sulphur Dell ball park.) After ten years, there's a lot of catching up on conversation to do, and by the afternoon of the big show I'd sung and talked myself right out of a voice.

I'd excused myself from singing at the Kiwanis Club luncheon the day of the big show, because of hoarseness.

"I've been going yucky-yuck for three days, so I guess I won't sing. I'll save up for tonight." Nobody had any objections. They all understood. But when I looked around at all my old friends I just had to sing.

But that trip home was meant to be perfect, and everything worked out. My voice came back, and although it had been funneling rain that afternoon and early evening, the rain stopped when I rode into the baseball park. It was almost as though even the weather was welcoming me back home.

Just call it the thrill of a lifetime, the whole affair! Joining up with home town talent like Beasley Smith, who directed the orchestra for me; with Snooky Lanson, a singer anybody could swoon over; and singing a duet with Francis "Near You" Craig. And at last—long last—getting a mention from a captain of the Vanderbilt football team, who presented me with a floral football on behalf of our old alma mater.

As for that wonderful crowd, bless 'em, who sat through all the early rain, and who backed me up so enthusiastically by clapping hands behind me when we did "Dixie." . . .

The benefit, I assure you, was all mine. To be so well remembered after ten years provided such a shot for my morale that the voice might be good for another ten.

Shortly after Ticker and I arrived back in Los Angeles we heard a song that seemed to express perfectly to my hometowners the love and gratitude I felt. It spoke of the "Dear Hearts and Gentle People" who live and love in my home town. We recorded the song and sent it straight home so that they would know in some small way that their generosity and kindness to me would never be forgotten. Every time I sing it I get a sort of lump in my throat—not only because of those thrilling, gratifying three days, but because of the happy, happy years of my early life which were made so by those "Dear Hearts and Gentle People."

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Adele Mara appearing in "Sands of Iwo Jima" a Republic Picture

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Every week, "True Detective Mysteries" offers \$1000 reward for information leading to the capture of a fugitive criminal.

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE . . . but I managed to find myself a cozy corner by the radio last Friday night and cuddle up to what I think is a pretty terrific, warm-hearted family . . . OZZIE, HARRIET, DAVID and RICKY NELSON. Along about 9 o'clock (Eastern Time) the nifty NELSONS gladden your local ABC station's airwaves with their happy-go-lucky humor and spontaneous good cheer. The wonderful wizard of OZZIE, his cute double-check-mate HARRIET, their bumptious boys DAVID and RICKY . . . all add up to a grand way to spend a Friday evening . . . joining in the entertaining "ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET." (And if you're still cold, you might try one of the H. J. Heinz Company's hot-delight soups. To quote a note from OZZIE: "At noon, at night, at other times . . . warm up with soups by H. J. Heinz!")

SOUP-TO-NUTS DEPT. . . . dished out along with more glamorous gimmicks such as minks, diamonds and trips-around-the-world . . . await winners on the fabulous "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" program. What a purseful of prizes they've given away! M.C. JOHN REED KING (he's one King I'd like to be ruled by) put's plenty of zing into proceedings every Sunday night at 9:30 (Eastern Time) when "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" comes your way on your local ABC station. I've already sent in my phone number to be eligible for some of that heavenly haul . . . why don't you? It's a real "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" . . . sponsored by the nice Bretton Watch Band people.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD GRIDDLE . . . who? . . . why? . . . what? . . . when? . . . how? . . . where? . . . get all the gossip straight from Hollywood's first lady of the luminary set . . . LOUELLA PARSONS on her Woodbury soap-box Sunday nights at 9:15 (Eastern Time) on your local ABC station. Lolly, by golly, knows the ins-and-outs of the movie industry and its starry inhabitants . . . and does a colorful, juicy job of reporting the latest about the greatest!

I'M "DATED" FOR A GREAT TIME FRIDAY NIGHTS . . . starting with THE LONE RANGER and ending with the FIGHTS:

The Lone Ranger	7:30 P.M. et
The Fat Man	8:00 P.M. et
This Is Your F.B.I.	8:30 P.M. et
Ozzie and Harriet	9:00 P.M. et
The Sheriff	9:30 P.M. et
Harry Wismer	9:55 P.M. et
Cavalcade of Sports	10:00 P.M. et

Joan Lansing

That's My Boy!

(Continued from page 59)

him then, "I want you to be anything and everything *you* want to be"

So—singin' it was.

I can tell you the furthestest thing from my mind, when I set out for America all those years ago, was the thought that I would someday become the mother of a famous singer.

I was just plain Mary Grady then.

I can remember as clear as if it were yesterday the day I landed in Boston with a brogue as thick as the grass of Carracastle. It makes me laugh to think back on what a wide-eyed young green-horn I was.

Not so green, however, that I didn't have my wits about me when I first got a glimpse of one Patrick McNulty! I met him while I was visiting some friends in New York.

We got married in the spring of 1911. It was a real old-fashioned Irish wedding with all the trimmings. Singing and dancing. And me with my beloved accordion. I suppose it's a bit strange, a girl playing such a thing at her own wedding but we've always been such music lovers in our family. My own mother had a beautiful voice, and it's probably from her Dennis inherited his talent for singing.

Even as a tiny lad, still in his crib, there was nothing that made Dennis so happy as to have me sit by and sing to him. He was a wonderful baby.

Dennis had a special sense about animals and things. A stray turtle could spot him for a handout from six blocks away. He brought home pigeons, dogs, cats—everything you could think of.

About the only other thing that absorbed Dennis as much as his menagerie was music and musical goings-on. We used to have a lot of fun in those days putting on family shows. And by family, I also mean the neighbors' children, too. Sometimes on week-ends there'd be as many as twenty-five young ones scrambling around our house.

What a great time we used to have! We had miniature vaudeville right in our living room. Sometimes we'd persuade Dennis and his sister Marie to put on an act for a church social or a benefit. It wasn't as easy as you think. Dennis didn't mind putting on a show in the house, but to make a public appearance—ah, that was an Irishman of another color. I remember a couple of times when I literally had to push him out onto the stage.

One time I had to promise him a corduroy suit that he'd been wanting. Although usually a soda or a candy bar would be bribe enough. Oh, that corduroy suit!

One day early in September, when Dennis was only five, I had shipped off the two older children to their first day of school. Then—I look around and no Dennis. And no corduroy suit.

After two hours I really began to get uneasy. I was about to phone Patrick when up the walk as nonchalant as you please comes Dennis in his suit, flanked on both sides by Marie and John.

"Dennis followed us to school," James explained solemnly. "And they got his name in a book in the office. We just brought him home for lunch."

"You mean Dennis registered for school?" I asked incredulously.

James said that was so. But after lunch Dennis didn't want to go back.

Three weeks later a truant officer showed up. It took some explaining to

convince the man that Dennis had been premature in his school registration.

It was when he was seventeen that Dennis went to Ireland, to see the country and my mother and father whom he had never set eyes on before.

He loved them. My mother, having such a fine voice and all, was so delighted that Dennis liked to sing. And my father loved the humor of the boy.

Of course Dennis always did have the knack for mimicry. No one escaped it. Sometimes I'd think I'd hear the milkman, rush out with the money, and there would be Dennis having his joke.

Then there was the time he sold that record of "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair." The beginning of the beginning it was, for about this time Jack Benny was looking for a replacement for Kenny Baker. Just for the dickens of it, Dennis sent Mary Livingstone a recording of "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair."

The minute she heard it, she felt the voice was exactly what they were looking for. She and Jack were coming to New York in a few weeks and she wrote New York and she wrote Dennis that they wanted him to do an audition for them. The audition was a success—and the next thing I know, I'm packing his bags for California.

When he first took me to meet Jack and Mary, I was trembling, so I thought my knees were made of molasses. But they soon scattered my fears away and were talking as though we had always known each other.

After we were sure it looked like a permanent job for Dennis, I went East and collected the rest of the family.

None of us have fallen into the ways of Hollywood glamor. We like to live as we always have—simply and together. We couldn't find a house big enough for our clan, so we bought a small apartment building.

I have one tiny confession to make. And that is, I did have a hand in Dennis' marriage to Peggy Ahlquist. I introduced them to each other. After that it was up to them.

I think I knew what to expect when I saw Dennis' face light up when he was with her. The way it lit up the day he decided to make music his career instead of law.

I was delighted when Dennis finally told me he was going to marry Peggy. She's the kind of girl you can't help loving.

And now, as you know, Peggy and Dennis are the parents of a third Patrick McNulty. (That's Dennis' real name, though of course everybody thinks of him as Dennis Day.) An enchanting little fellow he is. Got a voice, too. Not much melody yet, but loud. We'll probably be sending him into the cellar to practise like his father used to. In fact Dennis has already mentioned such a possibility. "It was good enough for me," Dennis says, "and I want my son to have all the advantages I had."

In a way I think Dennis was serious when he said that. About the advantages, I mean. The advantage of being in a home with lots of love.

That's one thing we never took away from our children. No matter what mischief they got into, what problems they created, they knew we loved them and wanted them. And they, in turn, gave us their love and confidence. That's our success. We're happy.

He Believes in Kids

(Continued from page 54)

bedroom and kitchen. They say they'll never go back to a big one again.

Bill is always stubborn where an ideal is concerned. On his recent personal appearance tour, in Atlanta, Georgia, they asked him to hustle up the line of children with whom he was shaking hands in a department store. If he did, they said, they could get a few of the waiting Negro children in. Bill told them to make two lines. It had never happened in the deep South before but Bill stood in the middle—one hand to the white children on one side, the other to the dark children. Everybody was happy.

In Brooklyn the cops were afraid the vast crowds would get out of hand and crush Bill standing in the middle of them. Bill prevented that by saying, "All of you, turn to the person next to you, shake hands, say Hi, Neighbor, and smile."

In Oklahoma City, the store in which he was supposed to appear was so packed he couldn't get in and the police got scared for the safety of the whole building and asked Bill to do something. He climbed on top a police car, called to the crowd and circled the block twice. They ran laughing out after him, like kids after the Pied Piper—and the danger vanished.

Bill never drinks or smokes because, he says, "I'll never willingly disillusion one person who believes in Hoppy." He's been thirty-five years in show business and claims this past one is the happiest. "It's gone to my heart," he says. "What makes me happiest is that Hoppy's success proves this country is beginning to settle down again. It's a great thing when a wholesome cowboy can keep a whole family together, watching his antics on a screen in their parlor."

You don't wonder, do you, when you hear things like that—that the young in heart—no matter what the dates are on their birth certificates—all love him.

Little boys and girls cluster around their television sets of a Sunday evening, bug-eyed. It's an event that they wouldn't miss for worlds. Their elders are equally enthusiastic, if somewhat more controlled, for Hoppy strikes a chord that lurks in all human beings, even in those whose childhood is but a nebulous memory. And it's no wonder, for Hoppy believes in people. But most of all, he believes in kids.



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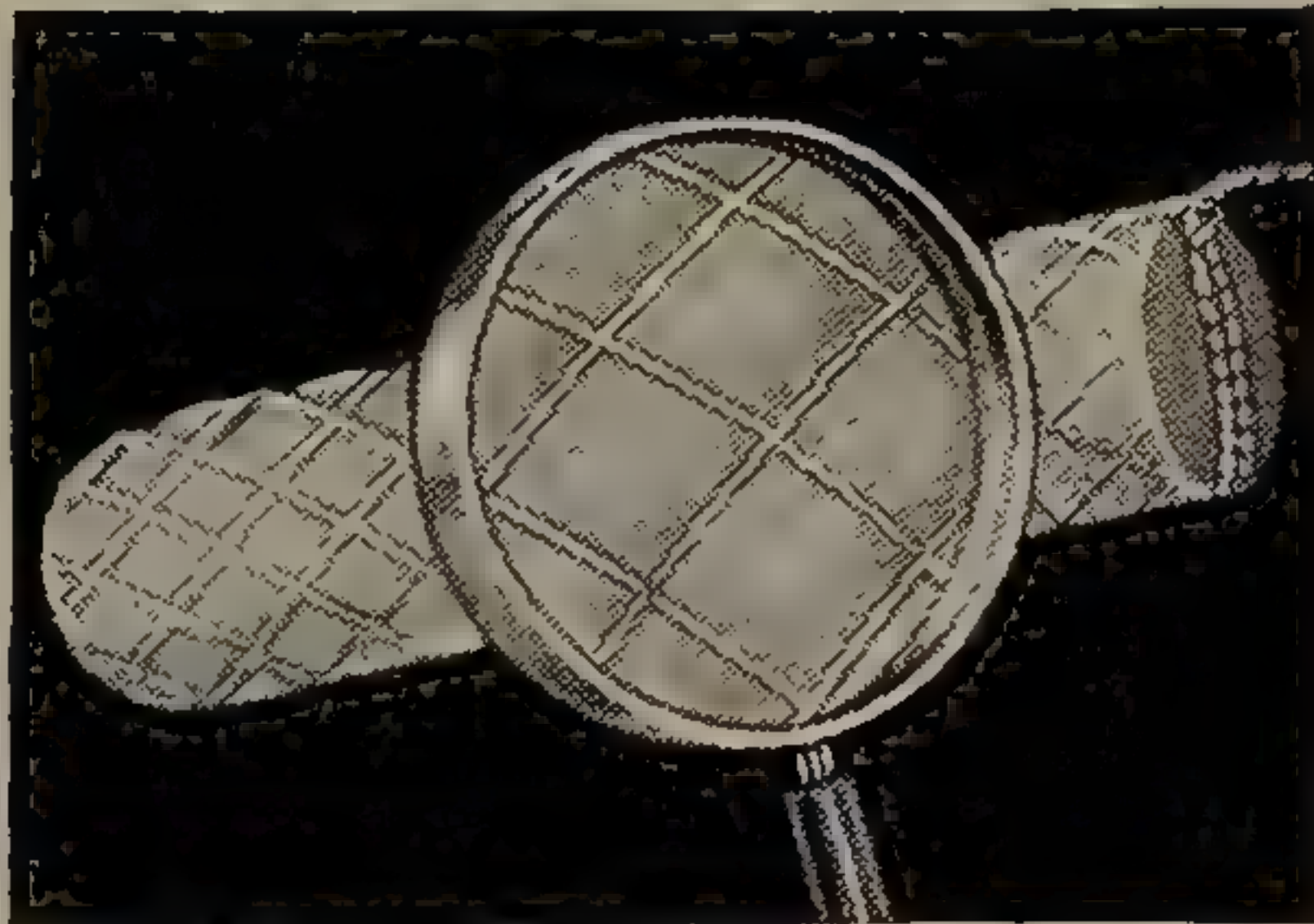
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Candid Camera

(Continued from page 49)

wanted to see again. So, he explained to the bewildered boy, he wanted cold coffee, sandwiches on stale bread, terrible pickles and squashed cake. The discussion about the spelling of "squashed" and Arthur's solution of writing "squeezed" helped increase the boy's confusion.

What impressed me about the interviews was how Funt got his subjects to go along with the conversation, after they decided he was slightly balmy, and even after they were really annoyed. I concluded it's because he has a friendly approach, a guileless smile, a sense of timing, and a terrific line.

My next call from Allen came late one morning. "Meet us at the Madison Square Pet Shop at one," he told me. "This time you can see the whole setup."

When I got there the crew was tearing itself reluctantly from the monkeys and the puppies to begin their preparations. They were deciding on the best spot at the counter for Allen to pose as a salesman. A compromise had to be made on the camera's location.

Customers came and went and nobody seemed to care. Allen told me later that most adults are either so unsuspecting, or so pre-occupied that they never ask questions.

"Children are more apt to spot us," he said. "They see and hear everything."

Lights were placed in strategic positions; the counter where Funt would tend store was blocked off with piles of merchandise, so his subjects would be kept close to the salt-and-pepper mike in a box of rubber toys.

Now Funt was ready for business, dressed in a big apron like the other clerks. I was across the store, lost among the fish bowls.

Funt waited on several customers but they were non-committal and didn't fall for his "reverse" technique (an example of which is the time he sent for an auto mechanic to *dent* his fenders). He seemed to sense the exact moment when a conversation would die out or would get amusing enough to record.

Three boys came in. Allen began to draw out the twelve-year-old, but the others broke in and the mood was gone. It was just as well, because quite a while later the boy came back and whispered in his ear, "Aren't you the Candid Camera man?"

Finally he struck pay dirt with his next two customers. The first was a man who came with a list of supplies for the boss's German Police dog. After considerable talk about the dog's size, color, diet, even his home address and telephone number, the fellow was so completely confused that he asked Funt to call his boss and get the order straight. Funt went to the back of the store, ostensibly to phone, and came back with the astounding news that instead of a German Police dog it was a tiny Chihuahua, and what the boss really wanted was bird seed.

By this time the man decided he'd better telephone himself.

The joke had gone far enough. "We'll go by this order," Funt told him. "And know what, pal? You're on television."

The news was received with an uncomprehending grin. Then he took a good look at the lights. "Sure," he said.

Actually he wasn't on television—yet. He was on film but until he signed a release, and accepted the token fee, nothing could be done.

Allen's next customer was a thirteen-year-old whose teacher had sent him to price guinea pigs for experiments in the science class. The conversation went about like this:

Funt: Are you sure your teacher wanted you to come here and buy five guinea pigs? What kind of experiments?

Boy: Well, we're going to feed one all protein, one all sweets, one starch. We're trying to find out what happens, like when they have too much starch.

Funt: But if I sell you the guinea pigs will you be nice to them?

Boy: Oh yes. We're supposed to take care of them. We're on the Committee.

Funt: What Committee?

Boy: Well, I'm on the Protein Committee. I'm chairman. There's four of us on each Committee. Anyhow, I just want to know how much five guinea pigs cost.

Funt: You're on television. Right now.

Boy: No I ain't.

Funt: Yes you are. With me.

Boy: Prove it to me.

The boy stuck his chin out. "Prove it to me," he repeated. So Funt let him listen to the playback.

"Now do you believe you were on television?" Funt asked.

"Well—" said the boy, reluctantly.

"You know, I think I'm going to sell you those guinea pigs," Funt told him. "You'll make a good scientist. You don't believe anything until you see it."

"How can I prove it to the teacher and the kids," the boy demanded.

"I'll fix it so they see the show," Funt promised him.

The boy started to leave the store, came hurrying back. "But what about the guinea pigs?" he wanted to know. "How much will they cost?"

"That's it," Funt shook his head. "The best things happen when it's all over."

Allen Funt himself is a good-looking fellow, big, pleasant-mannered, devoted to his wife Evelyn and his small son Peter. He studied to be a commercial artist, went into an advertising agency as paste-up boy, graduated to copy writing, worked on radio accounts, opened his own office—though not as quickly or as easily as it's written here.

His Candid Microphone program was on radio for sixty-five weeks and Candid Camera evolved from it. It took several years to put them across.

"First, I thought we'd be accused of eavesdropping, and nobody likes an eavesdropper. Then I discovered only one in a hundred got huffy and I could always make that one laugh it off.

"Second, without provocation not enough happened. People had to be heckled. When I made some presentation records I was the heckler. I didn't plan to continue. I never had training as an actor and don't want any."

At this point I brought out the big question. "What are you going to do when more and more people recognize you on sight? How, then, can you keep Candid Camera candid?"

"Oh, we've got that all worked out," Allen answered. "We'll go into full scale make-up then."

As we finished talking I saw that the recorders were still open. It looked pretty suspicious. Had I been a "subject" too?

I don't know, but maybe we'll be meeting soon—on Candid Camera, of course!

"I Made Them Myself!"

(Continued from page 63)

rected below. Place in well greased pans, cover, and let rise again 1 hour, or until doubled in bulk. Brush with egg beaten with a little milk. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Decorate with currants.

Shaping Rolls:

Just Plain Rolls: Shape equal amounts of dough into round balls, rolling between floured palms. Set in greased muffin tins to rise.

Cloverleaves: Shape equal sized pieces of dough into small round balls. Hold 3 together, dip in melted butter, and set in greased muffin tins to rise.

Seeded Braids: On a lightly floured board roll equal-sized pieces of dough into ropes ¼ inch in diameter and 6 inches long. Join 3 ropes at one end and braid through entire length. Fasten well at bottom, ends underneath. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle poppy, caraway, or cardamon seeds over top. Let rise on greased baking sheet.

Raisin Nut Ring

Makes 1 9-inch ring (serves 6)

Prepare and turn out on floured board:

½ recipe Refrigerator Rolls

Roll dough into oblong ½ inch thick and 10 inches wide. Brush with melted butter.

Combine:

¾ cup sugar 1 cup seedless raisins
1 teaspoon cinnamon ½ cup chopped nuts
Spread on dough. Roll like a jelly roll, working from one long edge to the other. Cut into 1 inch slices. Make 2 layers around 9" tube pan. Brush top with melted butter. Let rise until doubled in bulk (1 hour). Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 40 minutes. Turn out and glaze with Confectioner's Sugar Icing.

Confectioner's Sugar Icing

Sift, then measure:

1 cup confectioner's sugar

Add gradually:

1 tablespoon hot water

until icing has spreading consistency.

Add: ½ teaspoon almond flavoring

Beat until smooth. Brush on rolls.

Shaping Filled Rolls:

Surprise Packages: Roll out dough ¼ inch thick. Cut into 2 by 2 inch squares. Place filling in centers of half the squares. Cover with second square and pinch edges together. Let rise on greased baking sheet and bake.

Crescents: Roll out dough ¼ inch thick. Brush with melted butter. Spread with filling. Cut into triangles. Roll triangles, working from end with two points, toward single-pointed end. Place on greased baking sheet, curving end slightly. Let rise and bake.

New Sweet Roll Fillings

Each recipe enough for ⅓ recipe dough.

Sweet Apricot Filling

Combine in saucepan:

½ cup unsweetened apricot pulp 1 tablespoon orange rind
½ cup honey

Simmer together 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Spread on dough.

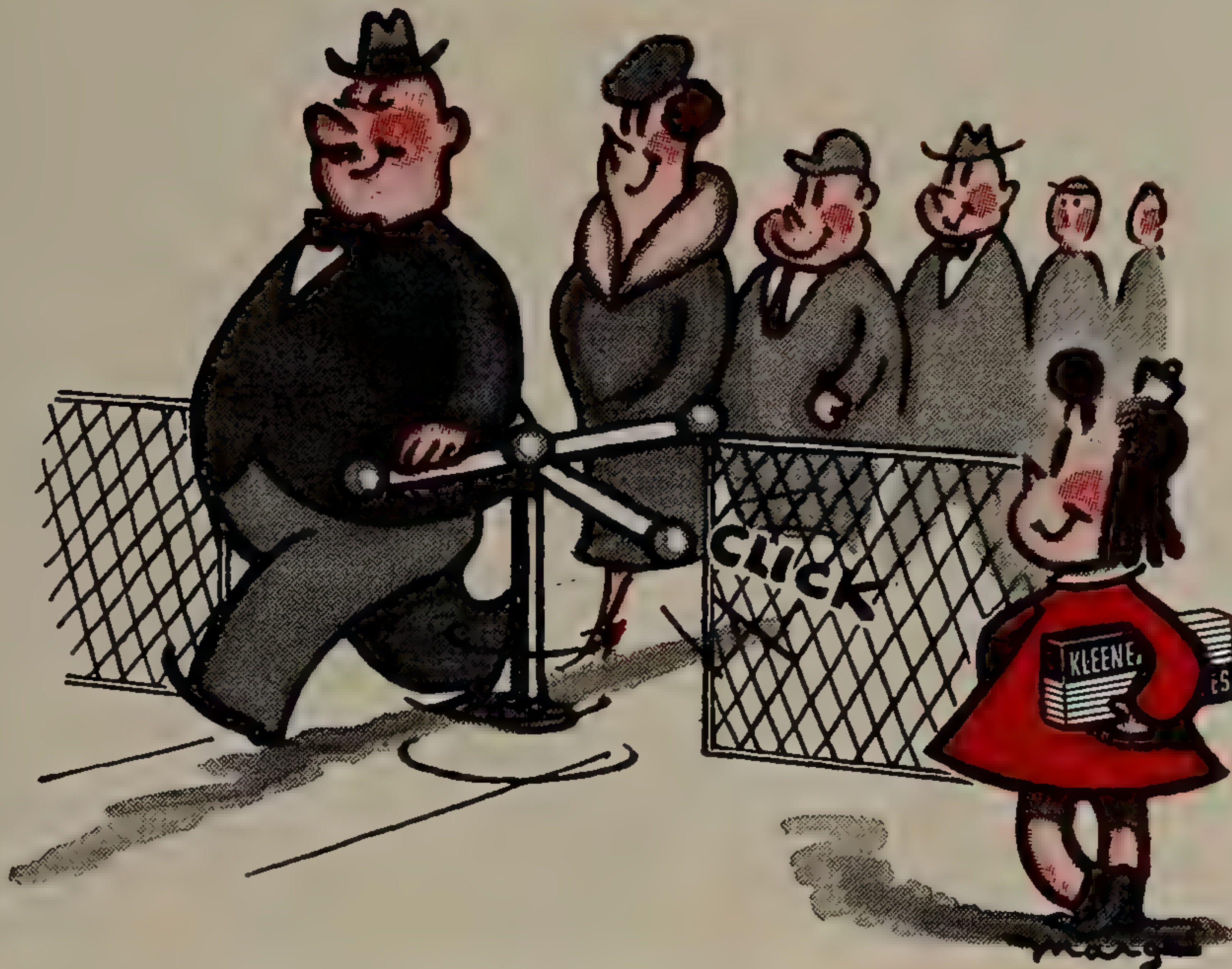
Prune Cheese Filling

Blend together:

1 cup cottage cheese 2 teaspoons lemon rind
½ cup cooked prune pulp 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Spread on dough.

LITTLE LULU



Just one at a time - like Kleenex!

Little Lulu says: WHY FIGHT WITH A PACKAGE?
WITH KLEENEX TISSUES YOU CAN PULL
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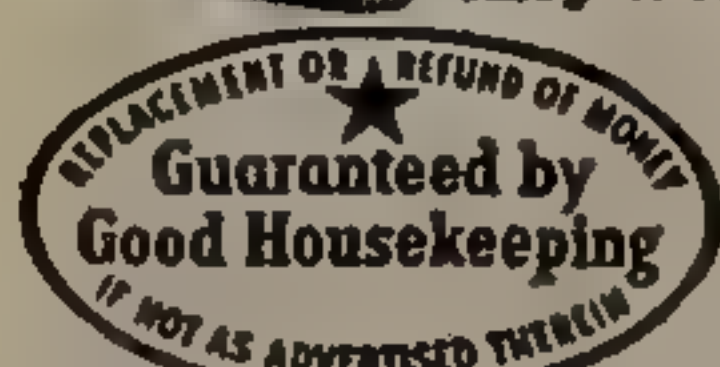
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ASK ANY DRUGGIST ANYWHERE

My Boss, Walter O'Keefe

(Continued from page 45)



Pat's mother spansks!

Pat spills crumbs all over the clean rug, and mother has to drag out the vacuum again. It makes her mad enough to spank!



Pete's mother doesn't!

Pete has crumb trouble, too... but his unruffled mother gets the mess quick, with her handy Bissell Sweeper. She saves her vacuum for heavy cleaning, uses her Bissell® for all quick daily clean-ups.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"® BRUSH ACTION

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New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.45. Illustrated: The "Flight" at \$9.45. Prices a little more in the West.



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Walter O'Keefe gets more good spontaneous laughter out of his contestants than any other quizmaster in radio.

"When the contestants are getting the laughs, the show is clicking," O'Keefe declares—and means it.

That this happens so frequently on Double or Nothing is, for me, simply explained. O'Keefe inspires people to rise above themselves. The first job I ever did for him is a perfect example of that.

Walt came along at a crucial time of my life—summer, 1940. After considerable early success in the musical side of radio, I'd suffered a serious illness, which, coupled with a long convalescence, had completely severed my connections so that I'd been reduced to playing the piano in a Connecticut summer resort inn. With a wife and three sons to support, and nothing in sight after the summer season was over the outlook for me was a bit grim. It brightened more than a little when I first met Walt through doing some vocal arrangements for his wife, Roberta, at that time a featured singer in Broadway stage shows. Before long, Walt and I had begun a song-writing collaboration that continues to this day. He's words, and I'm music.

One night, after I'd known him only about three weeks, I got a telephone call from O'Keefe at the place where I was working. "How'd you like to conduct the orchestra in a musical air show I'm auditioning?" he asked me. I said I would, and I did. However the show failed to connect with a sponsor; deprived of this vital connection it perished, taking with it a bale of O'Keefe's cash. Walt went back to vaudeville and the night clubs to re-establish his pre-eminence in the field from which he'd first bounded up to radio's dizzy heights. I went with him as his accompanist. I had a barrel of fun and I learned more about the fundamentals of show business in those years on the road with Walt than I could have learned in a life time of studio work.

To hit just a few of the spots of the O'Keefe career, we'll have to go back to Hartford, Connecticut, where Walt was born in the year 1900. Walt began his travels by voyaging to London, England, at the age of twelve, to live with his mother's brother, a Catholic priest. Four years of the devout presbytery atmosphere gave young Walter the idea he wanted to be a priest like his uncle, whom he greatly loved and admired. One year in a junior seminary back in Hartford convinced him he'd mistaken his vocation. His puckish eagerness to make people laugh, and his delight at finding this not too difficult, deflected his aim from the pulpit to the stage.

Next stop for O'Keefe was South Bend, Indiana, where he enrolled at Notre Dame, and, not liking the university's freshman accommodations, wangled a room in Knute Rockne's home.

"Rock got me my first bookings as an entertainer," Walt will tell you with obvious satisfaction. "As the outstanding football coach of his time, he was in great demand as an after-dinner speaker at civic gatherings around the state. He used to take me along as his introductory speaker, to tell a few jokes and put people in a good humor."

Between his freshman and sophomore years at Notre Dame, Walt spent a year in the U.S. Marine Corps, in 1917-18.

Various illnesses culminated in severe influenza frustrated his hope of getting overseas; he celebrated Armistice in sick bay.

After returning to Notre Dame and being graduated with a B.A. degree, he went into newspaper and advertising work until the big Florida boom of the mid-twenties sired him southward. In Florida he teamed up with Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur and J. P. McEvoy to promote Key Largo.

Then the boom busted. Sad to say, Hecht, MacArthur, O'Keefe, and McEvoy had believed in their own publicity and invested heavily.

About this time Walt decided to give his old yen for show business something to feed on and headed for New York where, after a brief interlude of selling real estate, he worked into small time vaudeville as a solo song and act, complete with straw hat and ukelele. He saved paying royalties on his songs by writing them himself.

From vaudeville O'Keefe worked into the nightclubs, emceeing and singing in floor shows, first for Texas Guinan, later for Barney Gallant. His nightclub career reached an early climax when he opened a new super-flossy mid-Manhattan night spot as the featured star with his name up in lights and a salary of \$780 a week. For his first night Walt wrote a new song, a typically witty number kidding Tammany's candidate in the mayoralty race which was in full heat at the time. His song brought down the house, but it also brought down on Walt the wrath of the nightclub owner who, unbeknownst to O'Keefe, was a Tammany man. His second night he was looking for another job.

It was about this time that Walt met and fell in love with the lovely blonde ingenue of "Bandwagon," the show which some competent critics have called the best musical ever staged on Broadway. The ingenue's name was Roberta Robinson. Not long after meeting Walter, she changed it to Roberta O'Keefe. That was in June, 1932. In their more than seventeen years together, Walt and Roberta have produced two sons and a solid, happy marriage. I spend a lot of my off-studio time at their house, and I know.

After his marriage, Walt went back into radio and for the next several years was never far from radio's top, both in prestige and in earnings.

Then came his big gamble on the expensive musical air show, in which I conducted the orchestra—and it flopped, just about cleaning out the O'Keefe bankroll. So that, at the age of forty Walt had to rebuild his career, if not from the basement up, at least from the first floor.

He's come back to the top in radio through seeing and seizing an opening that a lot of other stars had overlooked. Early in 1947, he spent a few weeks filling in for Don McNeill on the Breakfast Club while Don was ill. That experience opened his eyes to the importance, as well as the enjoyableness of daytime radio.

"This daytime stuff is for me, from now on," Walt told me one day, while he was still on Breakfast Club. "The whole atmosphere is different from that ulcer-breeding tension you get on the nighttime shows. This is so much more relaxed, informal, that it's fun. And

you get a much more faithful audience; if they like you, they stay with you. Look at Don. I think I'll go after some of this. What do you think, Irv?"

"I'll buy every word of what you just said," I replied.

Let me say here that, in his business affairs, O'Keefe really practices that democracy he preaches. On all projects a vote precedes any decisive step. The voters are, Walt, Roberta and myself. When the vote goes against one of the ideas he's continually generating, Walt stoppers his enthusiasm, and forgets the whole thing. He never attempts to override the decision.

On his going into daytime radio, however, the vote was unanimously "Aye." And without to much delay there was formed that connection with our sponsor and NBC which has continued so pleasantly through the past two years. Not long after taking over Double or Nothing. Walt sent for me to preside over the piano and organ.

Of course, no small chore like a daily radio broadcast could be expected to exhaust more than a fraction of the O'Keefe creative potential, nor take up more than a portion of his energy.

If his two small sons, Mike and Tony, could be home all the time, they'd probably manage to take up considerable of the slack in both potential and energy—as it is, Roberta has to remind Walt that he's getting a little brittle for backyard football. It's just as well that the program doesn't take all his time, however—he'd never hold still for that. Walt's a family man, and in his life there'd have to be plenty of time for his wife and his sons, or he'd soon rearrange that life so there was!

One of the things Walt's always wanted to do is to write, and at the present time he's working on his autobiography—that's what he does on those sandwiched-in trips to Arizona, when he can manage them. At home, too, he types away on that during his spare time, or does some polishing on the musical show he and I have written. His shaving time every morning is reserved for thinking up gags to be used on Double or Nothing that day, in case the contestants don't come up with any. The balance of the time he just loafs—sometimes as long as twenty minutes a day!—on the big, glassed-in lanai at the back of the house.

Weekends belong to Mike and Tony. Anything the boys want to do, Walt's their man. One football game they never miss, when it's played in California, is Notre Dame vs. U.S.C. One of the most highly-prized O'Keefe possessions is a football bearing the autographs of all the Notre Dame players and of the coach, Frank Leahy.

Roberta doesn't consider this object a suitable decoration for the living room mantel, where it was put when first borne home in triumph. But so far she hasn't succeeded in getting it taken down. When the question of whether the ball belonged upstairs or down was put to a vote recently, I abstained (for obvious reasons) leaving the issue hopelessly deadlocked.

Later, Walt privately thanked me for not voting. "I know you agree with Roberta," he said, "but thanks, anyway. Now I think we should just forget the whole thing until Mike and Tony get to voting age and then we'll have another election. Meanwhile—well, the ball might as well stay where it is."

If I were O'Keefe, I wouldn't count too many chickens. Those boys are pretty fond of their mother, too.



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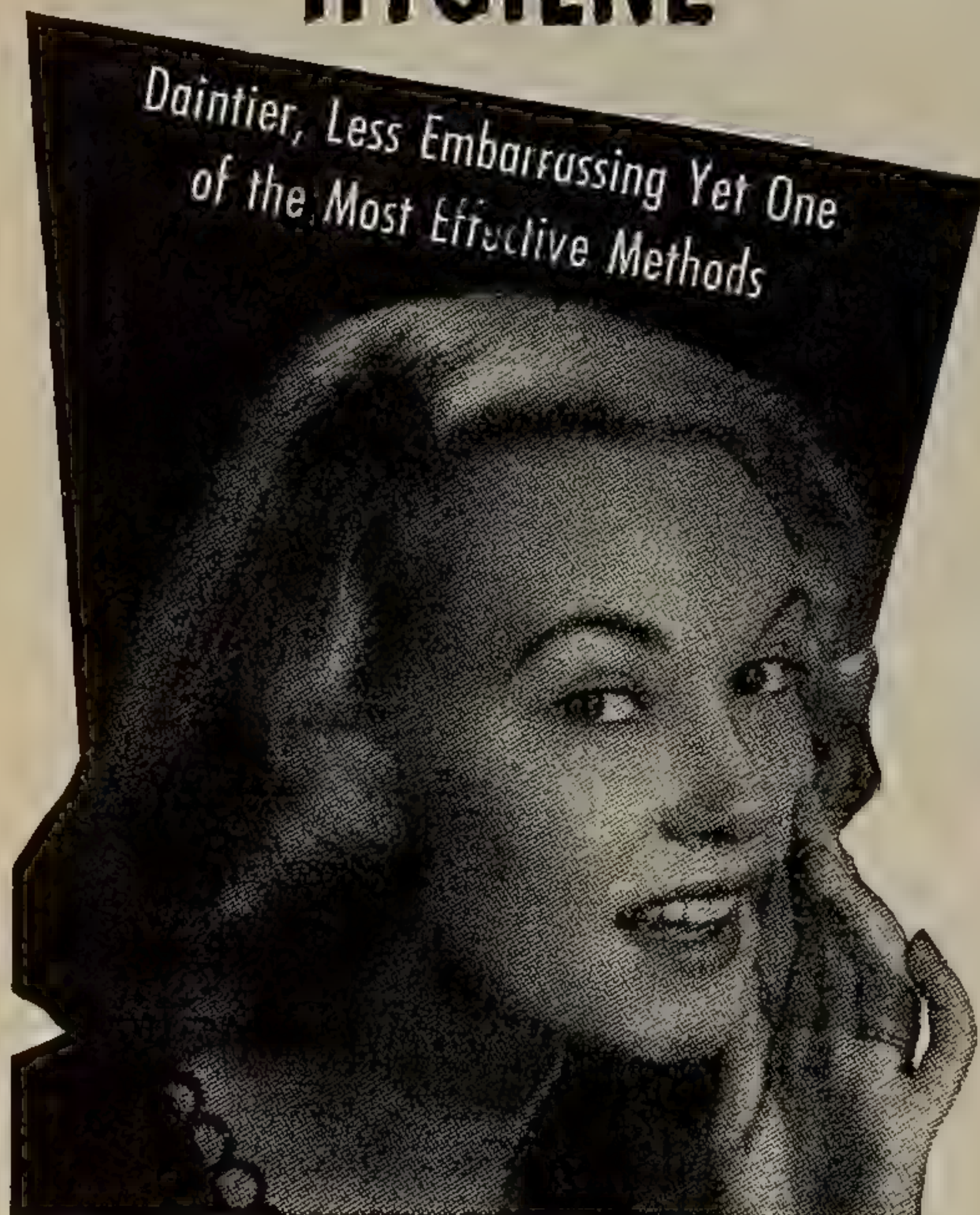
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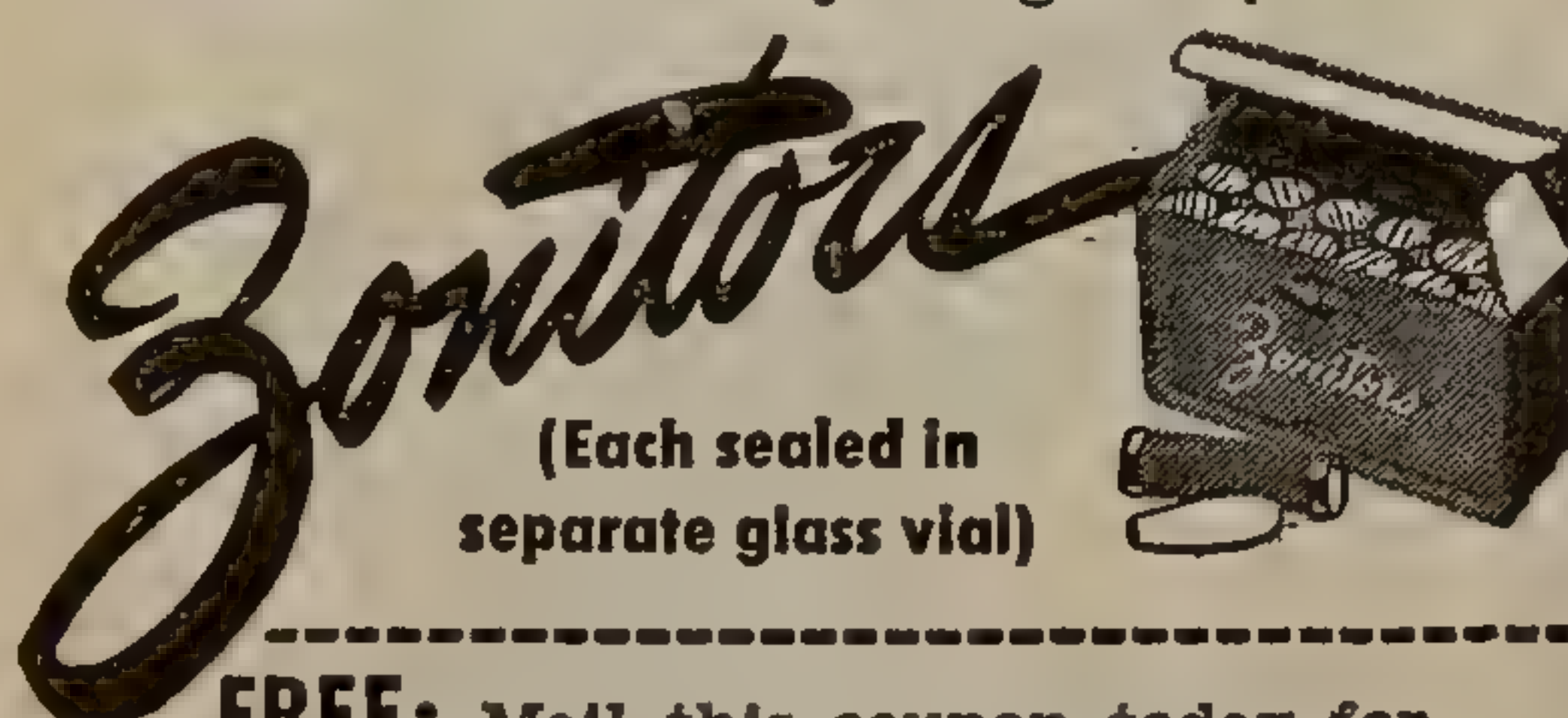
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They Made Me Welcome!

(Continued from page 26)

stories are read all over the world. David Nichol of the *Chicago Daily News*, Eve Barden (Mrs. Nichol) who writes for the *New York Sun*, Carlter L. Davidson, head of the A.P. bureau, and John B. McDermott, U.P. bureau head. Later at Rhein-Main, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Gaskill told us about sailing down the waterways of the Continent, with Italy and the Mediterranean as their goal. They were waiting for the late summer rains to fill the Rhine river so they could continue their junket. In the meantime Mr. Gaskill was busy as the on-the-scene reporter for the *American Magazine*. Ed Hocker, NBC representative in Germany paid us a visit in Rhein-Main too.

It was in Munich that one of our own staff, Stella Kavall, had an experience that was funny to talk about afterwards, but at the time was nerve-wracking for her. She had hurried out alone, after breakfast, to buy a blond cuckoo clock. Fifteen minutes past our bus departure time for the airport, we became agitated because Stella had not returned. Some time later we saw her, running up the street to join us.

As we drove away, she, still excited and upset, told us what had happened. On her way back to the hotel she had attempted a short cut through the Munich railway station. But to her dismay when she reached the exit, she learned she had to have a ticket to get out. There was much shouting of "Nien! Nien!" by the guard. Even though she offered to buy a ticket the guard would still not release her.

Finally she spied a door that led to the American Snack Bar in the station. She told her troubles to an American M.P. "Tell you what we'll do," he said, as they passed through another set of swinging doors. "Keep going toward the street and don't look back. I'll take care of the rest."

Tearfully Stella thanked him, and as she reached the street, she heard loud noises in the background. But by that time she was in sight of the bus and us.

At the Fassberg Royal Air Force base, a Polish refugee told me one of the most heartbreaking stories I heard overseas. His bride-to-be, who wore a Red Cross insignia on her arm, was shot down while they were walking together. Later he had his revenge. Now he is working for the R.A.F.

It was in Fassberg too, that we put

through a telephone call to San Francisco, so Charles Johns of Eaton Rapids, Michigan, could talk to his fiancée, Miss Marie Heller. We all listened in while he told her his plans for their future. And she, well she couldn't believe that Charles was halfway around the world from her.

In Heidelberg we ran into a neighbor, well almost a neighbor. Pretty Priscilla Mullins used to have a Winnetka address, which is a suburb of Chicago. When she talked to me in the spacious Stadt-Halle she was as excited as a bride, and well she should be, because two days later, in satin and lace from Brussels, she was married to an American army officer. W. T. gave her a gleaming sterling silver service for six as a wedding present.

It was fitting that in Paris I met a beautiful model. Her aunt, Mrs. Nancy Corper, was a returning traveler to our Welcome Travelers party, as she had been our guest in Chicago several months earlier. This time she brought her beautiful American niece, Miss Barbara Barrett along. Barbara is one of Christian Dior's loveliest mannikins. And the air men in the audience certainly voiced their appreciation of her.

On this junket about Europe I noticed that wherever an American goes, he takes a bit of the U.S.A. with him. It might be just a tune a serviceman whistled. Perhaps it would be the flair with which an American coed wore her twin sweaters and tweed skirt. Often it was a retired couple from the Midwest, who gave Paris a feeling of Main Street as they strolled along the Seine stopping to leaf through books in the stalls.

Right here I'd like to tell the mothers and fathers and sweethearts at home, that their boys who are on duty in Europe are doing a big and fine job. I saw a great number of them and each and every one rates a well-deserved pat on the back. And while they are interested in their work overseas, they all wanted to know about what was happening back home. They were very anxious to be back.

I understood their feelings too. Europe is interesting, but when the C-54 landed at Westover Field in Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, I thought, this is it. This is where I belong. I'm home again in U.S.A.

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Pacific Time

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 39)

to borrow it. It was not practical to move the bulky equipment nearer to Mr. Boyle's expensive ringside than Hoboken, so an aerial was rigged there between two towers of the Lackawanna Railroad, and a telephone line was strung to the edge of the squared circle.

As fight time drew near, the crowd was so dense that Major White had to slug his way to his seat—very different from today when police and management take all pains to smooth the way for men with mikes. White's blow-by-blow description was telephoned to Hoboken where an assistant respoke his words to eager "fight parties." People without radios had gathered around the sets of friends lucky enough to be within the short radius of the temporary station, just as fans do around television sets today.

The broadcast lacked the contagious excitement that Graham McNamee was to introduce to sports broadcasting two years later, but its effect on the country was sensational. Women did not go to prize fights in those days except with rare and very conspicuous exceptions. Suddenly, the parlor was at ringside. Interested or not, the feminine half of the nation began to hear fights. Soon women were taking an avid interest in what had been exclusively masculine entertainment and were talking about knockouts and home runs, too. Father began to have trouble getting the sports page first and shrill feminine screams were heard in the bleachers. Was nothing sacred?

In this year the great announcer, Milton J. Cross, made his debut on the air—as a tenor soloist! Through the years his voice was to become one of the best known on the air. Who hasn't heard him sing out "Wake up, America! Time to stump the experts!" on Information, Please? Who doesn't remember his gloriously named Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, or admired his properly solemn announcements for the Metropolitan Opera which he does over ABC today?

Milton Cross was firmly set on a concert career when he joined the newly opened WJZ. He took the job as staff singer as a sort of stopgap—nothing to boast about. The station wasn't either. Its control room was a partitioned-off part of a restroom in the Westinghouse plant in Newark, New Jersey. In this cubby-hole the entire staff of three worked. Until young Milton arrived, two men had been the entire program, continuity and announcing departments. In their spare time they rounded up speakers, arranged musical numbers and took the mike themselves when talent failed to turn up, which was often. Performers still were not paid and frequently when the time came to journey across the Hudson to give a free show on the air they "forgot" the date.

After working six months as the entire talent pool of WJZ, Cross was promoted to announcer and has been one of the greatest ever since.

WJZ's first program was a terrific novelty, and it took the air with these memorable words, "ACN of WJZ. We are about to play a record so that you can tune your sets. Please stand by. We are about to bring you, as advertised, a running description of the World's Series championship baseball game between the New York Giants and the New York Yankees."



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The "running" account was the reading of bulletins as they were received by telephone from the *Newark Call*, but listeners thought it sensational. It was the first time the World's Series was heard on the air.

In those days announcers were not identified by name. Instead a whole series of nicknames and call letters became famous. Cross, for instance, was known as AJN of WJZ. The A stood for staff announcer. The J his middle initial (Thomas Cowan, his chief was already known as ACN) and N stood for Newark.

This practice was followed all over the country. Listeners had favorites, but they knew them as The Solemn Old Judge of Nashville, Detroit's Merry Old Chief, Atlanta's The Little Colonel, The Hired Hand in Dallas, The Bellhop in St. Louis and Gloomy Gus in Lincoln, Nebraska.

Early in 1921 a courageous minister broadcast the first church service to go on the air. He was the Reverend Dr. E. J. Van Etten of Calvary Episcopal Church in Pittsburgh, and there was a certain amount of criticism of him for his pioneer daring. In some quarters the air was not considered dignified enough for the word of God. And wouldn't services on the air encourage the flock to be lax in church attendance? Wouldn't this mean the eventual end of big congregations? Just the opposite happened. People who had not been to church for years were reminded, and, more important, millions of people cut off by distance or storm or illness were to find solace in services on the air through the coming years.

No one knew how many people were listening in those days, so it was an eye-opener when Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, spoke over KDKA about the need of starving Europe for help, and got \$25,000 in the mail. It was considered an almost incredible response but contrast that figure with the \$3,000,000 that Walter Winchell's appeals for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund have brought in to date.

On September 10 the *Pittsburgh Post* started printing the KDKA programs as part of the news, the first newspaper to give regular daily space to radio. During the same month William A. Magee, who was running for mayor of Pittsburgh, made a campaign speech over the air, the first known use of radio in politics.

(It is interesting to know that the president of the United States may speak on the air at any time without charge on affairs of concern to the nation. How-

ever, when he is running for reelection, his party buys time at the standard rate for his campaign speeches.)

There were changes on every front in 1921. New words entered the language in a rush. Rudolph Valentino appeared in "The Sheik" and the characters in the popular John Held, Jr., drawings began to call each other "sheiks" and "shebas." The term "parlor snake" started. Splendid things were known as "the berries." If you were annoyed you used the new word "peeved" and said "Blah!" to evidence your emotion.

Big things were astir in the comic strip world. Skeezeix was born. At least he was found on Uncle Walt's doorstep on February 14 of this year, indeed one of stunning innovation, because he was the first cartoon character to grow up. Skeezeix has kept pace with the years ever since. He graduated from high school in 1939, became a staff sergeant during the war, married his girl, Nina, and now they have two children in case you haven't noticed. No Henry Aldrich, he. Henry has stayed the same age (or even retrogressed slightly according to some listeners) since he first took to the air in 1939.

There was another interesting development on the children's front about this time. A rash of "Uncles" broke out. These gentlemen specialized in soothing tales about elves and brownies and cunning animals such as Thornton Burgess' Uncle Wiggley who reached the air in 1922—very different from the hair-raising dramas of death and disaster now popular at bedtime.

Uncle Don who started on WOR, New York, and who is still on the air at WKAT, in Miami Beach, is credited with having the longest run of all radio relatives, played by the same man. He started in 1927 and has been expanding the juvenile vocabulary ever since. He thought up such words as fakerup, scuffyheeler, takechancer, leave around and nevergiver, and was one of the earliest users of audience participation. Parents sent him the names of children and he made such birthday announcements as, "Has Johnny Smith of East 36th St. been a good boy? Yes, mighty good! Except he doesn't always go to bed right away when his mother tells him to. And he should. Yes, he should! But if he promises to do better next year, he will find a birthday present if he looks behind the couch."

Few children caught on that they were being framed into rash reforms, and they loved it. A decade of sweetness and light is said to have worn on Uncle Don, leading to the celebrated re-

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mark over a mike he thought had been closed, "There—that ought to hold the little ——— for another day." Uncle Don vigorously denies any connection with this strangely pleasing incident, saying that the whole thing was a base rumor dreamed up by a rival uncle. But one of the many embittered men who have been Uncle Wip since the program started in Philadelphia in 1921 is quite generally believed to have said "I'm a s-o-b if this isn't a hell of a job for a he-man" at the conclusion of a bedtime hour, thus giving the little ones something new to think about.

1922

This year marked the beginning of the boom in everything that ran until the stock market crash of 1929.

It was the year of the hip flask, of speakeasies and home brew. Skirts were worn to the knees. Bathing suits were sleeveless, but long black stockings and nattily laced high shoes were still worn frequently with them. Vaudeville was running at full blast, blithely unaware that the end was near. People were saying "Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher" and "Positively, Mr. Shean" to each other, and it seemed as if every tenor in the land knew only one song, Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" which had just been set to music. Spark Plug came into Barney Google's life, and the language was enriched by "Oskey-wow-wow," "So he took the \$50,000," "Heebie-jeebies" and "Horse feathers."

Things were booming in the new industry. Parts for homemade radios were still making fortunes for manufacturers, but the ready-made set was now the thing and the great companies were expanding feverishly: Zenith, Philco, Grigsby-Grunow, Freed-Eisemann, Stromberg-Carlson, Atwater Kent and Crosley among the many.

The start of the Crosley company is interesting. Powell Crosley (not to be confused with Archibald Crossley later famous as a poll taker) had gone shopping the year before for a radio for his little boy. The cheapest available in 1921 cost \$130. This seemed a sizable sum for a child's toy. He bought parts and built one at home for \$35. That gave him an idea. Before long he was turning out sets that retailed for \$20, and the day of everybody's radio was at hand.

Sets were curious and cumbersome things in those days. Their loud speakers were patterned after those of phonographs and looked like large tin morning glories. They were powered by batteries. If these went dead, it was common practice to get the battery out of Mr. Ford's Model T of beloved memory as a first aid measure. Little boys frequently took the receivers of telephones to make an extra ear-phone for the crystal set. Quaker Oats boxes were much in demand as a basic element in sets known as "The Cat's Whiskers." The cartons were wound with yards of wire. Ear-phones and a crystal detector to "condense" music from the air were attached. Fantastically, they worked.

The air was beginning to fill up. Newspapers were among the first to build stations but they thought of them as promotional and public service enterprises.

It is interesting how stations were named. Have you ever wondered why radio stations are identified by letters of the alphabet rather than by names like Bijou, Orpheum and Majestic which "theatres of the air" might reasonably have chosen? The explanation is

simple. In the days of wireless, letters and numbers were used because they were easy to send in Morse Code. By common agreement, ships in the Atlantic used K as a first initial. Ships in the Pacific adopted W. Land stations reversed this usage which is why you find stations on the eastern slope beginning with W and those in the West with K.

Most of the combinations of call letters have no significance. They were selected mainly for ease of pronunciation, but there are exceptions. WINS stands for International News Service, WJAX for Jacksonville, Florida, WBN for Buffalo Evening News. Tampa got in licks for the climate with WSUN, and it was a promotion-minded Grand Rapids laundryman who named his station WASH. WCFL means Chicago Federation of Labor. WOW in Omaha was named after Woodmen of the World. WGN stands modestly for World's Greatest Newspaper. Atlantic City's WPG means World's Playground. KFKB means Kansas First, Kansas Best, and WPTF in Raleigh, North Carolina, was named after the slogan of an insurance company, We Protect The Family.

In 1922, distance was still the thing rather than favorite stations or stars. People sat up all night because reception was markedly better after exhaustion had driven all but a few operators off the air. The next day they reported jubilantly "I got Denver and Havana!" to the envy of their impressed friends. To this the witty answer was "And I got Chile—I went outside and got chilly right after I got Turkey—for dinner."

Tuning in any one station, near or far, was no simple matter. More than six hundred of them had sprung up, many of them blithely using the same wave length. The air was full of sound and fury. So were living rooms. Sometimes rival broadcasters got together and agreed to stay off the air for alternate two-hour periods. More frequently they just fought it out. You had to have a touch as light as that of Jimmy Valentine to get one station only.

This overlapping of wave lengths was so maddening to sender and receiver alike that the station owners finally formed The National Association of Broadcasters in an attempt to regulate themselves. They had an important matter to deal with almost immediately. It was the question of paying for the music that they were using free.

The American Society of Composers and Publishers, known as ASCAP, was already a powerful organization. It had been founded in 1914 by Victor Herbert who was annoyed that his music and that of others could be played by bands in cafes, night-clubs, theatres and amusement parks for the price of the sheet music. He got other composers to join him. They managed to get a Federal law passed calling for a heavy fine for every song played by a band without a fee to ASCAP.

As radio gained thousands of listeners, ASCAP took alarmed note of all of that free use of its tunes on the air. They notified the infant industry "No pay—no play." Broadcasters were horrified. They protested that they were making no money, as indeed they were not, because advertising was still only a gleam in the eyes of a few station managers. ASCAP retorted that set manufacturers were doing all right. Let them pay. ASCAP did not care where the money came from so long as composers got a return for their hard work. So, long before any other talent was paid, composers were getting substantial fees.

"HOLDS MY STOMACH IN—"

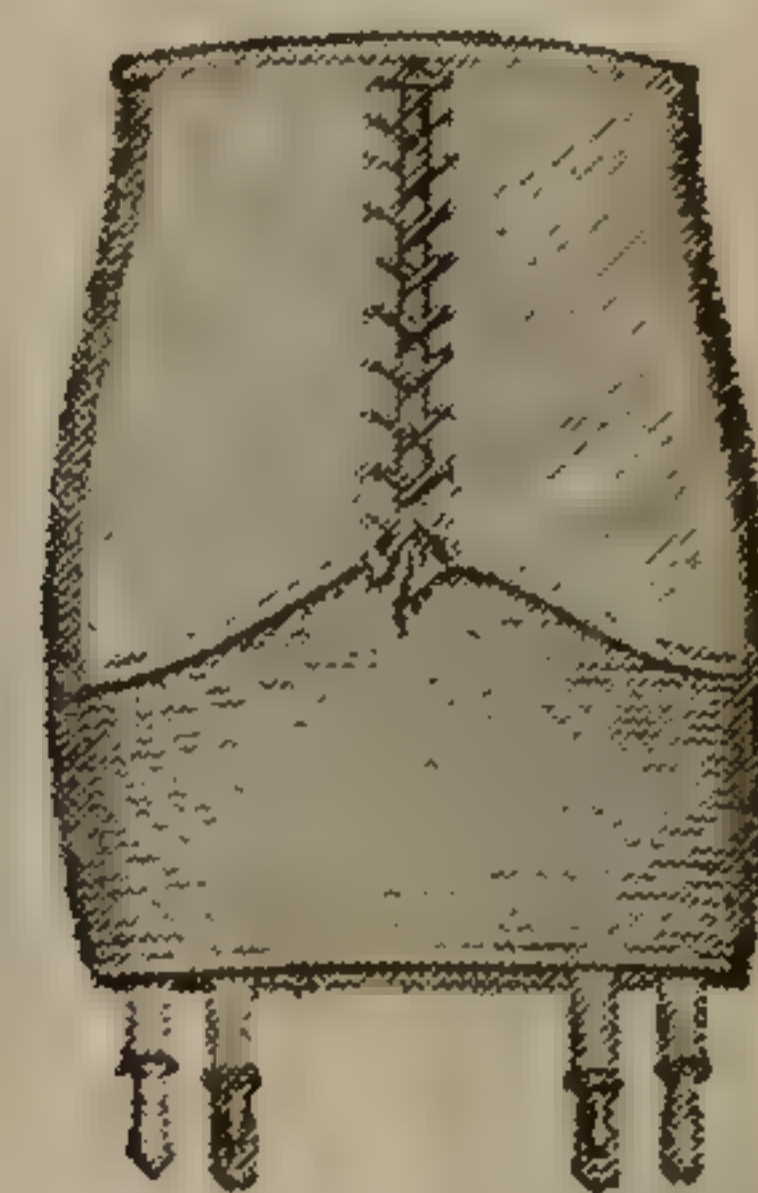
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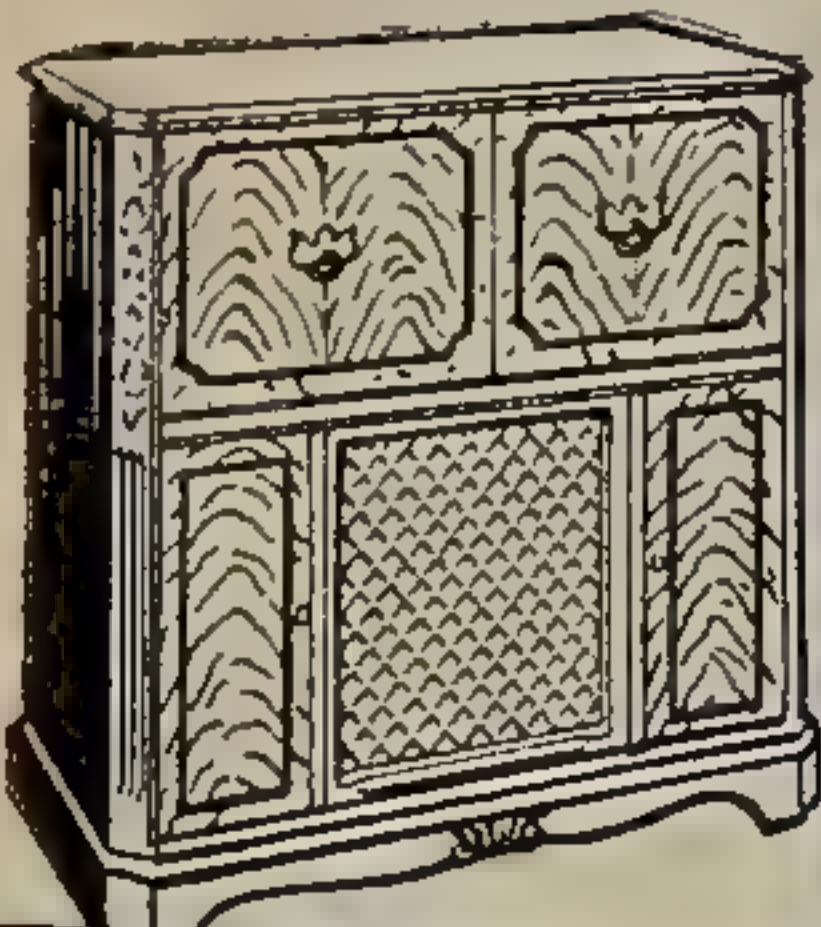
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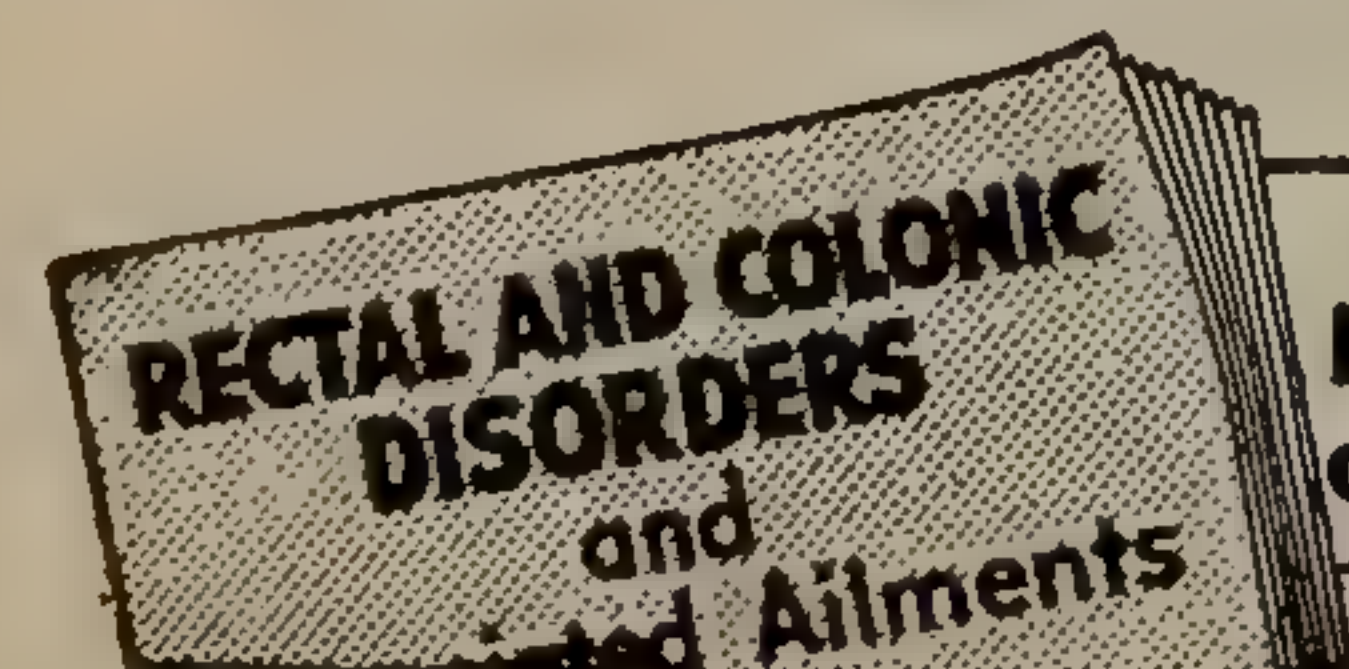
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With money going out, naturally it occurred to quite a few station owners that some better come in. On August 28, 1922, the first program with a commercial sponsor went on the air. The station was WEA, New York, and the sponsor was the Queensboro Corporation, a real estate firm. It bought a series of ten-minute broadcasts at the rate of \$35 an hour. Since it was spending money, it took full advantage of the time. The whole ten minutes was one long commercial, hammering home the glories of owning a home in Jackson Heights. Times certainly have changed. WEA (now WNBC) would charge approximately \$1200 an hour today, and many stations will not allow a middle announcement from the sponsor.

Music took a long step ahead this year. The New York Philharmonic went on the air for the first time—and in Chicago, grand opera took to the air in a series of broadcasts.

That was the work of Mary Garden, whose hip-swinging Salomé and Thais had already stunned the sedate opera world. She had been appointed director general of the Chicago Opera Company which had fallen on evil days financially. She was willing to try anything to awaken interest—even radio. There were only a few thousand sets in Chicago, but her board objected strenuously. They thought that everyone would stay away if opera could be heard free at home. Garden had her way, however, and an astonishing thing happened. The sale of sets boomed, but so did attendance at the opera. People who never had heard operatic music before in their lives listened, loved it and went to hear it "in the flesh" as was the current and rather repellent saying. It was a lesson to be learned over and over again in the years to come.

Dr. Sigmund Spaeth started his Tune Detective series which was to go on for years. And "Hello, everybody—Lopez speaking" soon was an eagerly awaited greeting.

Hans von Kaltenborn did the first broadcast news analysis, a discussion of the coal strike then raging. He was on the staff of *The Brooklyn Eagle*, which presented him in a weekly series. Not until 1929 did he relinquish the security of a newspaper salary to devote his entire time to radio—too risky!

In Hollywood there was trouble which was to be echoed in radio three years later. The big money-makers of the year were good, clean drama: Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy," Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through" and the Gish sisters in "Orphans of the Storm." However, many other films were featuring scenes of drinking, even though the country was supposed to be dry, of wild parties and some pretty hot kissing. A series of headline scandals in the private lives of several stars focussed additional attention on the movies. Talk of censorship of the screen began in deadly earnest. All of a sudden, Hollywood was blamed for everything from "Flaming Youth's" petting parties to the newly fashionable use of lipstick, rouge and liquid face powder. Churches, women's clubs and parent-teacher associations began to lobby for local censorship. The major movie companies got together in a hurry, called in former Postmaster Will Hays to administer a Code of Rules, and voluntarily cleaned themselves up.

Curiously enough, just the opposite was happening in radio. Really spicy programs were coming out of KFKB at Milford, Kansas, and as the years went by they were to become more highly

flavored. There were the widely followed broadcasts of "Doctor" John Romulus Brinkley, known as "The Goat Gland Doc." He advertised rejuvenation operations for \$750 and did a roaring business. There was no control of the air as we know it today beyond the individual taste of the station owner. So we have the curious contrast of WEA pondering the delicacy of mentioning "so intimate a subject as toothpaste" on the air the following year while Brinkley was broadcasting case histories in vivid detail and what might be called a barnyard vocabulary. Who could stop him? He owned his station. The air was free, wasn't it?

It was to become a lot freer and salesmen of unlisted stocks, cure-alls and get-rich-quick schemes found it a happy hunting ground for a while. The National Association of Broadcasters wrote a Fair Practice Code in 1925, but Brinkley wasn't a member, so he just ignored its rules. In 1927, the Federal Radio Commission (later to become the powerful Federal Communications Commission) was created. It revoked his license in 1930, but that did not stop the Doc. He moved to Mexico, just across the border from Del Rio, Texas. There he built the 100,000 watt XER, then the most powerful in the world. With it he proceeded to jam the airways, ignoring all U. S. wave lengths and drowning out stations all the way to the Canadian border. There was nothing the disconcerted U. S. stations could do for ten long years until the Treaty of Havana was signed in 1940. That joined us, Canada, Mexico and some Central American countries in an agreement setting up new wave lengths for all concerned, and put the Goat Gland Doctor out of business. But he was a sharp thorn in the side of the new industry while he lasted.

But let us get back to 1922, and a conversation that was taking place in the Bamberger Department Store's Station in Newark. This was WOR which was to become the key station of the vast Mutual Network when it was formed twelve years later. It was housed in a corner of the sporting goods and radio department. Studio, office and rehearsal hall were all in one little room. The walls were soundproofed with oriental rugs, draperies and shawls. It would be hard to imagine anything more different from the big, bare, efficiently engineered studios of today. When the new station took the air for the first time, WJZ courteously maintained silence during its premiere broadcast, so that there would be no "air clash," since both operated on approximately the same frequency. WOR's first show was a record of Al Jolson singing "April Showers," and the advertising theme was "Get a radio. No records to buy. No up-keep. A lifetime of entertainment free."

The assistant operator was a young man named A. J. Poppele, now WOR's vice-president in charge of engineering. Two months after the opening, the chief operator said, "Jack, I don't think radio has a future. I'm getting out."

That was the way things stood until 1923 and the first real show.

NEXT MONTH

Concert singer Graham McNamee tries something new. Why Jones and Hare were called "The Happiness Boys." Radio's first big show, *The Eveready Hour*, takes the air.

Investment in Happiness

(Continued from page 47)

to authorize further purchases—"How stupid! Why Joe paid his bills on the dot. Only the other day she'd noticed him going over them."

But her hands trembled so that she could hardly find a bill for the driver, and her key chattered in the lock so that she gave up and rang the bell for Hetty. After that it seemed like days before she heard the car crunching up the driveway.

Joe, at any rate, wasn't blind to the story her face told. He came slowly into the living room and shut the door. "What's wrong?" he asked anxiously. "Aren't you well, Marsha? What's happened?"

Marsha tried to compose herself. "I don't know exactly, Joe. It's nothing, I guess—just an accident. But so humiliating. They wouldn't let me charge anything at Hilton's today!" She gave a sharp, slightly hysterical laugh. "Imagine—after the way we've paid our bills and run such big ones too. It was the embarrassment that upset me. Like having a door slammed in your face." She talked on nervously, conscious that after her first words Joe had stiffened into wary attention that was a wordless confirmation of all her fears. Finally she could find nothing more to say. Staring into the fireplace, she waited.

Joe said soberly, "If it's come, it's come. You'd better know the truth." Going to the desk, he pulled out some bankbooks and a scribbled sheet which he crumpled in his clenched fist. "We're darn near broke, Marsha. I've been out of my mind trying to think up a way to tell you."

"Broke? All your father's money—" "We've got a few hundred in bonds; that's all," Joe broke in. "Half what we had before Dad died." His laugh was bitter. "We just—haven't any more."

Marsha's throat was dry with horror. "Thirty thousand dollars—in two years?"

"Thirty-one thousand, five hundred and fifty-two." Joe flipped the pages of the bankbook. "I know where it's gone, all right. But it's gone just the same." Marsha's face, dead-white and drawn like an old woman's, frightened him. He began to sound defensive. "We've got the house."

"There's only five thousand down on that. The rest was a mortgage."

"The car—"

"Yes, the car. Three thousand dollars." She hadn't wanted it. She had said all along it was too much money. Remembering her doubts and Joe's insistence, she slipped over definitely into the enemy camp, into the position of accuser. Joe should have managed better. She couldn't join forces with him now, to help in their mutual trouble. She went on bitterly, "How could I forget the car? When you explained so carefully that we needed an expensive one. And the club. A thousand dollars a year for membership alone. For business, that was."

Joe was stung into anger. "I did it as much for you as for me. Quit kidding yourself. You were just as anxious to put up a good front, get some fun out of life—live decently—"

"Don't you ever say that to me!" she whipped at him furiously. "Don't you ever say I encouraged you to live a lie, to throw away what we should have

been saving—I won't stand for that! I would have been happy in a four-room bungalow with some money in the bank, and you know it! It was you who set the pace, you who had to take the Gordons out for dinner, entertain the Fieldings at golf and lunch—fifty dollars here, eighty dollars there..."

"You sound like a fishwife," Joe cut in coldly. He slammed the drawer on his bankbooks and papers and stood up. A dreadful emptiness spread around Marsha, as she saw that now each of them stood alone, glaring at the other in spirit. But she couldn't do anything to close the gap; not right then.

Joe added, "I'm going to bed." Hands clenched, back very straight, he walked out of the room and went upstairs.

The Hubels' breakfast table was usually a quiet place, with the morning paper split between them and only necessary words exchanged. But normally it was a friendly stillness, so the next morning's tension was all the more painful. At Joe's place the paper lay untouched, while he worked diligently on his eggs. Marsha, fiddling with a piece of toast, decided she needed coffee to wash it down. As she was reaching across to pour it her eyes encountered Joe's.

Instantly they were standing, his arms around her and his shoulder damp with the tears she had fought back during the night.

"Oh, Joe... I'm so ashamed. Brawling like that, just when we need strength and help from each other..."

"Yes, honey. Me too." Joe rested his cheek on her hair until she was quieter, then settled her in her chair and went back to his. They both began to eat with relish. "I'll tell you what, though, Marsha," he went on. "I've got an idea or two. We won't give up so easily. I've run across a couple of propositions lately that would make back everything we've lost and then some."

Eagerness—what his sister Doris called "Joe's plunging look"—sparked from him, and Marsha warmed to it. Wasn't it something that you couldn't keep Joe down? He came back fighting! Only from now on, she vowed, she would guide him, somehow, so that his eagerness didn't go overboard.

"I want to tell you," she began, "it was rotten of me to try to put all the blame on you. I didn't say it, but I was thinking it—"

"I know." Joe's gesture stopped her.

"Let's forget it, honey. No harm done. If this highway scheme of Flatoe's is all I think it is, we'll have our money back in a couple of weeks. Or if that doesn't work out, Curzon at the bank was talking to me the other day about some closed-out property."

Marsha's brow wrinkled. "What do you mean, Joe? If we're in the position you say we are, how can you consider any investment or scheme or whatever you want to call it? I don't understand—what are you talking about?"

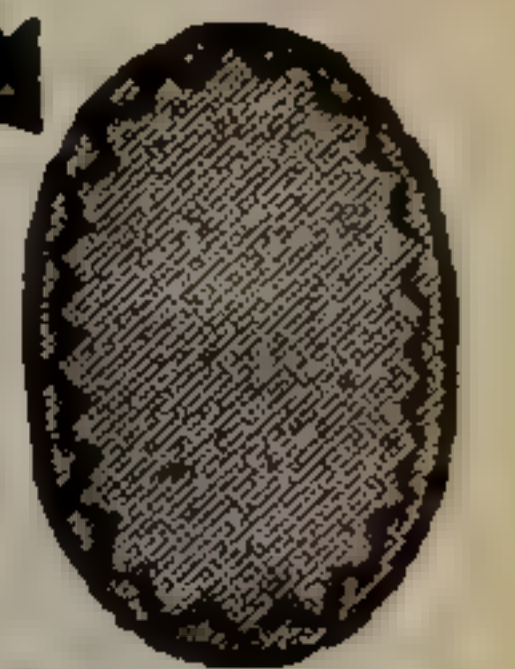
"That's it. Just talking." The light disappeared from Joe's eyes, and his shoulders slumped. "Flatoe's proposition is such a sure thing that if I had another thirty thousand I could go into it and come out with a million. He's got thirty thousand of his own in it, and the same from old Tom Johnson. I—I told him the other day to count me in. But now!" He shrugged. "I'll



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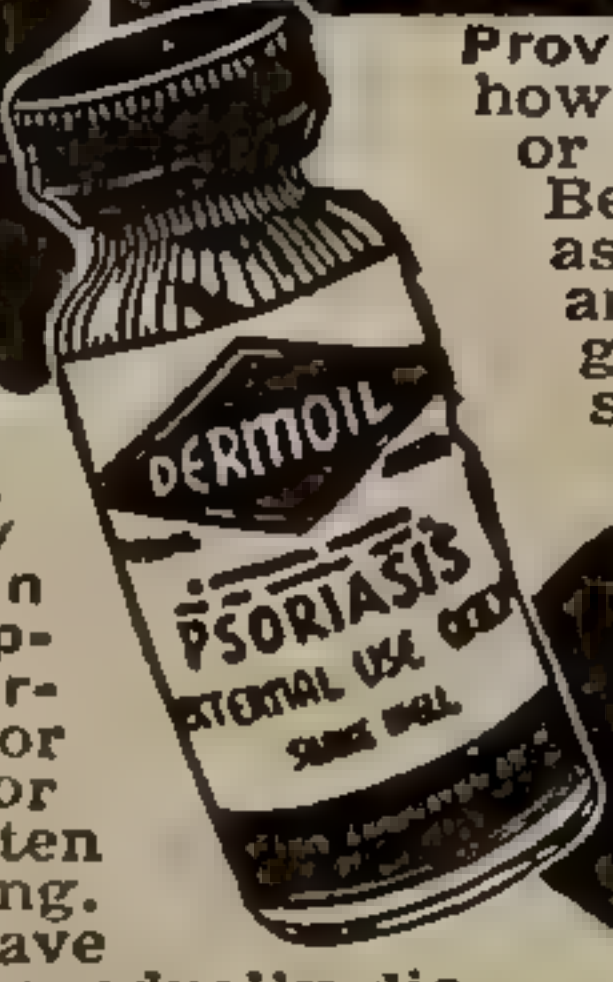
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back out, tell him it's off. God, I wish I'd been more careful the last two years!"

Marsha slumped too, but with relief. For a minute she'd wondered whether Joe had gone mad, talking about putting out thousands of dollars when he had just told her they were almost stony-broke. But she understood now; he was just talking. He was excited, worried—he was letting off steam with this erratic talk. She'd have to stay very calm, very unperturbed. She said gently, "We've got to make plans, dear. The house, the car—Hetty will have to go."

His eyes met hers blankly. Then he frowned and stood up. "Sure, we'll have to cut down. But don't do anything just yet, honey—we'll have to figure it out. Say, I've got to get going." He bent down and kissed her, and strode out into the hall for his hat.

Marsha called after him, "Don't forget Doris is coming for dinner." From half-way down the drive he waved and called back, "Haven't forgotten. Home early."

Smiling, she began to clear away the dishes. Figuring or no figuring, Hetty would have to go; she might as well start right away to get used to being without a maid. Then there were her two fur coats. Surely one was enough! She'd get rid of the fabulously expensive sealskin; it wouldn't go with the way the Hubels were going to live from now on. And the summer cottage. That would bring something.

Marsha planned on, straightening the room as she thought. Before Joe's desk she halted, studying the litter with a lump in her throat as she realized that he must have crept downstairs during the night, when she was in one of her fitful naps, to puzzle some more over those inexorable figures that added up to nothing. She sighed. Thirty thousand dollars! Her father had never seen that much money in his life!

Piling the bankbooks together, she snapped a rubber band around them and pushed them into the drawer.

She went upstairs and started going through her jewel box. It was surprising, really, how seldom she wore her two-inch-long sapphire dinner ring, and the dazzling diamond choker Joe had given her the year before. Littleton society didn't offer many occasions splendid enough for such gems; they always looked out of place.

Finally Marsha made a business-like inventory of all their household goods, and ferreted out the things they hardly

ever used—the extra silver coffee service, for instance, and all the silver serving dishes that came out of their flannels only to be polished and put away again. Added to the fur coat and the jewelry it was an impressive total. She made a few timid phone calls, and then a few increasingly confident ones, for it really began to look as though she'd be able to realize several thousand dollars from the sale of these things that she would never even miss.

Oh, it was bad enough, this spot they'd gotten into; but if they could just pull out with enough to start over, and if—if, above all—it ended with Joe willing to live a more sensible kind of life, then she was almost glad it had come. After all, she thought almost happily, they weren't in debt. Was it reaction, she wondered—or was she, like Joe, learning to find stimulation in a challenge, any kind of challenge?

Whatever it was, Marsha saw gratefully when Joe came home that he was under its influence too. She wanted very much to tell him about her inventory, to get his opinion on one or two things she wasn't sure about selling; but too quickly after he came Doris arrived, and Marsha mentally shelved the discussion.

Dinner was always gay when Doris was with them, and tonight was no exception. She told them what was going on at the University where she was a third-year student, and they laughed uproariously at her description of the latest fad, under the influence of which it seemed, strong men were dyeing their hair blond.

"It's not really dyeing," she explained, between giggles. "These fancy types, they just take a few strands of hair and peroxide it so it makes a 'wing'—you know, the kind that if it were gray it would be called distinguished. Bill says it's a manifestation of mob hysteria."

Marsha and Joe exchanged a laughing glance. "Who's Bill?" asked Joe.

Doris set down her glass very carefully. She waited for their full attention, then she said, consciously announcing it: "Bill's the guy I'm going to marry."

"Well," said Joe after a moment of surprised silence.

Marsha, speaking at the same time, exclaimed, "Oh, Doris, I'm delighted! Who is he? When do we meet him?"

"Gradually, gradually," Doris said. She was trying to be very nonchalant, as if one got engaged every day, but now that Marsha looked at her more closely she chided herself for not having suspected that there was a man be-

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A nice man, too, it appeared. His name was Bill Hooper; he was a young medical student with a year of study still ahead. Then there would be internship, then the choice between practice and research . . .

Absorbed in Doris's excited recitation, Marsha wasn't immediately aware that their voices were covering up a silence at Joe's end of the table. After a time she looked over at him, and stopped in mid-sentence, startled. Frowning and somber, he was staring at the tablecloth. What on earth had happened to make him almost grim?

Then, with a rush of loving sympathy, she knew. Poor Joe! Doris, the kid sister who was still in blue jeans as far as he was concerned, getting married! He'd been Doris's masculine ideal all his life; it was going to be hard to get used to her with a husband of her own to look up to . . . Or was that it?

His voice, when it came, was bleak. "What are you two kids going to live on? Sounds like a long stretch before Bill can earn his keep."

Doris looked a little nervous. She caught Marsha's eye before she answered, as though for support. "That's the thing, Joe. I—I have it planned out but I need your okay. Since you're the executor of Dad's estate . . ." she trailed off uncertainly.

"Good heavens, girl!" Joe sputtered. "You mean to tell me this guy is prepared to live on your money?"

"We don't look at it that way, Joe. What's the good of my having the money if I can't be happy—and I can't be happy spending the next five years waiting for Bill to be able to support me. I've got it all figured out, and it'll last nicely."

"It's the principle! No decent man—"

"Oh, Joe, don't be silly," Marsha cut in. "What's marriage if it isn't sharing? We both know Doris is sensible. She's making an investment—an investment in happiness, actually—and what could be more worth doing with the money?"

The argument wrangled on. And as Joe's antagonism grew, rather than lessened, so did Marsha's impression that he was worried not by Doris's proposal, but by some difficulty of his own connected with it. It was almost as if he couldn't let her have her money, not as if he merely wouldn't. Money . . . what else had either of them thought of for the past two days? Money. Banks. Bankbooks.

As though two loose wires had made sudden contact, the truth blazed through Marsha's mind. Doris's bankbook had been on Joe's desk this morning, among the other papers he had been working over last night. What was it doing there?

If Doris would only go, so that they could settle this once and for all! But the argument went on. . . .

It was very late when Doris finally rose. She got her things from the hall closet and flung noisily out of the house.

Behind her, Marsha heard Joe locking up. He went briskly from the front door to the veranda windows, more slowly around the far end of the room which she couldn't see (What was he doing? Emptying ashtrays? Stalling?). Then, slower still, she heard him go to the desk and open a drawer. She turned.

"What are you looking for?" she asked.

His head moved jerkily. "Some papers."

"Or a bankbook? Doris's bankbook?" He looked up at that. "What are you

getting at?" he asked irritably. "What's all this? Can't a man—"

"Steal from his own sister?" Marsha came toward him, so close he had to look at her. "I think not, Joe. I don't know exactly what you have in mind, but I want to tell you this: if it involves your touching one penny—one single penny, do you hear me?—of Doris's money, I will walk out of this house and out of your whole world without a backward look."

"Fine words," Joe said. He pulled out the book he wanted and slammed the door shut. "If you'd listen a minute, I could tell you—it's the biggest thing I've ever come across, Marsha. You don't know anything about business, you can't see what a sure thing this is. Flatoe and Jobson and me—we're the only ones who know, see? Except this highway engineer Flatoe knows who's on the inside. We know where the new highway's going. We buy up the land. In a few days, when the council announces its plans, our property is worth a million dollars—"

Marsha said nothing, letting his words drop into a silence in which they echoed dismally. She thought desperately "Even he must hear how it sounds! How can I bear it if he doesn't hear—if he won't admit that what he plans to do is plain thievery? How can I go on living with a liar and a coward?" The stillness prolonged itself, winding tighter around them. Almost not breathing, Marsha waited.

Then Joe's hands dropped. He gave his head a shake and looked up at her. His face and his voice were weary. "Okay, Marsha. You win. I can't do it. I've been trying to tell myself it was okay to take Doris's money because I'd be making more for her and for us with it, but what's the use—I've got no right to touch that money." He gave a feeble grin. "It just hurt to see a million dollars flying past me!"

"Oh, Joe. Darling," Marsha was on her knees beside him, pressing her aching forehead against his hands. "I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't said that. Oh, sweetheart, we'll be all right. We've got so many things to do now, so many plans to make—you'll be so busy saving pennies you won't have time to worry about that million. Besides—" she smiled at him, "—they'll probably put the highway somewhere else."

Joe laughed harshly. "Not a chance. It's not one of those blow-hot, blow-cold things. This is set. Oh well."

There was no chance that night to talk about the corner-cutting Marsha had planned. The next morning she developed a few more ideas, and at noontime, nearly bursting with the necessity for talking them over with Joe, she called him up and asked him to meet her for lunch. "To celebrate the lowering of our standard," she told him, laughing.

"We may have more than that to celebrate," he answered. "By the time you come down I may have a surprise for you."

"Joe—"

"Nope, no questions now. Pick me up in half an hour."

When she opened Joe's office door Doris said excitedly, "Oh, hi, Marsha. Say, are you fully aware that you're married to one of the smartest guys in town? I hope I do as well."

Marsha smiled tentatively. "Wait a minute—what goes on here? I come down for a simple lunch—"

"Right," Joe said quickly. "Let's talk about it over lunch. Ready, Doris? I'll

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just get my hat and we'll—"
Marsha's heart began to pound. "I don't think we'll go just yet. I'd like to know more about what's going on... Joe!" she added sharply. "Look at me. What is Doris talking about?"

"Well, Joe's big highway deal, of course." Puzzled, Doris saw Marsha's hands clench around her purse. "I assumed Joe had talked it all over with—"

"I have, she knows all about it," Joe interrupted. "Listen, girls, let's go or we won't get a table."

Doris drew back. "No. If you and Marsha have a private fight or something you'd better finish it alone. I did want to celebrate my new fortune but—"

"Please stay." Marsha's intensity cut across Doris's embarrassment and, like a physical pull, brought Joe to a stop almost with his hand on the doorknob. "If we're talking about a little investment Joe was considering yesterday, I think we should discuss it together." When he hesitated, she leaned forward. "Joe, did you tell Flatoe you were not going in with him? Did you, Joe?"

Joe's head moved nervously. Suddenly he faced her, and his voice was as edged as hers had been. "No. I did not. I thought it over, and in spite of what you said I decided Doris ought to have the chance to say yes or no. After all, with an opportunity to more than double her money wouldn't I be a heel if I kept it from her and just turned it down? You just have no head for business, Marsha. What's good enough for my father is good enough for me, is your motto, and that won't go these days. You've got to risk a dollar to make two."

"It's such a sure thing!" Doris said eagerly. "How can it miss? With Joe putting his own money into it I feel as safe as a church."

"So Joe is putting his own money into it, too?" Marsha was beyond surprise. She spoke calmly, like someone making a casual social remark. "Well. I don't know when I've been more pleased. He must have some I don't know about." Standing up, she fastened her furs around her. She fumbled in her purse, found what she wanted and threw a small clanking object on the desk. "There you are, Joe—the car keys. I'll be out of the house before you get back tonight. Good luck—or fun, or lots of money—whatever it is you want, I hope you get it. That's why I'm going, because I don't know what you want. It's not a decent, self-

respecting life—that's all I'm sure of. Whatever it is, I hope you find it." Blind with tears, she turned to go.

Joe was beside her, his hands gripping her shoulders. "You fool! You're my wife, Marsha—what are you talking about? What kind of dramatics are you pulling? You can't walk out—"

She twisted her shoulders futilely. "Let me go! I swore if you touched Doris's money I'd leave you. This trick, getting her to tell you to go ahead—it's a crooked, rotten trick, that's all. Do you think it makes any difference that you've talked the poor child into letting you throw her money away as you've thrown ours, so that we're penniless... Let me go! I can't live with you and keep any self-respect!"

"Marsha, Marsha. If you'd only—"
"Let me go!" Weeping openly now, Marsha tried to wrench herself out of his grasp. Her helplessness and a sense of betrayal, of irreplaceable loss, suddenly maddened her. She heard a sharp crack, and realized that she had struck Joe's cheek with such force that he let her go and fell back. She laughed wildly. "Doris, Doris—I'm sorry you had to see this! Forget it, all marriage isn't like this..." Then, somehow, she was out of the office, out of the building, and in a taxi, going blindly toward what was no longer home...

More than a month passed before Marsha was fully aware of herself once more. Moving like someone mercifully anesthetized, she had done all that had to be done. Her life had been cut away from Joe's; her clothes, her books, the things she considered hers, were now established in a furnished two-room apartment in Littleton's downtown section.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, she opened her door to a knock and found Doris there. "May I come in?" she asked uncertainly.

Politely, Doris refrained from looking around the room, but she couldn't help a miserable second glance at Marsha's face. Seeing it, Marsha asked quietly, "Do I look so dreadful, then?"

"You look awful. Oh, Marsha—come back! I can see now that you need Joe as much as he needs you!"

"Did he ask you to come?"
Doris shook her head violently. "He absolutely forbade me to. But listen—do you know what's been happening?"
"Doris! You mean it's gone—your money?"

Doris nodded. "The works. All gone. The council voted another route for the highway, and Joe's land—" she snapped

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her fingers—"is worth that. Oh, we'll make out, Bill and I. Bill says he's relieved. We're going to get married anyway, and take our chances."

"Joe swore he'd beat me if I told, but—Marsha, he insists on paying me back. He sold the house last week, and the car, and a whole lot of other stuff. He's given us almost half the money back already. I thought it might make a difference..."

Marsha looked at her intently. "Yes," she said. "Oh, yes. It makes all the difference. Tell me more, Doris—where is he living?"

Doris giggled. "In a four-room cottage over near the country club. He rented it from a GI who had to leave town. And you ought to see his house-keeping arrangements—they're unique."

Marsha stood up. "Let's go see these arrangements. They sound fascinating."

Marsha got out of Bill Hooper's old Ford at the corner of what Doris said was Joe's street. She wanted to walk down it, for she had an idea that if the place had any kind of garden—and Doris said it did—Joe would be outside, fussing around in it. She wanted him to have the chance to see her coming, so he wouldn't be taken by surprise.

She hadn't thought about what she would say, or how he would answer. Now, facing him, she knew she had been wise. It wasn't necessary to say anything. The late-afternoon sun fell warmly on her arm.

Looking down, she discovered that it was not the sun, but Joe's hand that had somehow found its way to her arm. She put her own hand over it, and smiled. "You know," she said, "I think that's the first thing I've felt at all since the day you grabbed me by the shoulders."

"Marsha..." Joe said. "Did Doris...?"

She nodded.

"I'm doing what I can. It'll never be enough. I think I was sort of out of my head there for a while."

"That's what I thought," Marsha agreed, but she was smiling as she studied his face. "You look different, Joe. More the way you used to look, a few years back. Calmer."

"I'm different all right," Joe said gravely. "I guess you can never go back, Marsha, but I don't see why you can't sort of switch from a wrong line to a right one and keep going ahead. Do you think I could?"

"Not you. Both of us."

Joe took her face in his hands and looked at her earnestly. "One thing, Marsha. It wasn't losing Doris's money that brought me to. It was losing you. When you went I—it was like suddenly having a curtain ripped away. I saw how the last two years had messed us up. I guess we're the kind who shouldn't have money."

"I don't know," Marsha said. "Maybe the next time we have it we'll know more about how to spend it."

The sun had gone down, and she shivered slightly in the quickening breeze. "I don't want to seem forward," she said, "but aren't you going to ask me in? If I'm going to live here I'd like to know a little more about it."

A mischievous smile crossed Joe's face. "Maybe I ought to carry you over the threshold," he said thoughtfully.

Marsha shook her head. "No, darling. Don't you remember—you can't go back. We don't even want to. Let's just go like this." Putting her hand in his, she turned him toward the small red-painted door.



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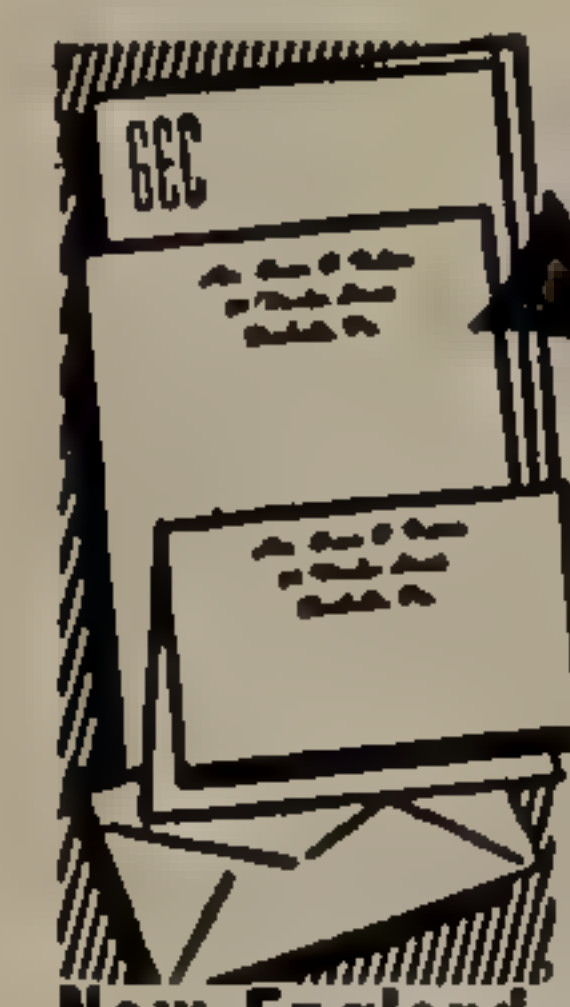


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Love Marie, Love Mr. Hobbs

(Continued from page 33)

her good reason, cannot find it in their hearts to agree.

The whole thing started when Hobbs, with Marie in tow, arrived at the Los Angeles airport to take off on the first leg of the trip. Marie had reservations for New York. She got to the airport in plenty of time, her baggage in order. With her new mink coat over one arm and Hobbs, splendid in his new char- treuse collar, over the other, she pre- sented herself at the gate to the field. "Oh," said the stewardess, spotting Hobbs. "Oh, dear!" And she scurried away to consult with the flight officer.

That worthy appeared in person mo- ments later to announce, "No dogs."

"Well, then," said Marie sensibly, "I just won't go."

The first of the twelve young men, one Floyd Simonton, was frantic. Marie had to go. Arrangements were made for five, count them, appearances in New York tomorrow. Think of her public. Think of the picture. Think of him!

Meanwhile a harried voice on the loudspeaker system kept pleading with Passenger Marie Wilson to board the ready-to-go plane. "Please!"

Marie didn't budge. Simonton plead- ed. Think of the studio, think of the theater in New York with that big, bare stage tomorrow. Think—just one little thought—of his job. Then Marie weakened a little. She likes press agents almost as well as she likes dogs.

"I swear," Simonton said, "I'll get Hobbs to New York in twenty-four hours."

At last, tears streaking her mascara, Marie boarded the plane and was off.

Simonton alerted Hal Wallis men all along the route to advise Marie of prog- ress, and then went home and collapsed.

From Dallas: "Hobbs arrived okay."

From Memphis: "Hobbs safe and well."

From the New York Terminal: "Hobbs fit as a fiddle."

And on the heels of the last, Hobbs himself, delivered with much cere- mony to Marie's hotel suite at the St. Regis.

The second lap of the junket went off beautifully. Ensconced in her suite at the Baker Hotel in Dallas, Marie took Hobbs out of the box, and was in the midst of tying a fresh ribbon on his red- gold topknot when the house detective knocked.

"No dogs," he said.

"But," protested Jerry Pickman, the one of the twelve young men who was on duty at the moment, "this is Marie Wilson. This is *her* dog."

"I don't care if it's Queen Victoria's. We don't allow no dogs in this hotel."

Stony-faced, Marie began to pack her bags. "Give us," Pickman pleaded, "twenty minutes to work this out." The detective took up his station out- side the door, beamed with satisfaction when, well under the allotted time, Pickman appeared with Hobbs' box and went down in the elevator.

Inside her room, Marie was trium- phant. The hotel's phone books had been left in Hobbs' box. Hobbs was sound asleep on a hotel pillow in the bathtub.

Next crisis: in New York again, near the end of the tour. This time a suite was reserved for Marie, and for her husband, Allan, who had joined her, at the Waldorf. Allan registered while Marie stood off a little, with Mr.

Hobbs curled over her arm.

Bright and early at five the next morning they were up, and put in a wearying day. Marie stood up under it very well, but Hobbs, by evening, was drooping. And Allan, who has a vestige of malarial fever picked up during his war service, had begun to look damp and white.

"You go along to the hotel with Hobbs," Marie advised solicitously. "I'll be over right after the last show."

When she came offstage for the final time that night, there was a call wait- ing. Allan, sweating with fever in a phone booth on the lobby floor of the Waldorf, reporting:

"They won't let me go up. The Waldorf doesn't allow dogs."

"Nonsense," said Marie. "I carried him right past the desk last night!"

"They thought," Allan explained, "that he was a fur piece."

Marie telephoned the Waldorf, spoke sternly to the manager. "My husband has a temperature of 103," she said, "and my dog is very tired."

The manager was very sorry. Allan, of course, could go up. But no dogs.

"Then pack my bags," Marie said, and told Allan she'd meet him at the St. Regis.

Max Youngstein, today's segment of the twelve young men, wasn't exactly happy, either. He fell heir to the midnight job of moving one angry star, one sick husband, and one highly indignant Yorkshire terrier, to say nothing of twelve pieces of luggage, to the friendlier side of town.

Hobbs, as is entirely self-evident, is an old hand at throwing monkey wrenches into the machinery. But, says Marie, he's more than worth it. More than. You see, besides his roles as friend and companion and entertainer, Hobbs has, in his day, played a much more important one. Cupid.

Legally, Hobbs is Allan's dog, hav- ing made his entrance into the family in Allan's Christmas stocking in 1947. Hobbs' cup of happiness overflows when Allan and Marie are together, and when they're happy, as they are now.

It wasn't always thus. Last year, Allan and Marie separated, and Marie filed suit for divorce.

It would never have happened, they'll tell you now, if Marie hadn't been so tired. She was doing ten performances a week in "Blackouts" a stage show, doing her broadcast, and the accom- panying rehearsals for it, each week, and managing to keep a six A. M. to six P. M. schedule at Paramount where "My Friend Irma" was making the transition from radio to movies.

Allan, to make things worse, was out of a job for the moment. And, as he explains it, when you haven't anything to do you sit around and think about it and get discouraged.

After considerable sitting around thinking and worrying, Allan one night went out for a walk. Absorbed in his gloom, he crossed a street against a red light and was promptly arrested—there was an anti-jaywalking cam- paign in full swing at the moment.

Ordinarily, Marie would have thought the whole thing very funny, would have had plenty to say about getting arrested for something worth while if you're going to do it at all. But Allan had gone out, on impulse, with-

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out any money on him, and Marie and Hobbs had to get up in the middle of the night and bail him out. Marie needed her sleep. Jaywalking might just as well have been murder, the way she felt about it. One thing led to another, and all of a sudden Allan was moving out—taking Hobbs, as was his right, with him—and Marie was calling her lawyer.

The separation lasted one week. Marie hated it. Allan hated it. So, most emphatically, did Hobbs. He refused to eat. He said that if things went on this way he'd lie right down and die—and so, if he were the man he professed to be, would Allan.

Allan agreed. And so, next morning, Hobbs appeared at Marie's door, bearing a note. It said:

Dear Mother:

I can't eat or sleep. Even a tree holds no interest for me. My father nearly cried when he told me that he couldn't keep me in the manner to which I have become accustomed. I am lonesome and I want to come home. Please.

Hobbs

What but reconciliation could come of that?

Marie adores children and has always wanted some of her own. Lacking them at the present moment, she hovers over Allan and Hobbs with a fiercely protective motherhood, lavishing on them all the love and attention of her frustrated heart.

On first glimpsing Hobbs dramatic silver and-red-gold coloring, people have been known to say that now they understand why Marie spends so much money at Westmore's. A bleach job like that would come high.

That's slander. Hobbs is not bleached. His coloring is natural. (But he does have a hairdresser. More expensive, incidentally, than Marie's own.)

Sunset Boulevard is Hobbs' only vale of tears. He is absolutely and positively banned from CBS. Seems he barked at Mother once, while she was on the air. And Hal Wallis Productions, at Paramount Studios, where Marie is under contract, feels the same way. No Hobbs. At Ciro's and Mocambo, the two snootiest night clubs in town, they insist that Hobbs come no farther than the car in the parking lot.

"He knows when we're going to those places," Marie insists. "He cries and kicks up an awful fuss the minute we turn into Sunset." His routine then is to kiss Allan over and over again—if you can believe doting parents—to wring his paws and cry, "You can't go without me—you can't!"

And they don't, very often. Plenty of nice places know that Hobbs is people, not dogs.

Marie and Allan recently went to the Press Photographers' costume ball, and while they were gone, a burglar broke in and stole three of Marie's fur coats.

Said a friend, next day, "Fine watch dog you've got! Hobbs not only let the burglar in, he showed him where you keep your furs."

"Oh, but darling," Marie replied, "Hobbs wasn't home. He was with us at the ball, of course."

That's the way it is with Hobbs and that's the way it's going to be—unless, until, and even then only perhaps, unless and until Marie and Allan add a nursery to their home. For the time being, anyway, it's love Marie, love Mr. Hobbs.

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(Continued from page 31)

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apparently, a great treat. So first there's the exchange of greetings, the sparring for position, the hints and the smiles and the sweet-talk that brings the spoonful of coffee—usually a coffee substitute or decaffeinated brands, anyway!—Vicki covets.

Next comes the business of the telephone. Vicki sidles up to Daddy, leans against his knee, turns the full force of a pair of wonderfully blue eyes on him. (Dale Carnegie could have had Vicki in mind when he wrote *How To Win Friends and Influence People*.)

Vicki, sure of Daddy's full attention, looks over at one of the phones.

"May I?" she asks.

Milton nods permission.

Unerringly, Vicki chooses the phone which connects with the Berle office on Broadway, and is immediately connected with Sandy Lewis, Milton's very pretty, super-efficient secretary.

"Morning, Sandy," says Vicki, all business. "How's everything down at the office?" A pause for answer, and then, "That's nice. Any appointments for Daddy?"

Vicki listens attentively while Sandy makes a report on the day's schedule. Vicki nods solemnly, and turns to Milton to report, "You're due at the William Morris Agency at three o'clock."

Then more listening, more understanding nods, more reports on when Milton has to be where. And then, "Thank you, Sandy. Goodbye!" and Milton's five-minutes-a-morning secretary hangs up.

That pair of telephones on the breakfast table, incidentally, reveal a more serious aspect of Milton Berle's so-called private life. Mr. Television is supposed to be at leisure Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays—but it's only a theoretical leisure, punctuated at too-short intervals by the ringing of the phone.

Joyce, Milton's beautiful actress wife, and small Vicki, have no choice but to relinquish Milton completely for three solid days out of every week. Milton spends every waking hour of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday pounding and pummeling his Tuesday night Milton Berle Show into shape.

More than once, Milton's TV chores have resulted in more than simply exhaustion. Every now and then he takes a beating—a literal one—from someone whose antics on the program misfire. Last October, for instance, during the face-slapping scene with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, one member of that comedy team missed, and, quite unintentionally, gave Milton a resounding whack, the black-and-blue evidence of which Milton brought home that night for Joyce's sympathy.

Milton is a big man, a rugged one. It isn't the physical violence that goes along with being Mr. Television that disturbs him. No, what bothers Milton most is video's overall effect on his home life.

"If I still know the meaning of that expression 'a quiet weekend at home' it's only because I have a good memory," he laments. "Joyce and I did share one quiet weekend this past year, but it wasn't at home. It was on a train en route to California late last Spring. Joyce and I had just remarried."

"Were we headed for a nice, long honeymoon? We were not! As soon

as we got to Hollywood I started work on a picture!"

The picture was called, of course, "Always Leave 'Em Laughing." That's what Milton tries to do, does do, on his show every Tuesday. But that show, plus all his other commitments, leaves so little time for a happy home life that there are more frowns than laughter when Milton thinks about it.

"Joyce doesn't like it," he says, and adds, "And I can't honestly blame her. Since it calls for such terrific rehearsal, she thinks I ought to do the show twice a month instead of once a week. And it could be that her ideas make sense."

There's another school of thought in the Berle household along those lines, however. Vicki, Milton's Number-one fan, has very definite views on the subject. Whenever that twice-a-month idea comes up in conversation, she protests, "Oh—I want Daddy to stay on television! I love to watch my Daddy on the television set!"

On Tuesday nights, Vicki's curfew is relaxed, and she can watch Daddy to her heart's content. No one ever had a more satisfactory audience than a small, golden-haired girl who giggles and laughs out loud by turns and quite obviously considers herself the luckiest child in the whole world to have such an enchantingly funny father.

Partly to fill in some of her husbandless hours and partly because it's very hard to keep a good trouper "out of the act," Joyce has been active on TV, too. She's been featured on various programs, such as Martin Kane, Private Eye, Armchair Detective, Celebrity Time, Leave It To The Girls, and others.

One of Vicki's particular delights is to "work" with Johnny Vegal who, a former entertainer himself is the Berles' chauffeur.

"Come on, Johnny," Vicki will urge. "Let's do the taxi one—you know!"

So Vegal hums: "I'll Be Down To Get You In A Taxi, Honey," beating out the rhythm with hands and feet. Vicki picks up the tempo and in a moment she's dancing—with all the zest and personality and evident enjoyment that Milton puts into playing before an audience.

Once you've met her, the love which Milton and Joyce lavish on their little girl is entirely understandable. Aside from being as cute and pretty a youngster as you could possibly wish for, Vicki is amazingly well-spoken and poised for her years.

She has to be. Life in the ten-room terrace apartment on East 88th Street in New York City is pleasant, luxurious—and hectic. In an environment like that, an only child could very easily be badly spoiled. But Vicki's sunny disposition, excellent health and superlative behavior are sufficient evidence that Milton and Joyce are a pair of wise parents. Vicki's daily schedule calls for plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air (Central Park's only a short distance away), a regular routine.

"Through these portals," Milton will tell you, waving a hand toward the foyer of the enormous apartment, "pass the world's greatest variety of characters. Friends, relatives. A thousand and one people connected some way or other with show business."

Then he grins, and goes back to his

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favorite topic. "Whoever walks in when Vicki's up and around gets a royal welcome from her. That little girl remembers faces and the names that go with them. But she's not a show-off. When it's time for her nap, or her meals, or for going to bed, a word is enough. No fussing, no tantrums. I don't think I've seen her cry twice in her life!"

Although it's true that Milton has limited rehearsals for his show to a long weekend each week, a thousand other vital matters are always claiming his time and attention. His friends who say that Milton has become a one-man industry have hit it about right.

Milton Berle Enterprises is quartered in an office so small that four people inside make it feel crowded. So it's not surprising that much of its activity overflows into the Berle household. There's a subsidiary corporation to cover each Berle activity—song publishing, books, newspaper columns, theater and night club work, radio, producing, movies...

And, besides all these, there are Milton's many charities, to which he gives unstintingly of time or money or performance or all three. His Milton Berle Foundation in Aid of Crippled Children takes him on benefit appearances all over the country. Through funds raised at these benefits, Milton is nearing a two-million-dollar goal he set himself.

The interruptions of the telephone represent only a fraction of the attempts to get in contact with Milton Berle. The other is handled by Milton's business manager, Irving Gray, who long ago learned to tell unerringly the difference between a worthy cause and an unworthy one. His wizardry in financial matters and what amounts to magic in handling a thousand and one complexities of detail have made life a little less hectic for Milton.

"On Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays I belong to Joyce and Vicki," Milton will tell you—optimistically. And on those days he ignores, as far as he reasonably can, the appointments, the visitors, the telephone calls.

"Every once in a while Joyce and I get a yen to sneak off for a long drive by ourselves. So we hop into the car and head for the country. A little solitude and fresh air—they're good for the nerves."

When the Berles entertain they do it with the same zest, in the same throw-yourself-into-it manner that Milton puts into his shows. Theirs is one of the most spacious apartments in Manhattan, and one of the most beautiful. But even the huge, forty-foot living room, the game room, the bar, the terrace, hold scarcely room enough to accommodate the crowd that flows through them on Saturday nights. Eighty to a hundred guests—the rule, not the exception! Sophie Tucker, Rouben Mamoulian, Bob Hope, Johnny Johnson, Tony Martin, Mervyn LeRoy, Ted Lewis, Abe Burrows—but read any roster of show business greats and you'll have an idea of the guest list.

And, from such a list of talent, you can easily understand that those parties are far from solemn occasions. More than once, Milton's neighbors have ventured to complain about the late-hour din.

Once, Milton answered back: "Look," he shouted, "I keep the whole population amused Tuesday nights. The least you can do is let my guests amuse me Saturdays!"

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